APRIL, 1946

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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In this Issue:

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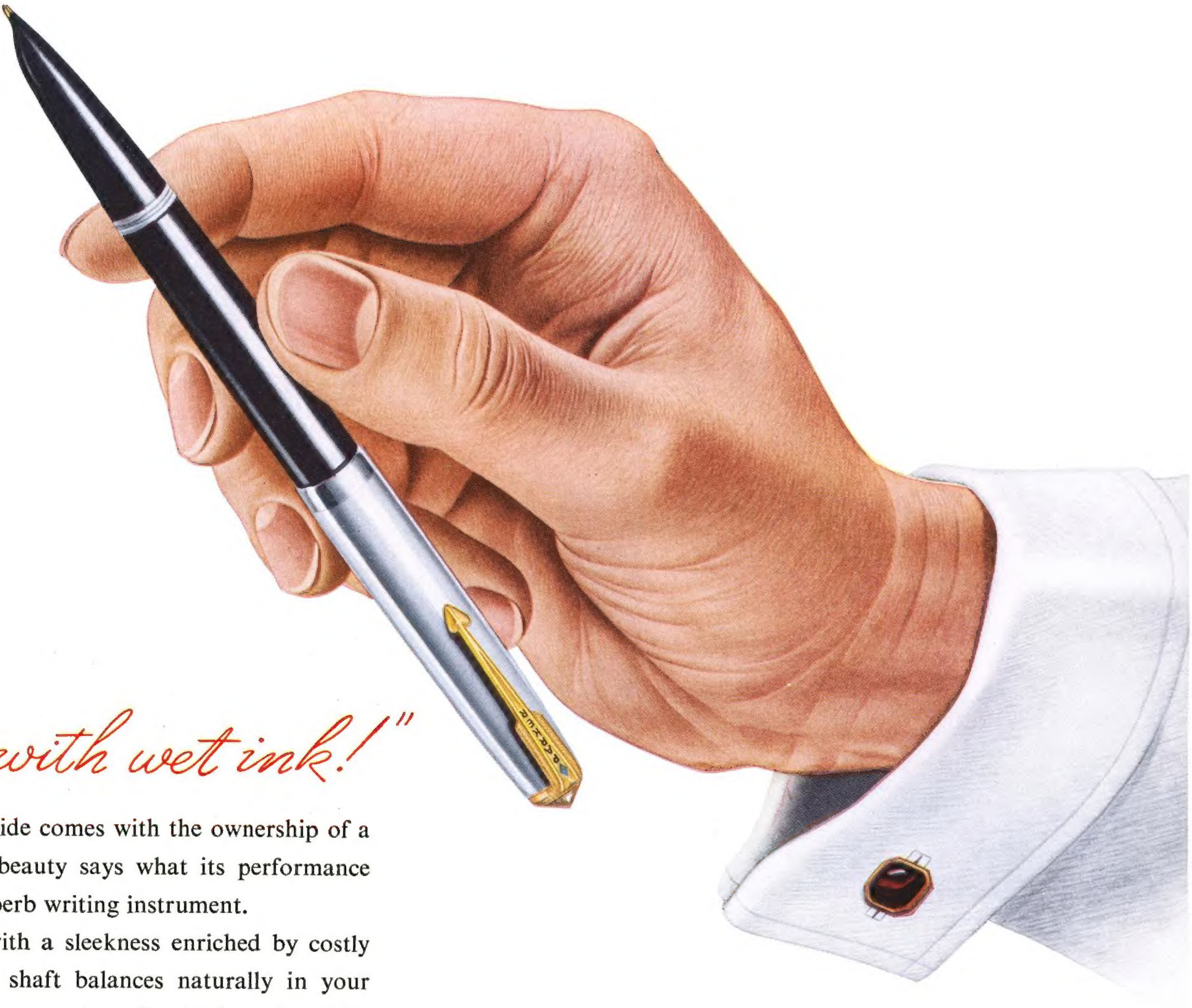

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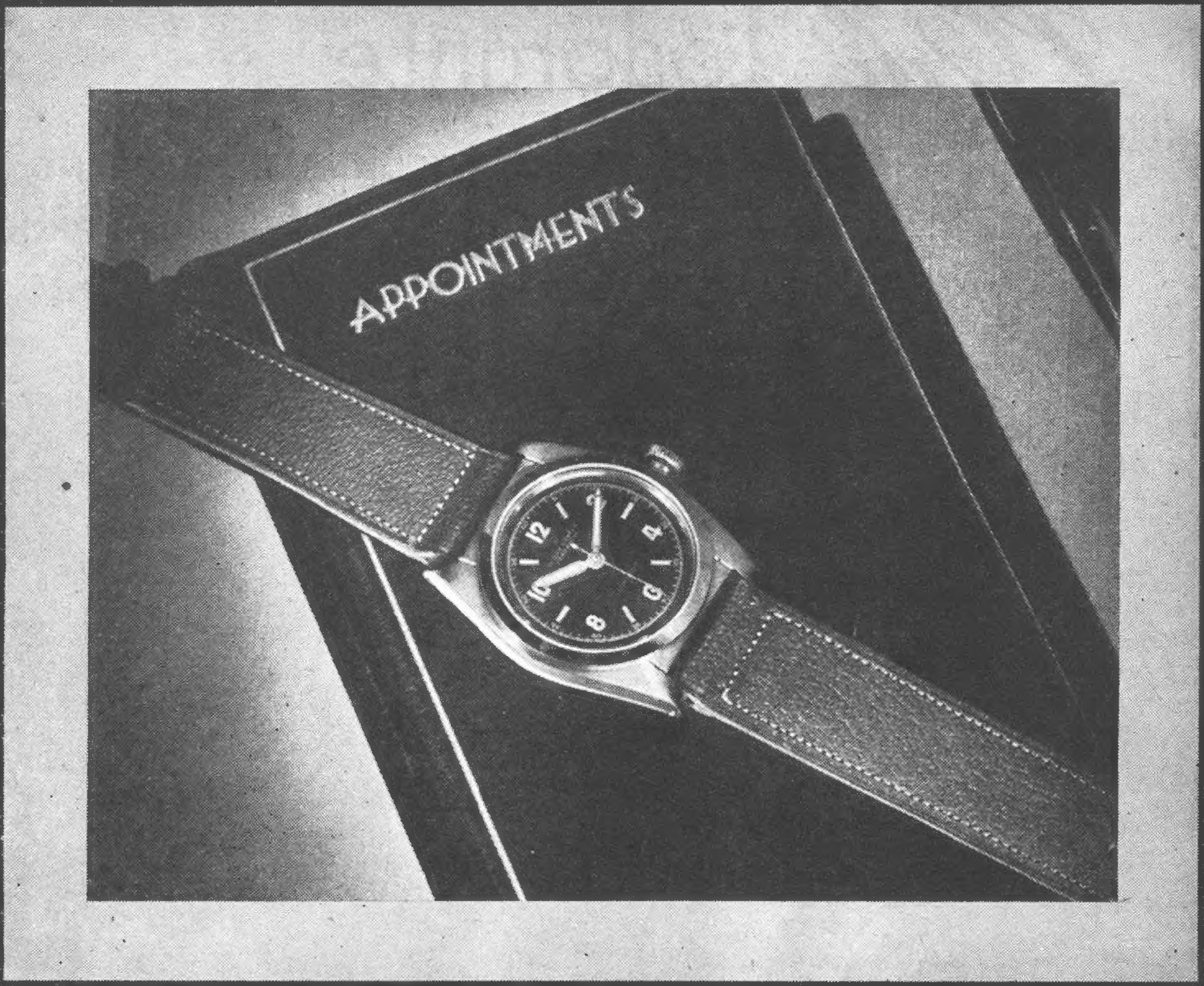

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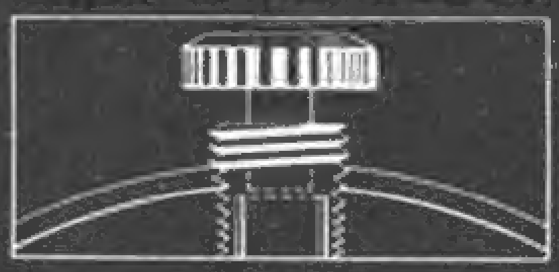

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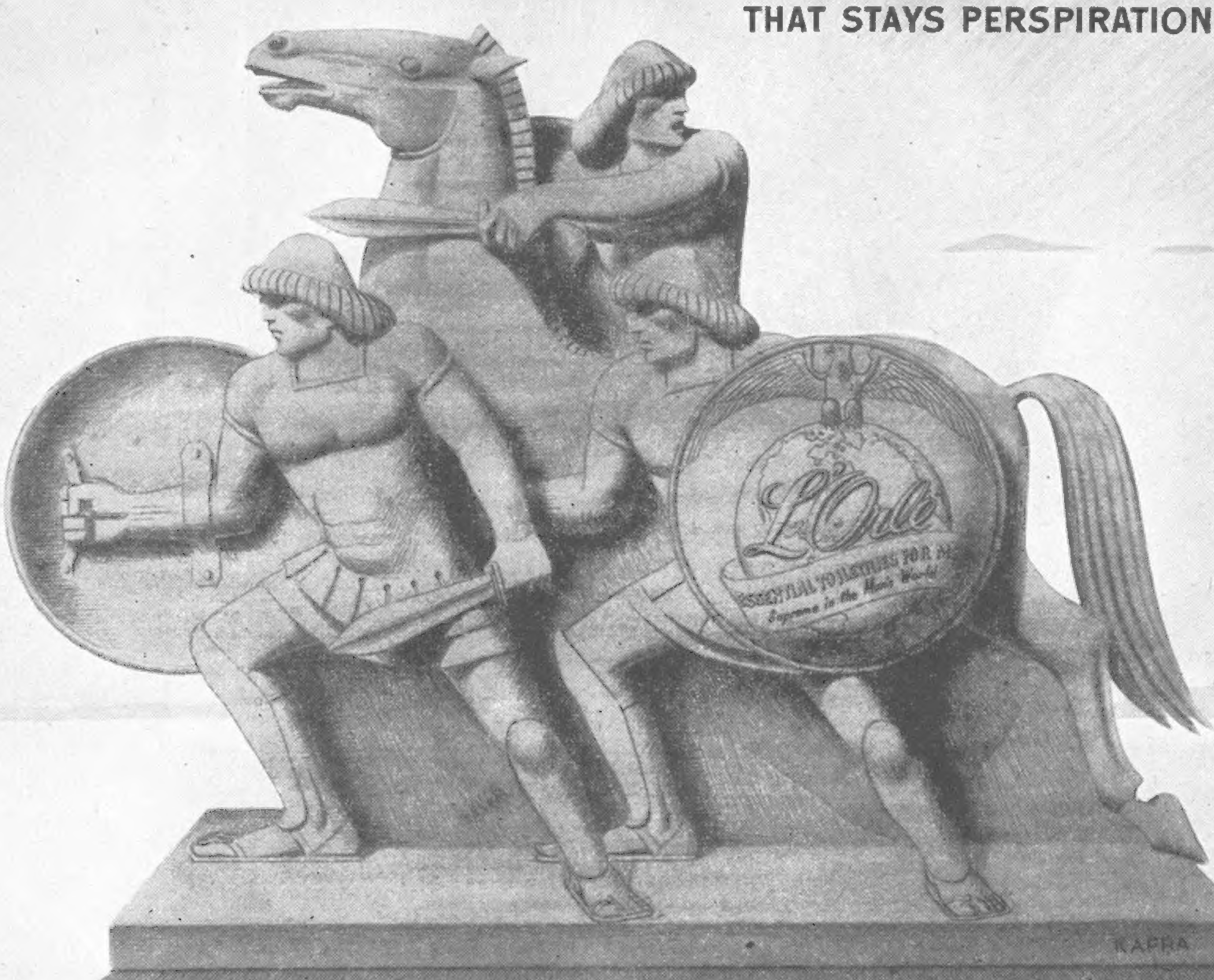

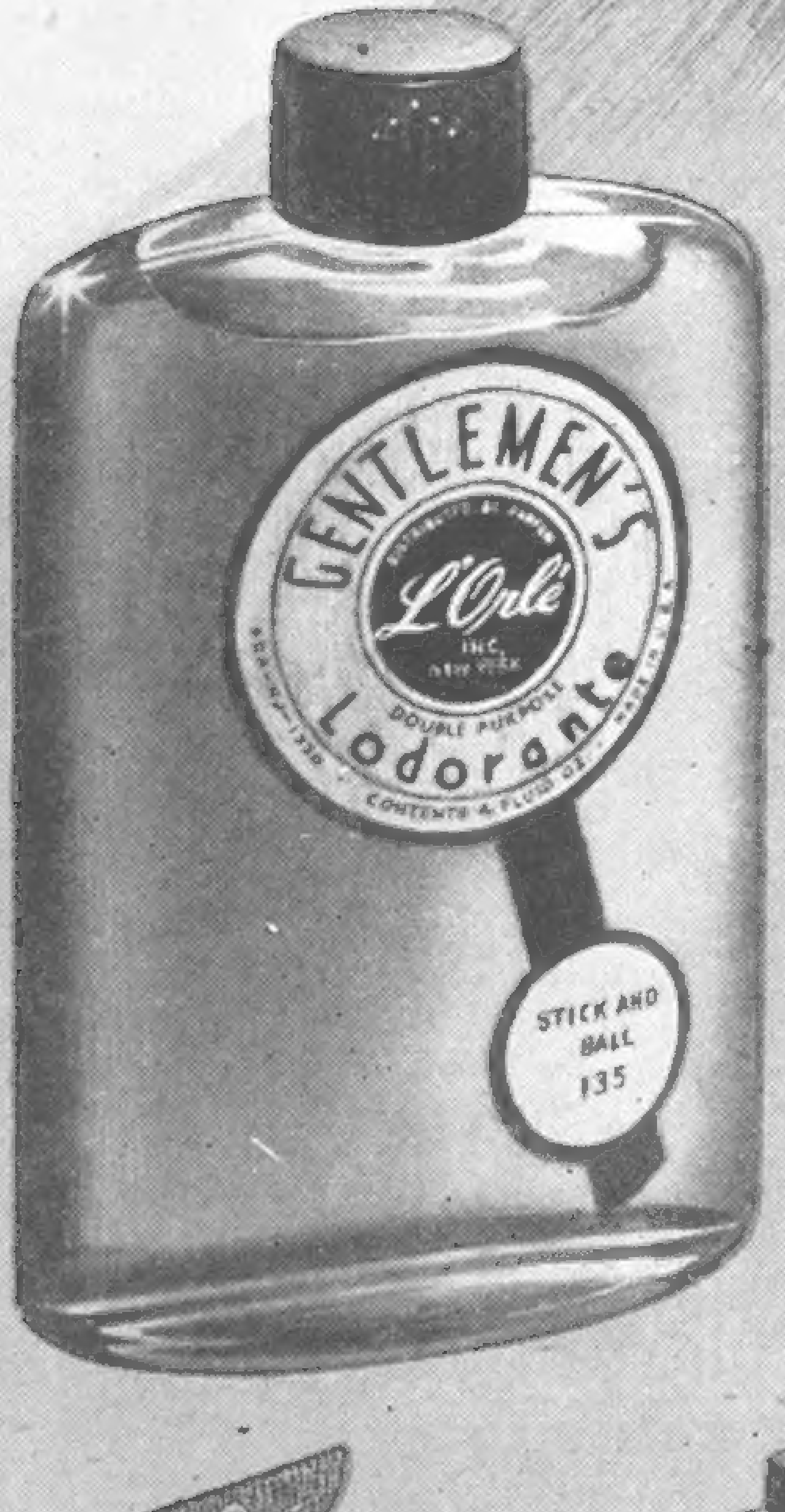

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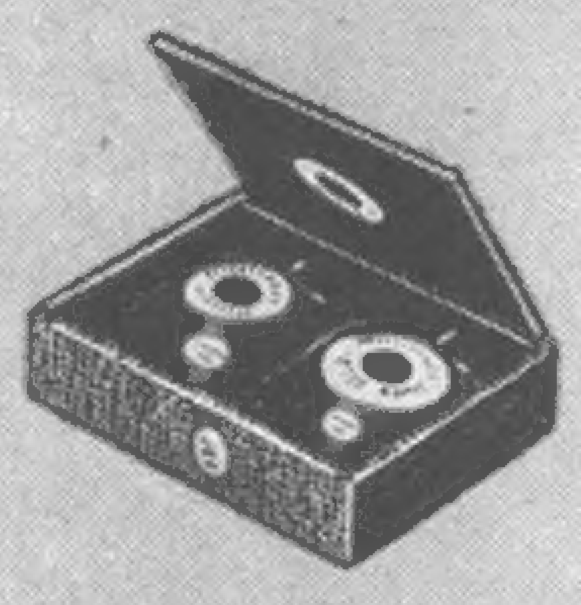

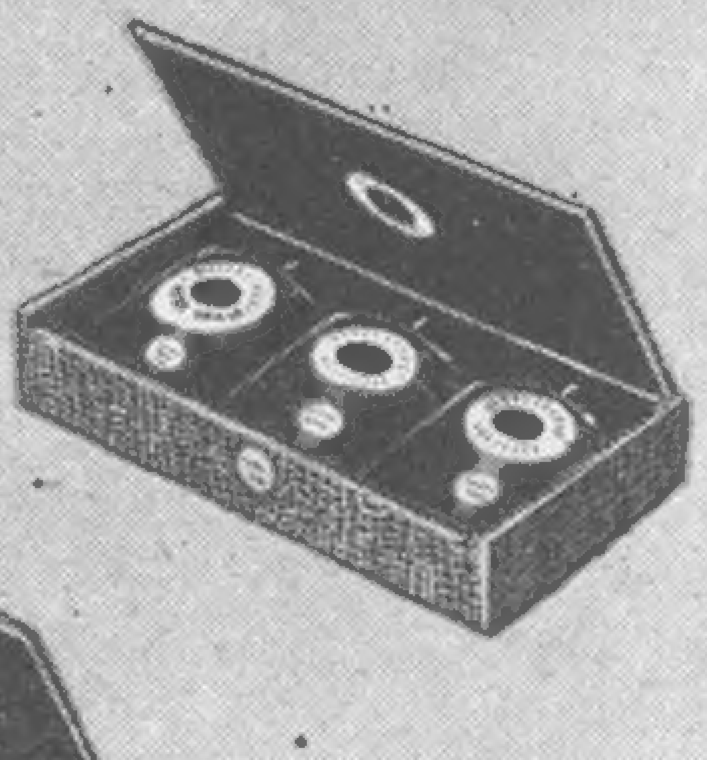

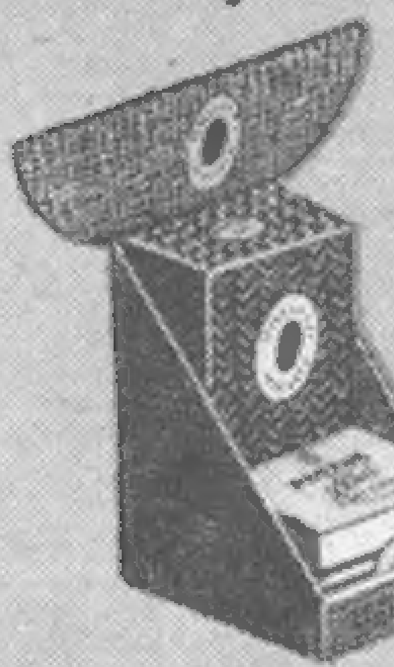

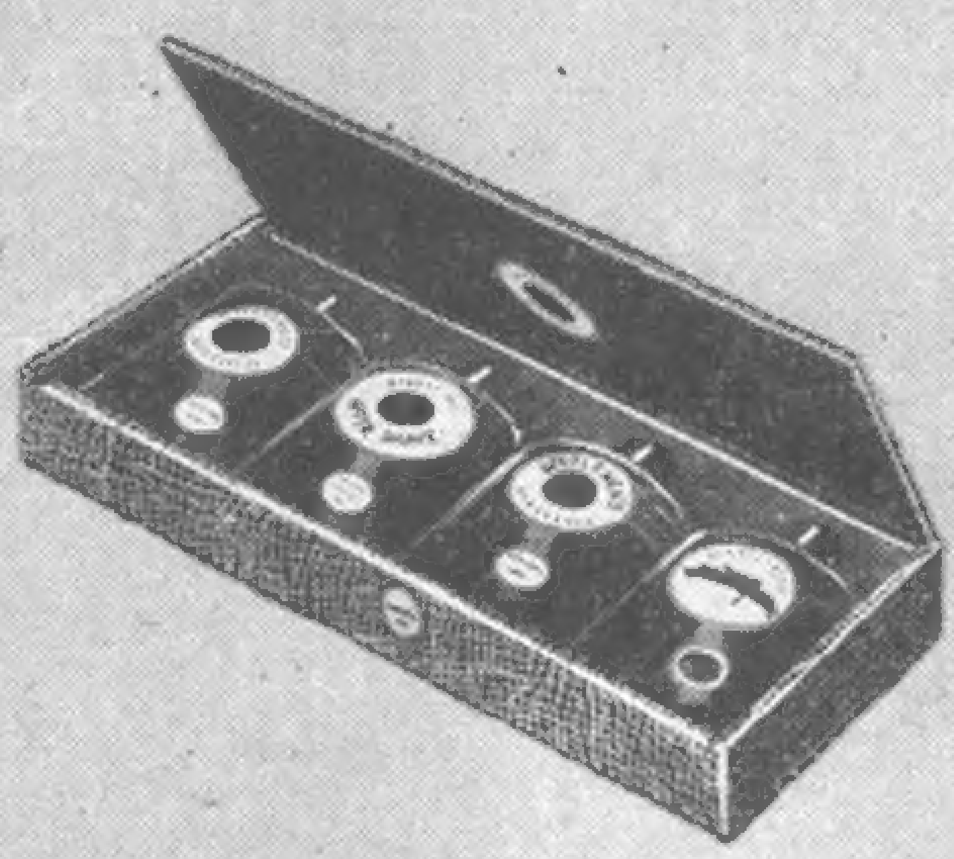

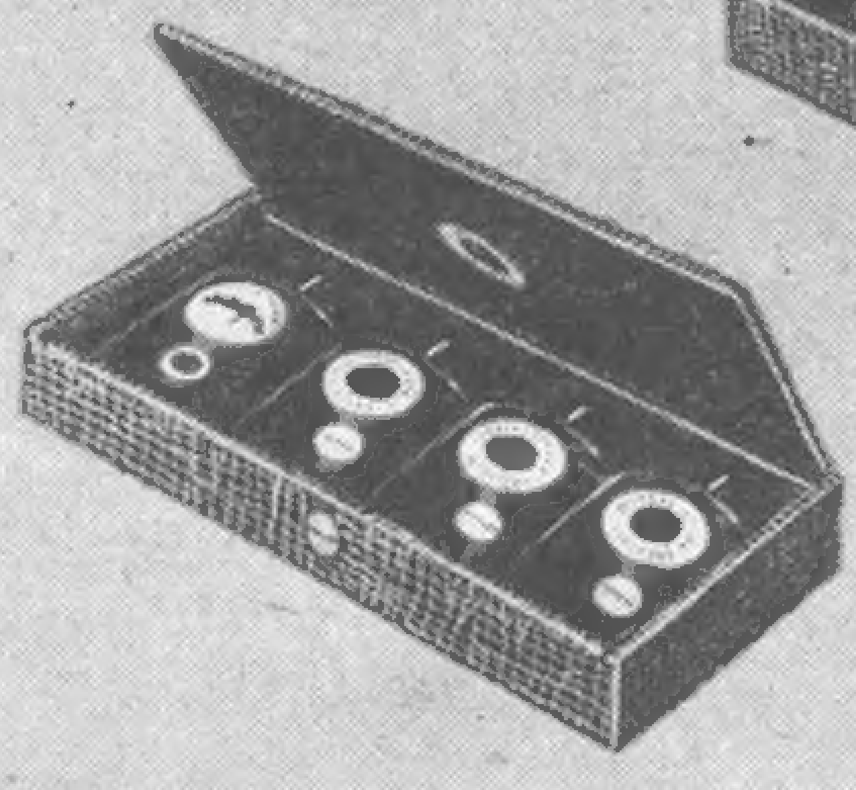

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A Brief for Perennial Patriots

The Bond Drives are over, and with them is gone all the wild and wonderful hullabaloo that is peculiar to this nation of super-salesmen, who like to dispense entertainment while they stump for a patriotic cause: there will be no more moving speeches from ribbon-covered war heroes, no more hilarious rides in a jeep, or kidding from comedians or kisses from movie starlets for the price of a Victory Bond.

But it still makes sense to "own a share of America." And because there is no better security than a U. S. Government Bond, we should, in the name of reason, continue to hold the bonds which we bought in the course of the war and to keep right on holding them until they have reached their full maturity value.

The U. S. Treasury is carrying on the sale of E, F and G Bonds because surveys have shown that citizens are still eager to maintain a financial stake in democracy. Quite understandably, our appreciation for a government that springs from its people and that recognizes the dignity of the individual has been quickened by our horrifying glimpse of the evils wrought by fascism in other less fortunate lands.

And quite aside from patriotic motives for the buying of U. S. Savings Bonds, there is the spur of enlightened self-interest. What better investment can a man make toward his future security, and toward the financial protection of his dependents, than in the purchase of United States Savings Bonds?

In the past we Americans have been more notable for our high wages and high living standards than for our thrift. But during the war, we learned the value of systematic economy, and wage earners found that the Payroll Savings Plan was a sure and painless method for setting aside some provision for the education of their children, for their dreams of new homes, for extended vacations, for travel and for that least exciting but most essential thing of all—security.

Taking the long view of the benefits to be accrued from retaining the Payroll Savings Plan, there is this to be said for it: A man who knows that his future is safe is a sane and emotionally-sound citizen. He is much too sensible to listen to the inevitable crackpot orators and to read the poison pamphlets calculated to confuse and divide us as a nation.

Hitler will have his successors, we can be sure of that. Democracy and peace will be threatened again by small-souled, maladjusted, hate-intoxicated men. But they'll never get very far, if those who love freedom are alert to preserve it.

DAVID A. SMART
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Esquire

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T.M.REG.

ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President: Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-Pres. in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Subscriptions in the U. S. and possessions, Pan-American Union and Canada, $5.00 a year in advance; elsewhere, $7.50. In changing subscription addresses both *old* and *new* addresses *must* be given 30 days before change is to take effect.

Editorial: Esquire Wins a Fight for Freedom

When the Supreme Court handed down its unanimous decision in favor of Esquire in the Post Office case, it did more than condemn the attempt of former Postmaster General Walker to censure this publication. It dramatically reaffirmed the principle that press censorship is intolerable to the American people. Had we lost our two-and-a-half-year fight, the door would have been opened to control of the press by public officials.

Mr. Justice William O. Douglas wrote the epochal opinion in which the Supreme Court upheld the position of Esquire by a vote of 8-0. We know of no better way to drive home the issues of the case and the historical importance of the decision than to cite from Justice Douglas' own words. He explained that Congress has specified four conditions upon which a publication may be granted second-class mailing privileges. He stated: "The Fourth condition, which is the only one relevant here, provides:

"'It must be originated and published for the dissemination of information of a public character, or devoted to literature, the sciences, arts, or some special industry, and having a legitimate list of subscribers . . .'

"An examination of the items makes plain, we think, that the controversy is not whether the magazine publishes 'information of a public character' or is devoted to 'literature' or to the 'arts.' It is whether the contents are 'good' or 'bad.' To uphold the order of revocation would, therefore, grant the Postmaster General a power of censorship. Such a power is so abhorrent to our traditions that a purpose to grant it should not be easily inferred. . . .

". . . grave constitutional questions are immediately raised once it is said that the use of the mails is a privilege which may be extended or withheld on any grounds whatsoever. . . . Under that view the second-class rate could be granted on condition that certain economic or political ideas not be disseminated. The provisions of the Fourth condition would have to be far more explicit for us to assume that Congress made such a radical departure from our traditions and undertook to clothe the Postmaster General with the power to supervise the tastes of the reading public of the country. . . .

"It is plain, as we have said, that the favorable second-class rates were granted periodicals meeting the requirements of the Fourth condition, so that the public good might be served through a dissemination of the class of periodicals described. But that is a far cry from assuming that Congress had any idea that each applicant for the second-class rate must convince the Postmaster General that his publication positively contributes to the public good or public welfare. . . ."

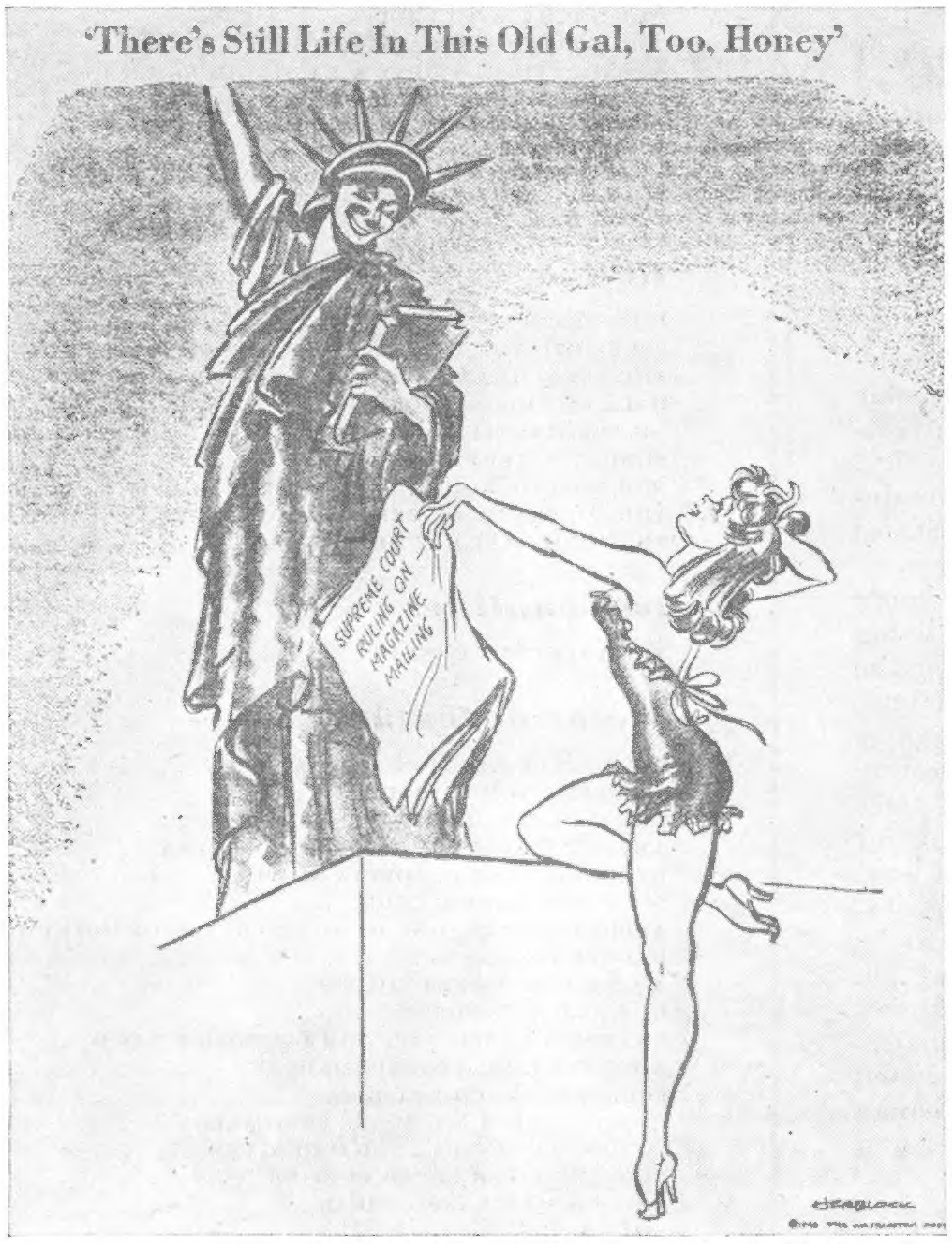
Mr. Justice Douglas elaborated on the constitutional right of all Americans to read what they like—free from the dictates of any public official.

"Under our system of government there is an accommodation for the widest varieties of tastes and ideas. What is good literature, what has educational value, what is refined public information, what is good art varies with individuals as it does from one generation to another. There doubtless would be a contrarity of views concerning Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, or Zola's *Nana*. But a requirement that literature or art conform to some norm prescribed by an official smacks of an ideology foreign to our system. The basic values implicit in the requirements of the Fourth condition can be served only by uncensored distribution of literature. From the multitude of competing offerings the public will pick and choose. What seems to one to be trash may have for others fleeting or even enduring values. But to withdraw the second-class rate from this publication today because its contents seemed to one official not good for the public would sanction withdrawal of the second-class rate tomorrow from another periodical whose social or economic views seemed harmful to another official. . . ."

The universal comment of the press and radio of the country, and a fair reading of the opinion from which these quotations have been excerpted, make it crystal clear that in this case:

(a) the real issue was censorship
(b) it was wholly unwarranted persecution.

As the opinion confirms, twice before (once on November 11, 1943, when the then Postmaster General's own hearing board decided in favor of Esquire; and again on June 4, 1945, when the United States Court of Appeals rendered a unanimous opinion in favor of Esquire), the then Postmaster General had opportunities to end the case and be governed by the decisions of these separate tribunals. He elected, however, to carry the matter to the United States Supreme Court, which granted him a writ of certiorari because, as is noted in the opinion, "of the importance of the problem in the administration of the postal laws."


'There's Still Life In This Old Gal, Too, Honey'
SUPREME COURT RULING ON MAGAZINE MAILING
HERBLOCK

Courtesy *Washington* Post

Now the case is ended for all time, but its importance in jurisprudence will continue so long as this country cherishes a free press.

Out of this legal conflict, which had been a burden on our entire organization for so many months, have come many reassuring benefits. The issues have been fought through once and for all.

There had been no previous decision by the Supreme Court as to whether in granting or withholding second-class mail privileges the Postmaster General had any power to determine what periodical was for the public good. In the Esquire case the Court ruled that the Postmaster General had no such power. Esquire's test case has thus established a legal precedent which contributes immeasurably toward a free press and against censorship. Our victory is shared by the press of the entire nation.

Esquire believes that when important principles are at stake they are worth fighting for. There can be no compromise in such matters, and we take pride in the fact that we did not equivocate or compromise, but elected to fight for what we felt was right. It is heartening to know that in the American judicial system the issues become crystallized and the forces of true democracy prevail.

It has been a hard, expensive fight. Now that it is over, the danger of a substantial assessment for additional postage is eliminated. The judgment of the management to fight the issue to the limit has been vindicated from every standpoint, as has been the magazine itself.

One impression which stands out in our experience, along with the loyalty and co-operation of our friends, is the remarkable manner in which the entire country sensed the real issue. Not for a moment did the American public fail to appreciate the basic implications of this case.

It is impossible for Esquire to express its full appreciation to the public, the men in the service, the press and the radio, who rallied against this threat of censorship. And it is equally impossible for us adequately to thank the organizations, groups, individuals and agencies that gave their support when the threat of dictatorship by the ex-Postmaster General became clear. ⧺

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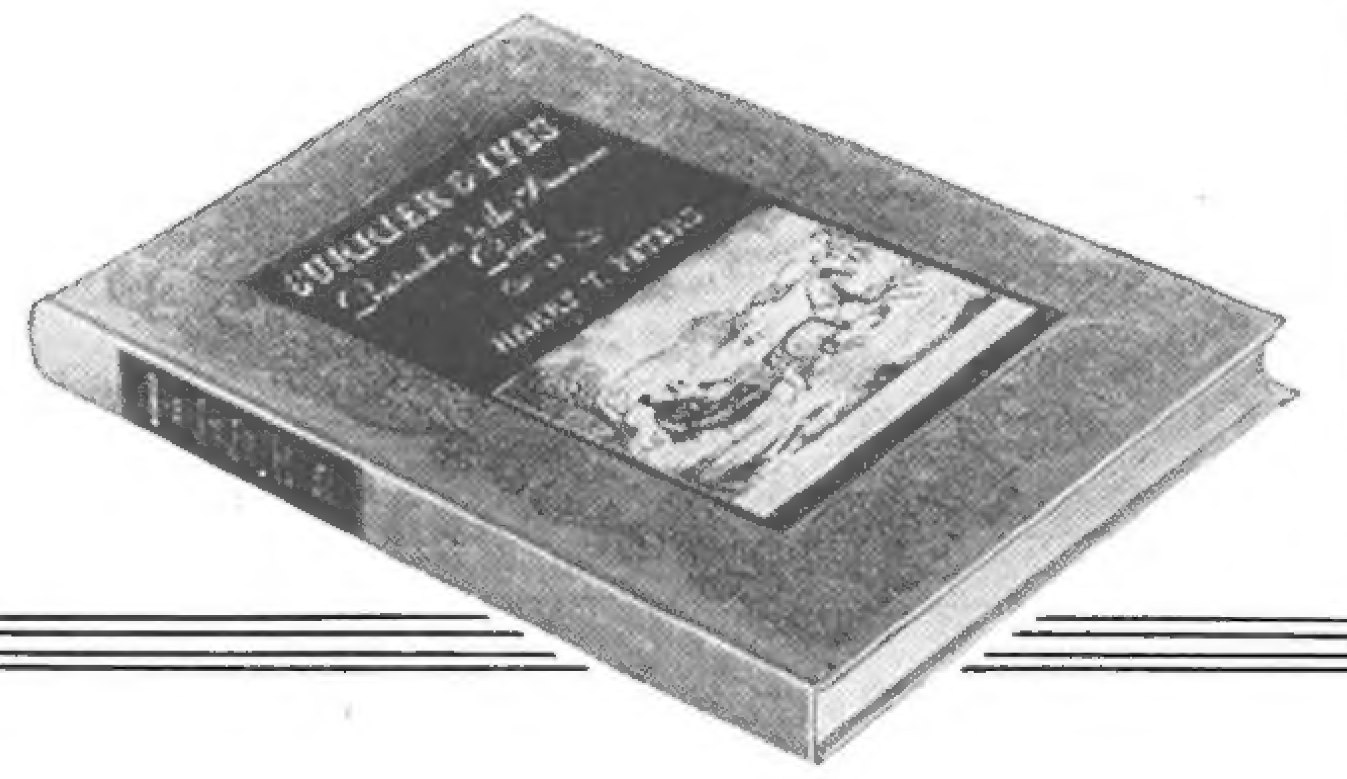

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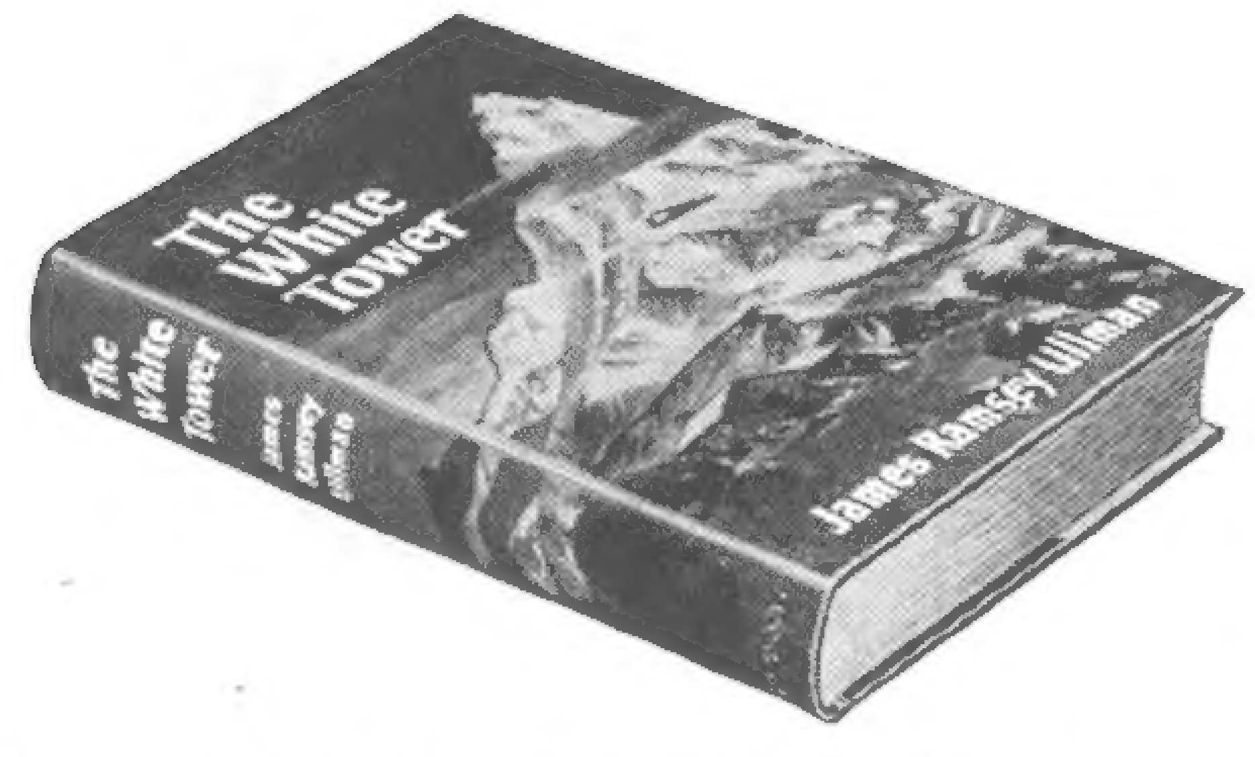

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Gentlemen: Please send me.........gold insignia rings at $22.75 each

Division.................................... Ring Sizes...............

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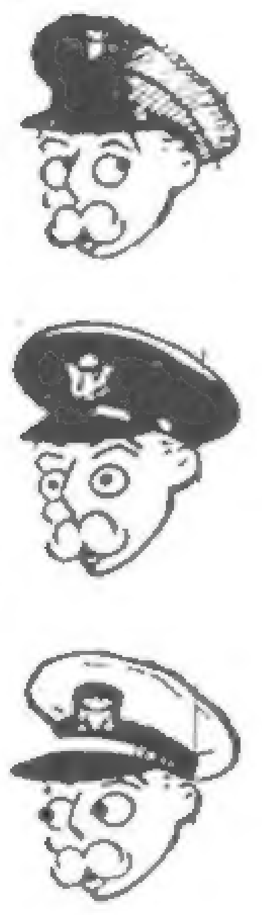
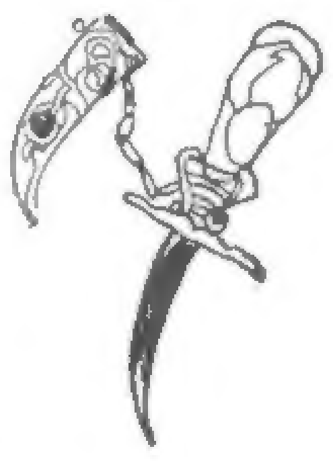
Talking Shop with Esquire

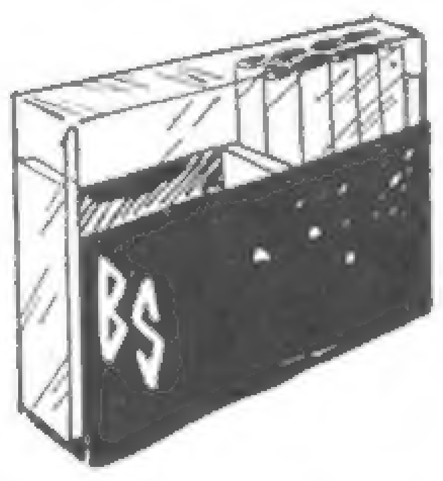


STRICTLY NON-G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.



WISDOM SWORD. In a Chinese curio shop we unearthed an interesting bit of Lady Lure. A handsome jewelled dagger (4" in length) to be worn as a brooch or lapel pin. The hilt is of white or green carved jade, the sterling silver sheath, studded with a colorful stone, the curved blade, of shining silver, can actually be extracted from the sheath. The Chinese call these daggers "wisdom swords . . . to cut ignorance," according to legend. The same shop offers a Chinese altar doll of carved soochow jade mounted in sterling silver. Can be worn as a lapel pin, or used as a quaint talisman for a cabinet, pocket or purse. The Chinese refer to these altar dolls as "fingering" pieces, and carry them constantly as a good luck symbol.

GUATEMALAN GLAMOUR. The Waacs started it with those leather handbags swung jauntily over the shoulder. Now for ladies in mufti, Guatemala sends a glorified version of the over-the-shoulder-handbag done in right handsome hand-tooled leather with thong laced edges. Same shop comes up with a belt to end all belts for sheer beauty and luxury. Wide black suede interspersed with wide placques of handmade Mexican silver, topped with a two inch silver buckle. Not cheap, but a wonderful gift for a particular lady.



LUCITE AND LEATHER. We thought we'd seen every kind of cigarette case, but we hadn't reckoned on this postwar honey in jewel-toned leather combined with lucite. The bottom of the case is of red, green, sapphire or gold leather, gold tooled. Around the sides and across the top runs a ½" border of lucite which slips down to form an easel stand when you open the case. Cases hold 10, 18 or 20 cigarettes, and can be carried in pocket or purse, or used in easel form on a desk or table.

TIARA COMBS. If you're a hep gent you'll send pronto for a pair of gorgeous glitter combs built up in gold sequins and stuff that dangles like black jet. Your señorita can wear them at the back of her scooped up hair-do, or across the front, simulating a royal tiara. Further glitter touches . . . slipper buckles made of black or colored felt, heart shaped, and sequin studded.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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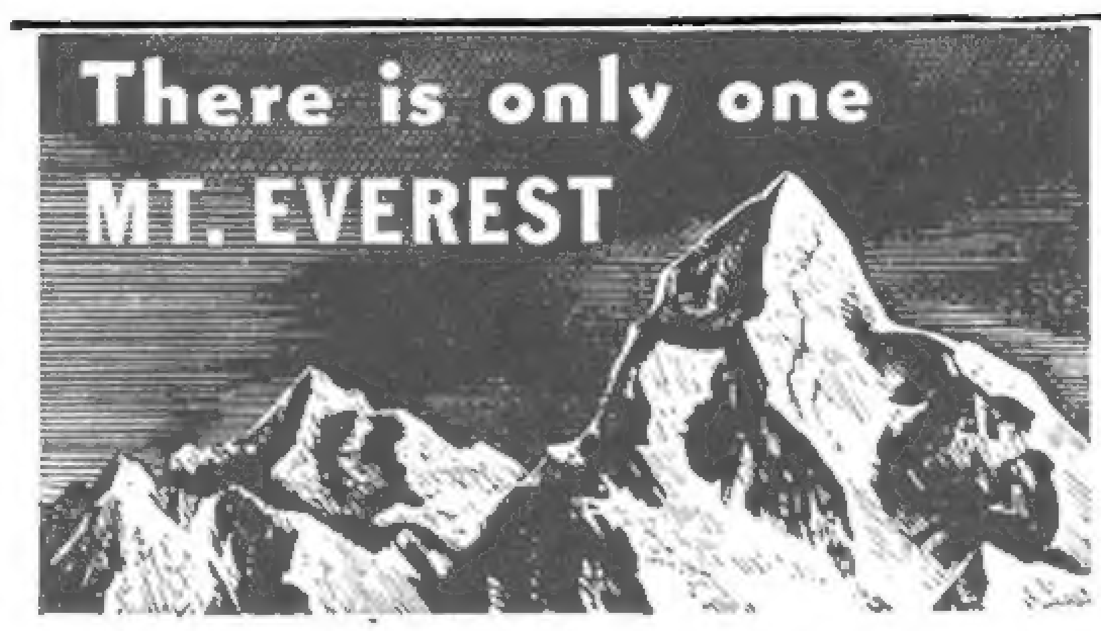
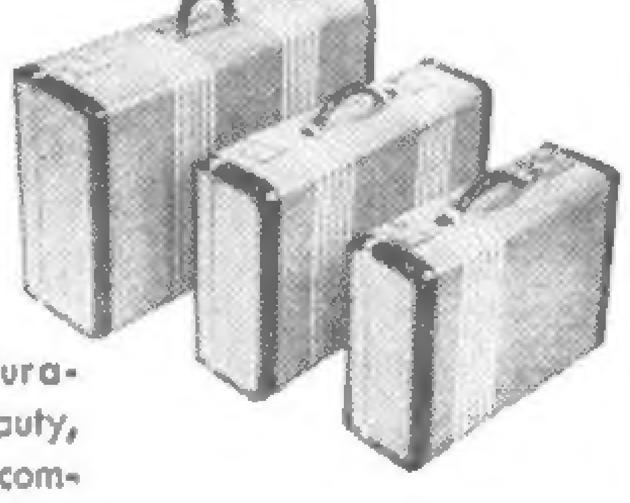


There is only one RUGGED LUGGAGE



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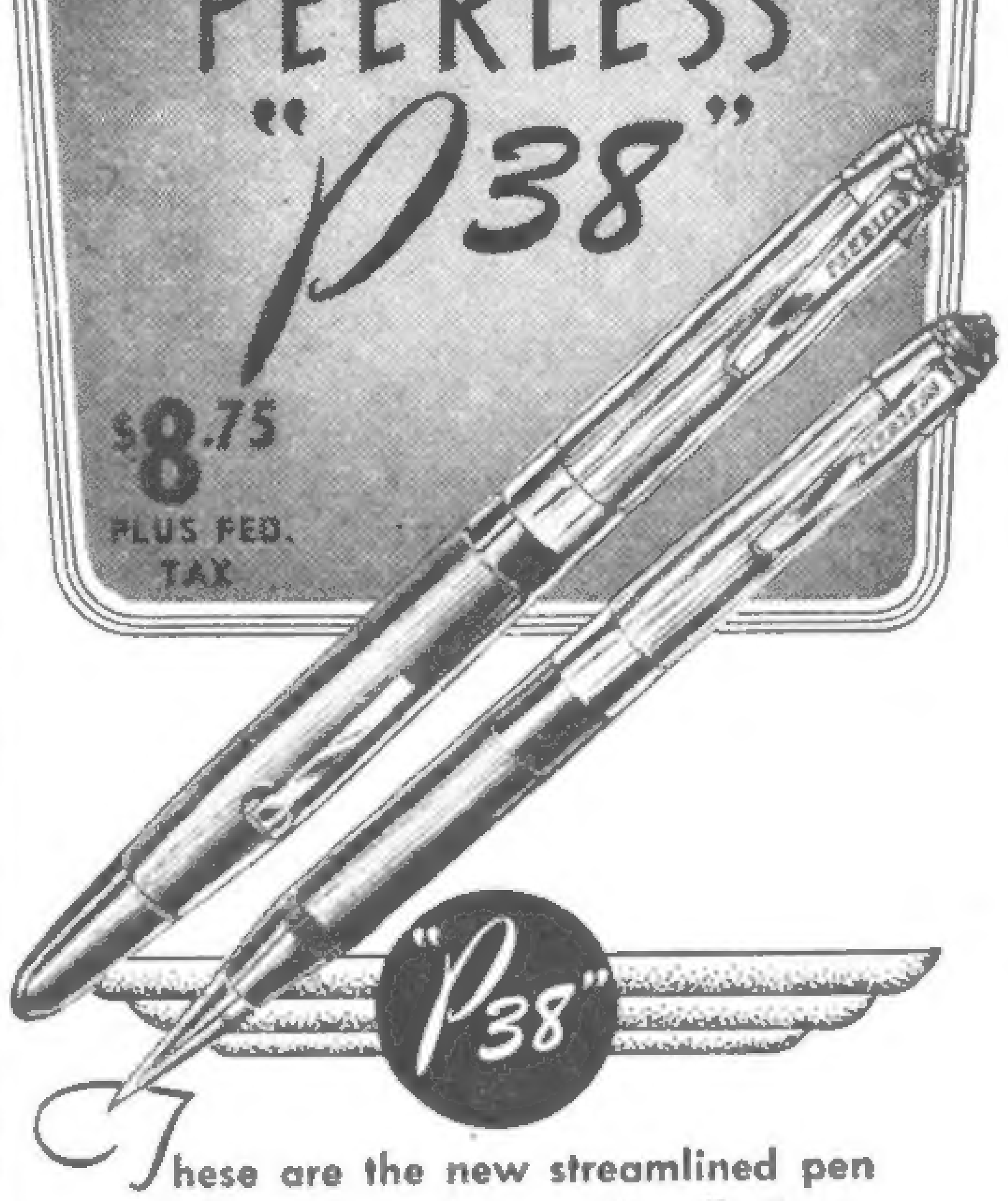

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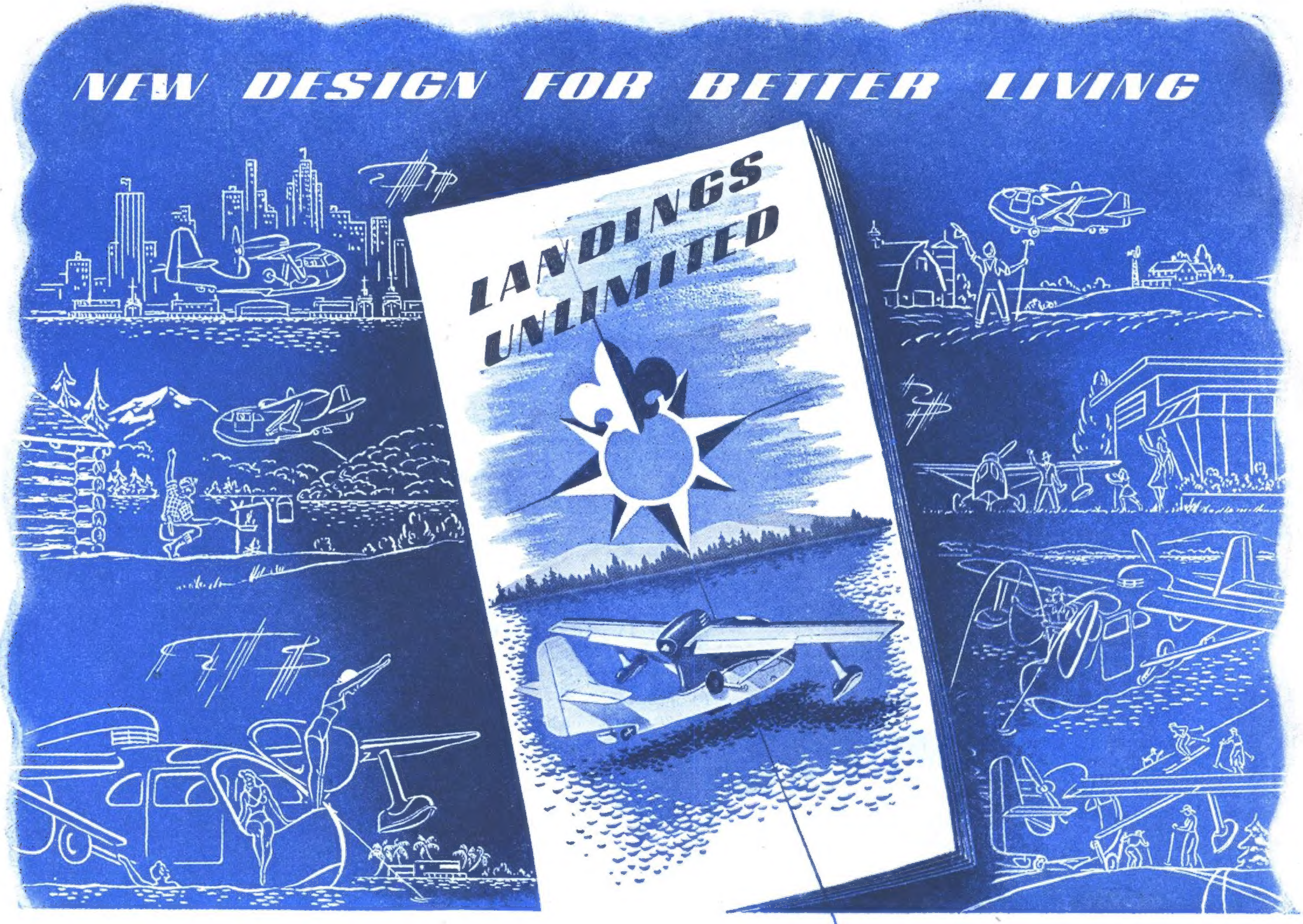
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The Sound and the Fury

one for the Date Book

I enclose my order for some Varga Date Books. And in this connection, I am prompted to tell you of one of your Date Books of an earlier vintage.

In 1941 I was operating a gold mine on Mindanao in the Philippines, and toward Christmas I ordered a dozen of the Date Books, one for each member of my staff.

Perhaps you recall however that about that time the war came along, and believe me it played hob with our plans for Christmas. On Christmas Day we were scattered from "hell to breakfast," and I never got to give my staff their Date Books. So I distributed them among several of the American Army officers who were in command of the Filipino troops in our area. One of them went to our Colonel.

When the Visayan Islands fell in mid-May of 1942, the Colonel and most of his staff surrendered to the Japs. I, and several others, took to the jungle and went "native" for a couple of years. We finally escaped via submarine to Australia.

About a month ago the Colonel was returned to San Francisco after some forty months in Japanese prison camps, and he told me the story of his Date Book. It was all he had left, and it is now his most prized possession.

It seems that every time he checked into a Jap prison camp he was stripped of everything he had accumulated up to that time—except his Date Book. He told me that every time the Jap officer came to the Date Book, he would open it to see what it was. When he'd come to one of the cuties, he'd snap it shut and hand it back with very evident embarrassment. It seems that the Jap mind doesn't appreciate that particular expression of beauty—just one of the many things, upon which we did not agree.

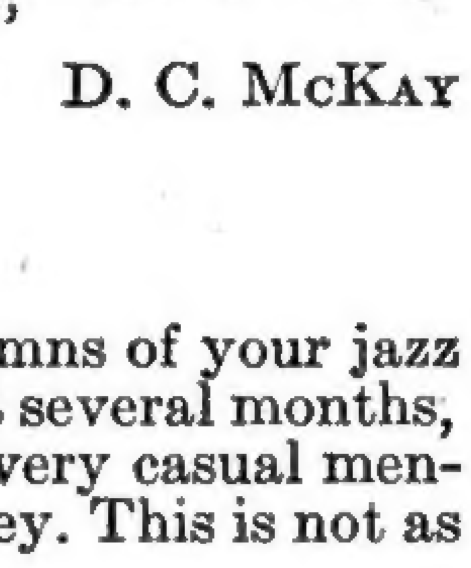
The Colonel then, by very carefully conserving space, managed to carry along a diary of over three years, noting the names and addresses of his friends and fellow prisoners and recording a great deal of very valuable military data. Having been at one time a newspaperman, he plans to develop these notes into a book.

I have no doubt but that from time to time your Date Books have recorded some exciting adventures. But it does seem to me that this one is really "One For The Book."

San Francisco, Calif. D. C. McKay

the lady known as Lee

In reading the columns of your jazz "experts" for the past several months, I have detected only very casual mention of singer Lee Wiley. This is not as it should be. I would neither want nor expect the general public to acclaim one as subtle as Lee, but your experts should know better. And at least one purpose of Esquire's jazz coverage is, or should be, to cast light on deserving if little known artists.



My fondness for Miss Wiley's (or Mrs. Stacy's) vocals is more than a personal one. Musicians—especially in Chicago—record dealers and informed persons everywhere usually corroborate my judgment with enthusiasm. That is, they do if they've ever really "dug" Lee's singing.

There are two reasons why Lee is not more widely dug, even among enthusiasts. To begin with, she has never appeared frequently in public, and when she has—as on the Condon broadcasts—it has not been to the best advantage of her intimate style. Lee requires the more regulated atmosphere which is usually found only on records. And her records have been relatively few and even more sparsely distributed.

Even when heard, Lee usually does not make an instant positive impression. But when she gets under your skin, you're converted for life.

It is difficult to describe Miss Wiley objectively. Her voice is unique—gentle, pretty, yet with a slight huskiness and a subtle jazz quality; she seems to be whispering in your ear.

The album of Gershwin tunes she made for the Liberty Music Shop label some years ago is, in my opinion, not only the Gershwin album to end all Gershwin albums, but the finest collection of popular songs ever assembled. Here is the late G.G. at his little recognized best, rendered by Miss Lee at her best. It is a combination which, despite its present obscurity, should and possibly will outlast everything else in the field of contemporary "popular" music—including the *Rhapsody in Blue*.

Peter Van Metre
F. P. O., San Francisco

second call for Esquire

Many is the time I have spent a lonely hour in the last two years reading Esquire and believe me it's surprising to see the results one gets after reading it; as it will lift anyone from a dark and melancholy mood to a very merry bliss; and I have proved it a thousand times.

For the last six months I haven't seen sight of a copy as I have been posted back to a British unit; whereas before I was with some of your boys of the 402 Signal Aviation Corps 10, USAAF up on the 'Lido Road,' and I was able to obtain it from one of the boys.

They are a grand lot of chaps, and I was terribly sorry when we parted.

I am therefore wondering if any of your readers would, before consigning their old copies to the salvage pile, care to forward them on to me as I expect to be in Burma for another two years, and it gets lonely at times.

I had one or two old copies when I arrived at my present unit, and the number of times it has changed hands I would not like to say, as it has the greatest popularity of any magazine.

If it were possible I should of course purchase it direct from you.

Burma E. S. Colman

Editor's Note: *Some months ago we published a similar appeal, one of hundreds received from servicemen of the United Nations, for back issues of Esquire. The response from our readers was prompt and generous. But calls for the magazine keep coming. We shall be delighted to furnish names and addresses upon request.*

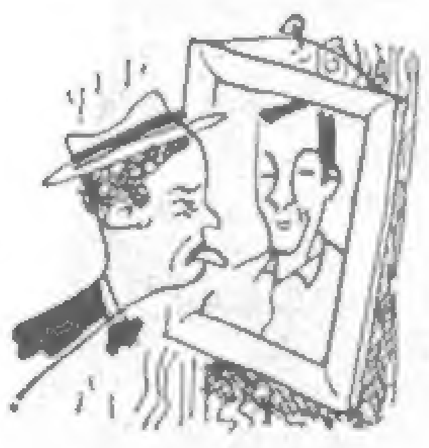
spiders and cakes

I read *Irongut and the Brown Mouse* in an overseas copy of your magazine. I want to say that I agree a hundred per cent with you on Gerald Kersh. His name reminded me of a newly-arrived German I knew in high school in 1926 by the name of Kershwin, who wanted to be a writer. I know a guy like this Irongut, who loves dumb animals, including mice, and not excluding insects. If you venture to step on a bug in his presence, George T. will admonish you. One time he had a large spider on his cream cake while we were sitting at an outdoor mess table. To show his love for the insect, he took a bite, gulping cake and spider.

Pfc. Louis Freeman
APO, San Francisco

fie on Moffitt!

It is evident that the place in the world of your movie critic, Jack Moffitt, should be that of the average Americanus Boobicanus rather than that of a critic. Critics such as Messrs. Gallico and Gibbs are fulfilling their duties by trying to bring public taste up to the standards of worthwhile art. They do not betray their duties as critics by lowering their tastes to that of the average shopgirl, or by excusing the preference of Mr. Average Man for Freddie Martin over Tschaikowsky.



One of Mr. Moffitt's aimless ramblings is overcrowded with banal analogies. His first review of *The Lost Weekend* was commendable, but he evidently expended every ounce of intelligent receptivity to the cinema on it and had nothing but a pocketful of yawns and prattle left over.

Ann Kumler
Toledo, Ohio

. . . and otherwise

A bouquet of roses to Jack Moffitt for the best job of film reviewing ever seen within the covers of any magazine.

It's high time that men like Wolcott Gibbs, Bosley Crowthers and a host of others climb down from their golden thrones and realize that the day is at hand when the film is created for pure entertainment and not as an artistic achievement.

During the past two months I have derived more pleasure from a series of "B" films than from stellar attractions put forth by the major studios.

Keep up the good work, Mr. Moffitt. May you long wave as the brightest spot in film reviewing.

Leon V. Calanguin
New London, Connecticut

no sale

The article by Klaus Mann, *Three German Masters* (Richard Strauss, Emil Jannings, Franz Lehar) in Esquire of January, 1946, is a bewildering document indeed. The question is who emerges more befuddled, Thomas Mann's rambling offspring after examination of Germany's Kingpins of the Beaux Arts, or the reader who is challenged to face the findings of Junior's behind-the-curtain-peek into the inner sanctum of the three men who left themselves behind the starting gate when things began to pop, now to claim they didn't even know there was a race on.

Friends of Klaus Mann will readily agree that he is quite a boy, a liberal of sometimes extreme hue, a fighter for causes, an eager beaver who enjoys a good mess, mostly quarterbacking the underdog. However, when Klaus Mann and Emil Jannings reunited on that memorable occasion in the Summer of 1945, something happened to Mr. Mann that shouldn't happen to Hamilton Fish. Klaus Mann went in to prosecute and, alas, emerged as Mr. Jannings' defense attorney. He just fell for Jannings all over again. "Emil used to be a great friend of my family and myself."

Emil is one of the great actors of this or any generation, but he is also as experienced a hand in the subtle art of scheming and conniving as it would ever be your misfortune to meet.

"There I was trapped! What could I do? I had to be diplomatic. Open resistance would have meant concentration camp." But instead of spitting in Emil's eye for such a foul attempt of slimy self-defense, crusader Klaus practically began to cry. "The ice of my distrust and disapproval gradually melted away," says Mr. Mann. They probably had their arms around each other, whooping it up with *Auld Lang Syne*.

It seems to escape Mr. Mann that it was Mr. Jannings' prime duty to run when Hitler knocked on the door. But what happened? All of his friends who had helped him along left but he didn't. And now he moans reflectingly, "I was trapped! What could I do?" Trapped? Hogwash! With a fortune stowed away in foreign currency all over the world, all he had to do was buy himself a one-way ticket to some place where the air was still pure as the devotion of your friends. They were the ones who were trapped.

No actor with a conscience can voice views he doesn't believe in. Jannings has no conscience—never had one. He tries to alibi his portrayal of Ohm Kruger with, "I refused, whereupon Goebbels put it as an order. Don't you see I had absolutely no choice?" Which is the cue for Mr. Mann to chirp in, "If he made compromises he hardly enjoyed doing so and made just as many as were absolutely necessary for a man who wanted to protect his position and *his bank accounts* under a totalitarian regime." And he concludes, "I found it difficult to keep my grudge against Jannings..."

When the meeting broke up, I'm sure Jannings was even more flushed than Klaus Mann, knowing he had scored again with his old spoof of making people believe that he believes in what they believe. Granted, he sent Klaus Mann away blindfolded. This is just to let him know, he won't do that with the rest of us.

E. A. Dupont
Hollywood, Calif.

another slant on birds

I'm afraid I heartily disagree with Mr. Paul Gallico's expression on the uselessness of birds and Mr. Frank W. Stone's letter agreeing with it.

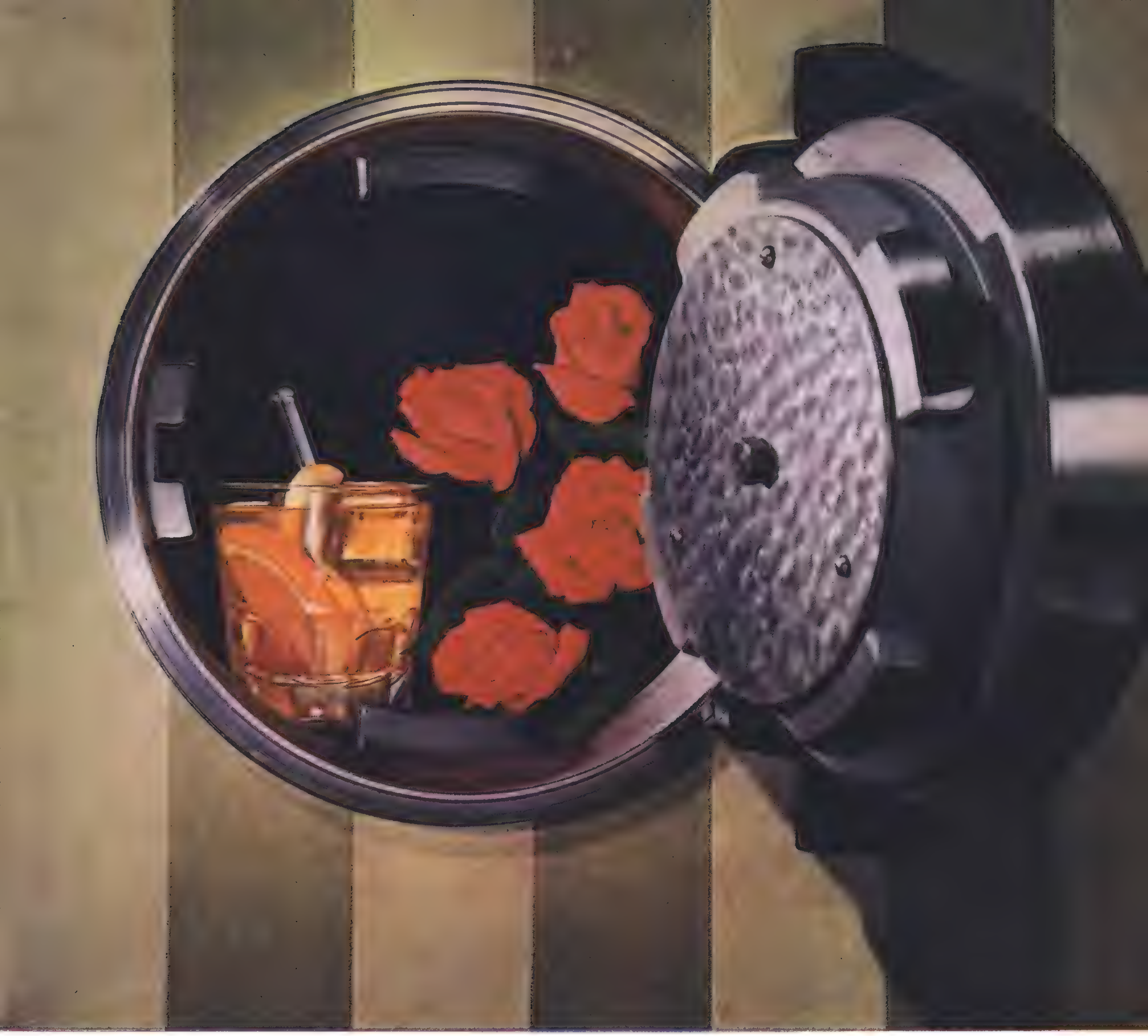
They seem to have forgotten that the airplane most likely would have never been invented without the basic design and the possibility of human flight being provided by our friends of the ozone.

Also I dare say many healthy American families would have had a much more difficult time during the meat shortage without a chicken or two on the dinner table on Sunday. I imagine there would have been quite a few unsatisfied appetites without poultry and their products.

Buzzards and their cohorts have been invaluable in checking contamination among livestock by scavenging off the carcasses of dead creatures, and maybe the above-mentioned gentlemen don't give a John Brown for duck hunting, but I think I can safely say that there are a great number of businessmen who have found hunting a welcome diversion from the worries at the office. The exercise, fresh air and thrills provided by these outdoor encounters have given many men a fuller enjoyment from life than might otherwise have been derived.

Contrary to Mr. Stone's remarks that "the good Lord was in a whimsical humor when he pulled the lever that started such a weird evolution from perfectly good reptiles," I remain steadfast in my belief that everything He did was for a purpose, and I believe that some of the above-cited reasons are proof.

J. Weddell Harriss F 2/c
Saipan



Would you like to know the combination?

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Secondly, there's the combination of this matchless whiskey with a little sugar, a dash of bitters, twist of lemon peel, ice, slice of orange, and a cherry. And with *that* combination we promise you the finest Old Fashioned you ever lifted to your lips.

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P.S. We'll gladly send you, free, a copy of our 16-page Four Roses recipe book (except in states where such mailing is restricted). Write Frankfort Distillers Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York.

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get places

with a *right* new hat. Get further with a hat that fits the occasion. The appropriate hat marks you as a man of good taste, good manners and a flair for gracious living. You always give a better impression

in the right hat!

—shaped to make partners with your face, shaded to tone up your complexion, styled to complement your personality. It's easy to get all three. The right place is the store that features the plaque shown below. That's where you'll find a *Recognized Hatter* and the right hat *for you.* The occasion for a new hat is *now!*

This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained to fit you with the right shape, the right shade, and the right style hat for your personality.

RECOGNIZED
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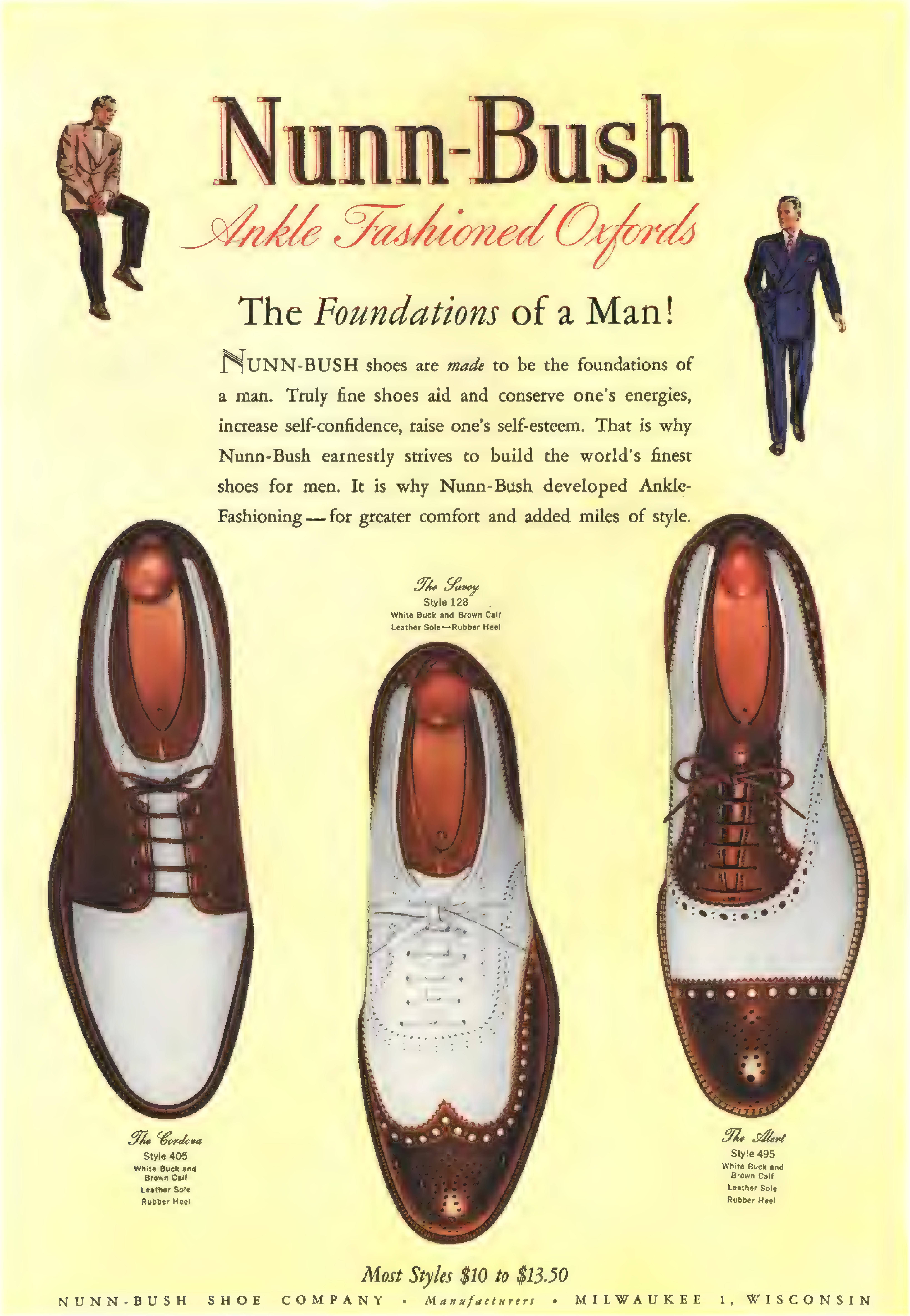
wear the hat . . . it makes the most of you!



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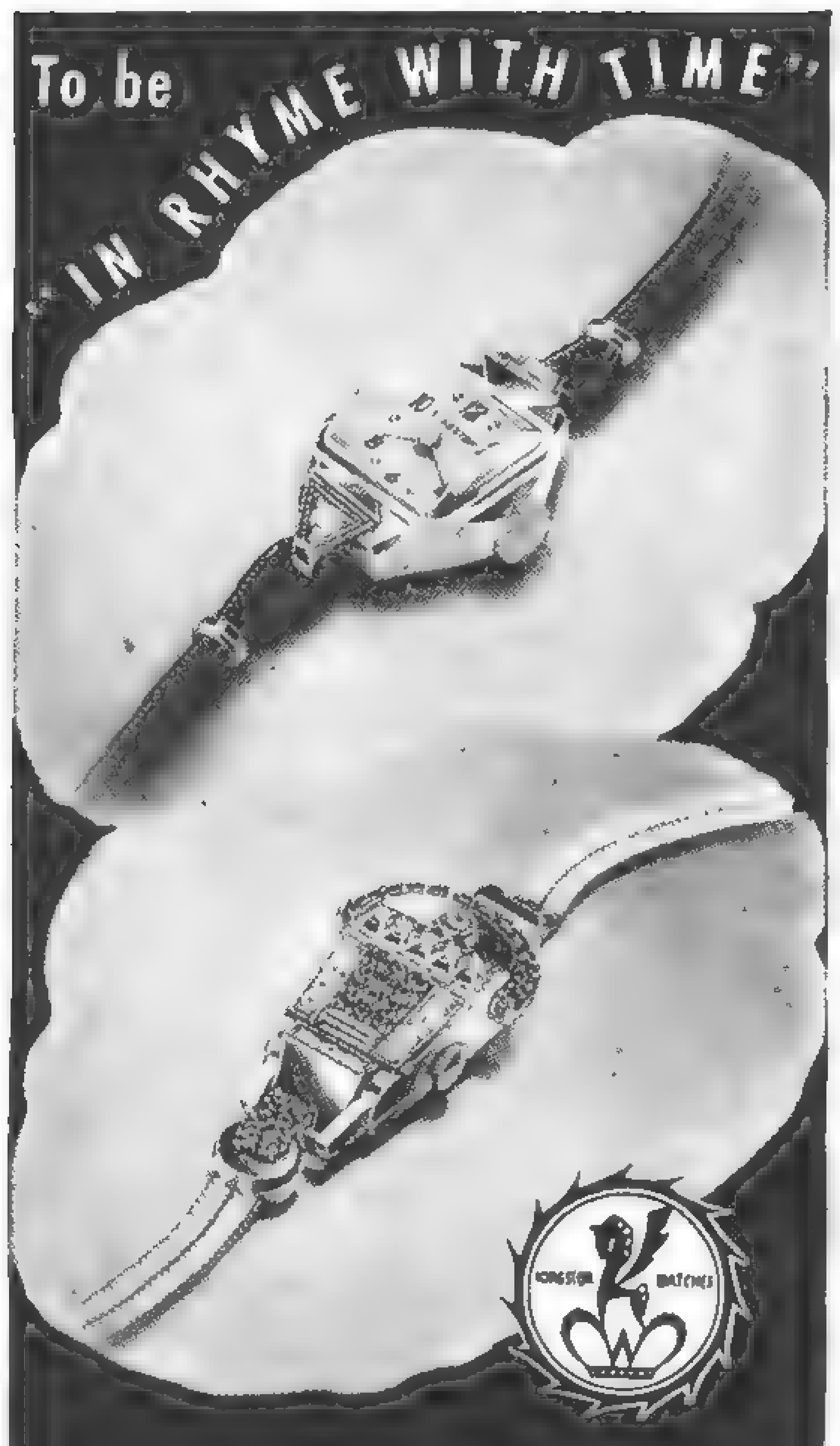
Prince Matchabelli

To be "IN RHYME WITH TIME"



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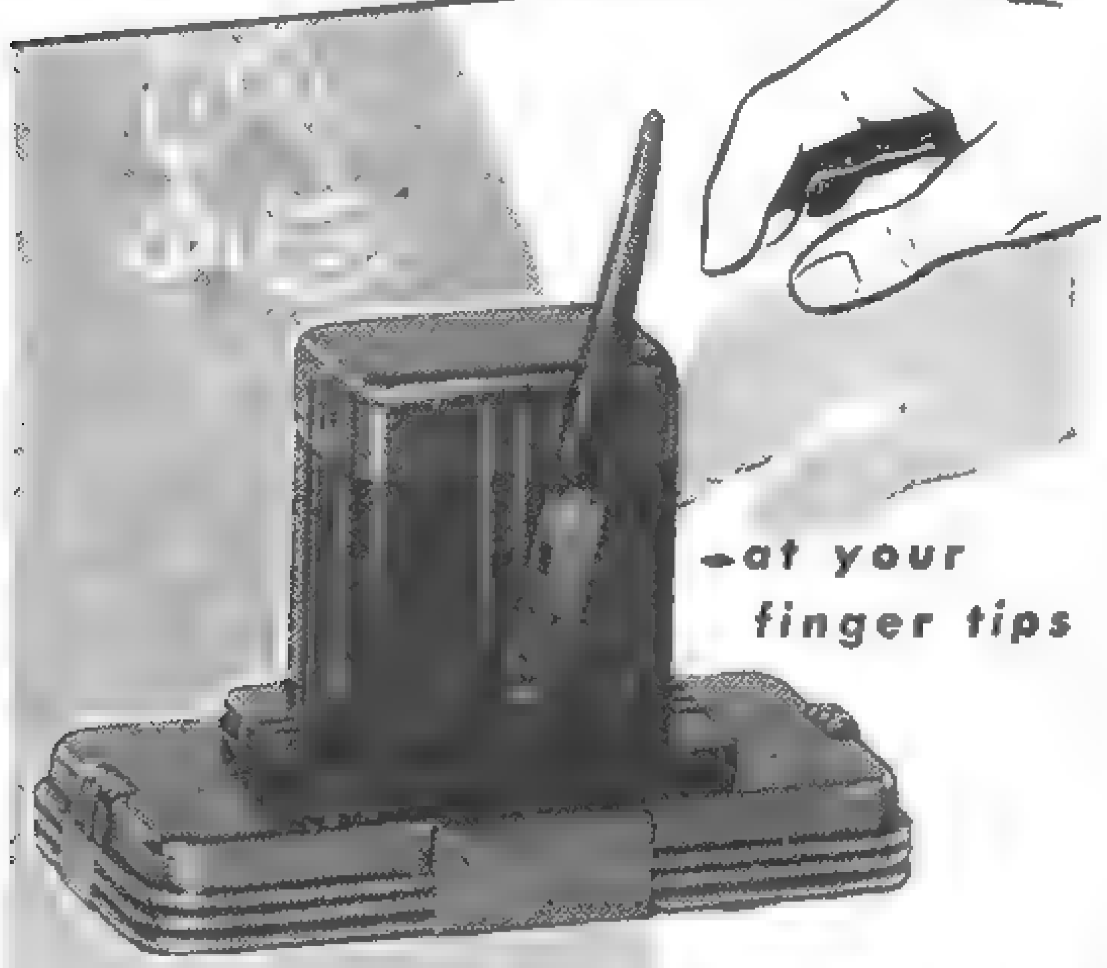

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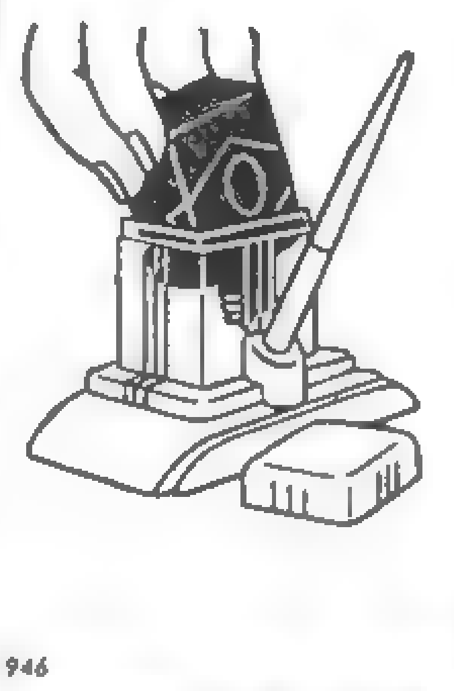

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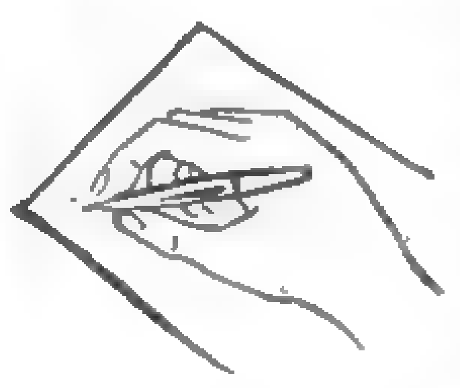
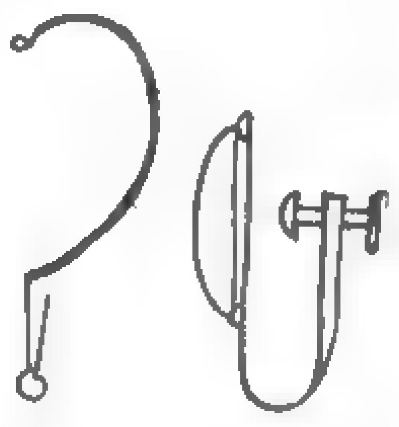
Talking Shop with Esquire

21 MILES OF HANDWRITING! To the waiting world comes a new fountain which, they say, will write for two years without refilling. But guaranteed! Darn thing writes on cloth, makes sharp impressions through from four to eight carbon copies, writes under water (if you're interested in writing love letters whilst swimming) and doesn't leak or drip.

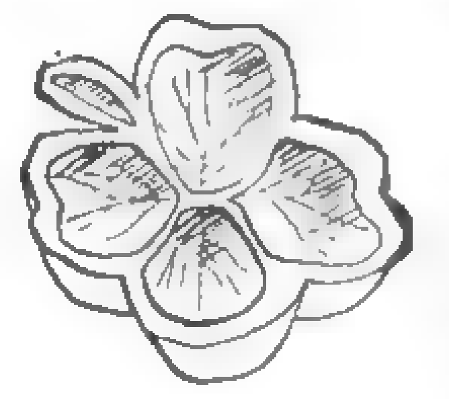
HERE'S THE WAY IT WORKS. Engineers found out how to make an almost invisible steel ball revolve in a socket . . . chemists developed an ink that would be thick but lubricate the smallest places . . . the ink was put in the pen barrel, the top screwed on, and the pen was ready to write. The ink doesn't dry in the barrel of the pen if you leave it there for years, but when it touches the paper as it leaves the writing ball, it dries immediately . . . no need for blotters.



EARRING GUARDS. Ever heard a gal shriek in anguish . . . "look out, there goes my earring!" Then follows the frenzied search in the crevices of a taxi seat, the divan or what have you. One of man's major irritations, the earring. This need not be, however. A Hollywood firm has come up with a little device which you buy to attach to earrings to prevent them from slipping off shell-like ears. The guards are made of sterling silver or 14 kt. gold wire and are bent to follow the contour of the ear. One end clamps on the screw bar of the earring holding it firmly. These devices are made by blinded veterans, who can easily operate the machines.



GOOD LUCK ASH TRAYS. Luck may come your way if you fortify the card table with a set of four sterling silver ash trays in the shape of four-leaf clovers. Trays measure 2¾ inches in diameter and are excellent for hostess gifts or for bridge prizes.



ANY CLIME, ANY TEMPERATURE. We all know about the fountain pen which writes without flooding "high in a plane" . . . now comes a man's wristwatch with a trick mechanism which provides for automatic adjustment or compensation for changes in temperature or climate. What a relief, gentlemen, to know that your little time keeper will remain accurate whether you chance to be in the Arctic regions, or in desert heat! Ah, Science! Oh, yes, besides the "compensa-matic" feature, the watch is water proof, non-magnetic to shock, has an illuminated dial and all such.

Ranger

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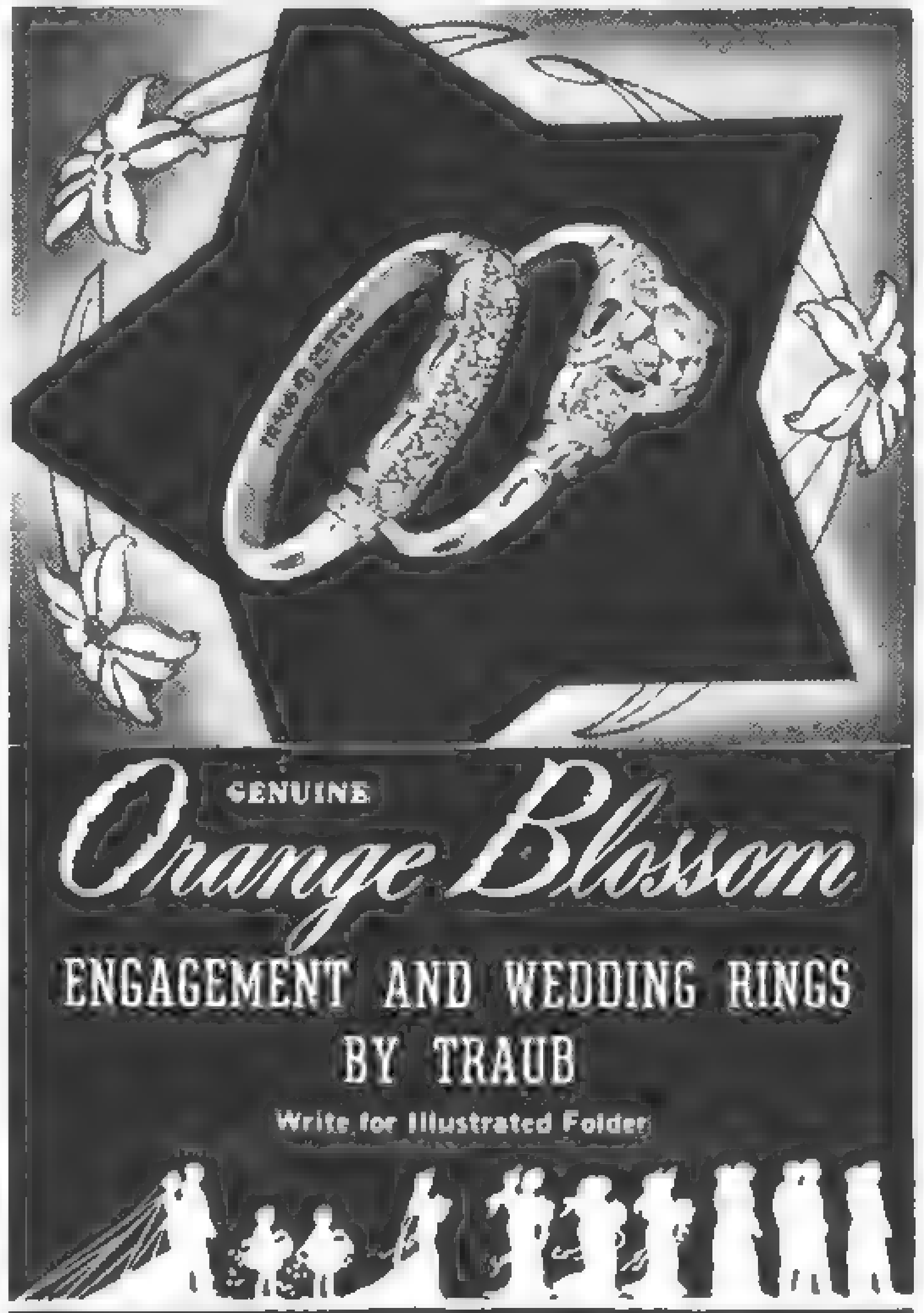

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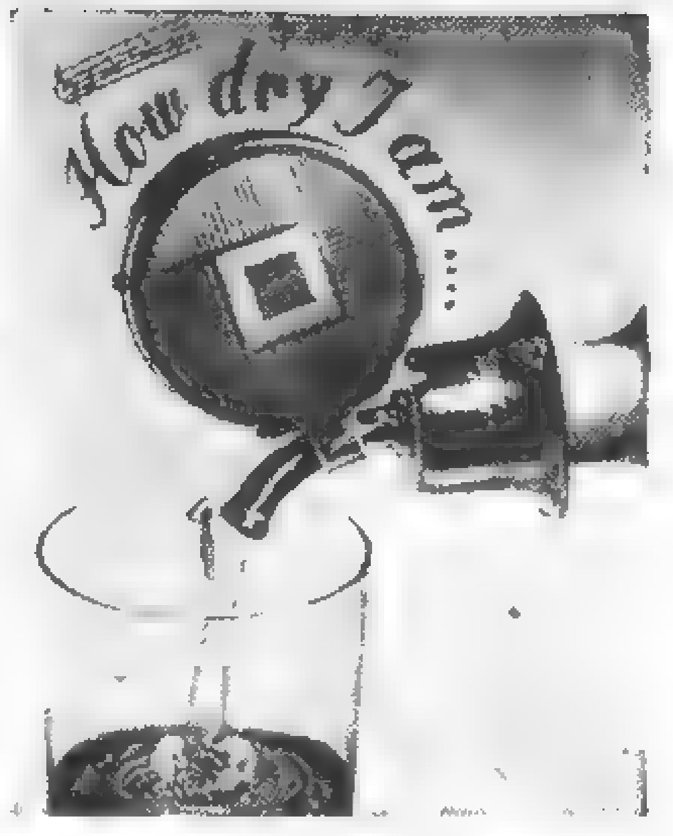

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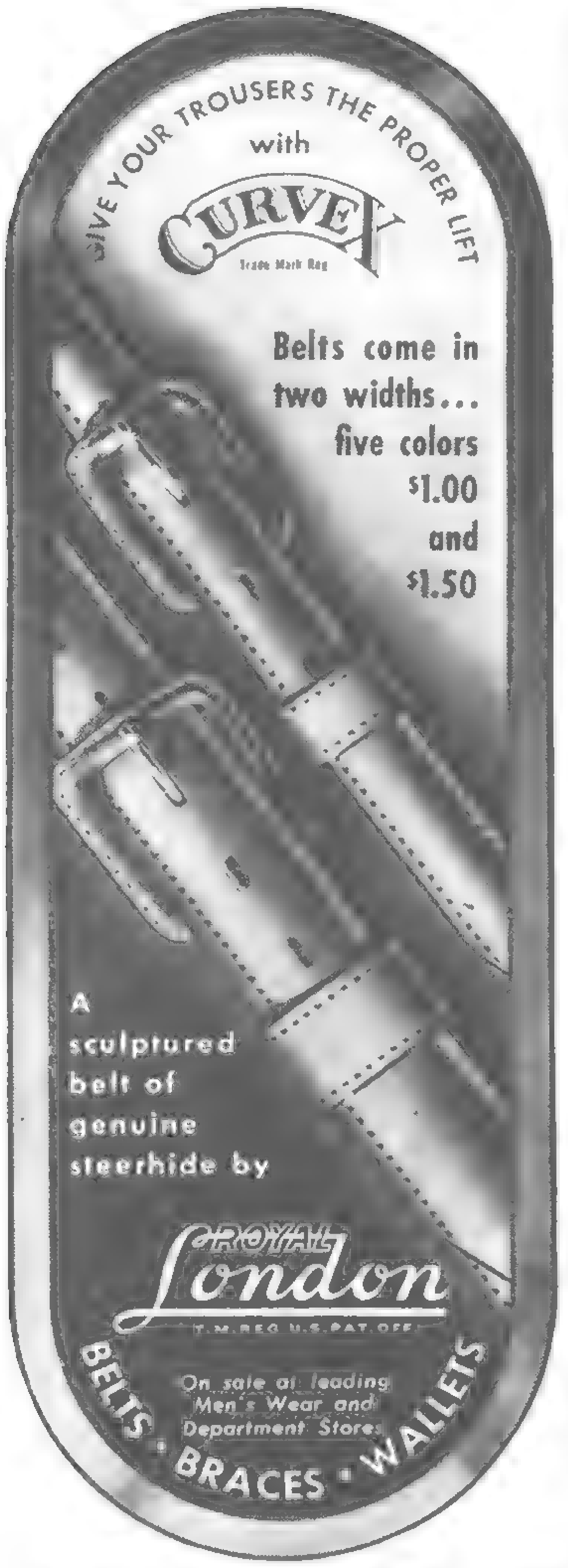
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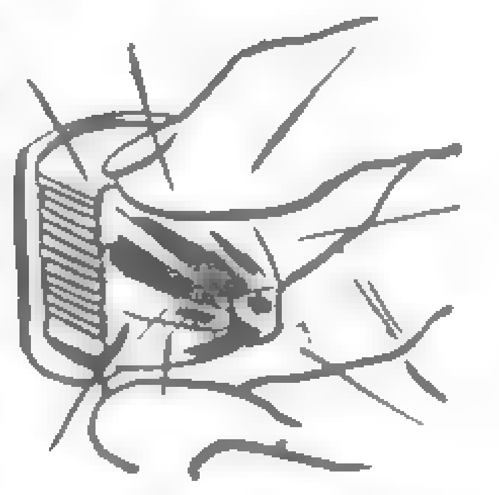
Talking Shop with Esquire

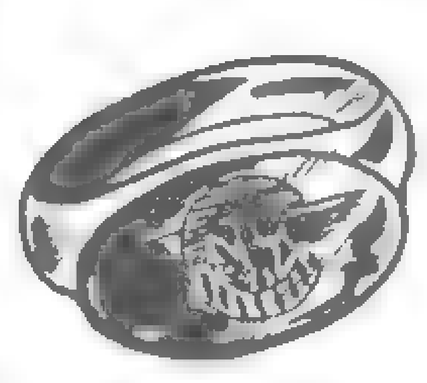
ELECTRONICS AGAIN. Last month we told you how electronics had entered the boudoir via the electric blanket. Now we have a significant wartime development in color photography which involves new and exclusive applications of electronics. This technique automatically reproduces the best color values present in your transparencies. Automatic exposure correction embodied in this technique compensates for over or under-exposed "shots", often producing a print superior to the original transparency.

PRINT SIZE. Only one size print is now available, 3"x4½" enlargements, made only from 35 mm and Bantam positive color transparencies. In the future, however, you will be able to get a complete range of print sizes from all sizes of transparencies. The service is speedy, you receive your pictures in about 7 days, and the cost is modest.

NIGHT LIGHT. No need to break your neck when you get up in pitch darkness for a midnight raid on the ice box or to put the cat out. Simply plug a small night light into electrical outlets at strategic points, in bedrooms, baths, halls, stairways etc. The new gadget casts a soft, rosy glow that indicates the location of lamps and electric light buttons. Burns continuously for well over a year and costs less than a cent a month, even when in constant use. Excellent for nurseries, too.



DISCHARGE RING. If you get tired of seeing your discharge insignia reposing in your lapel, you can have it made up in the form of a ring. 14 kt gold, heavy, masculine, with the discharge insignia treated like a signet ring. Practical little idea.



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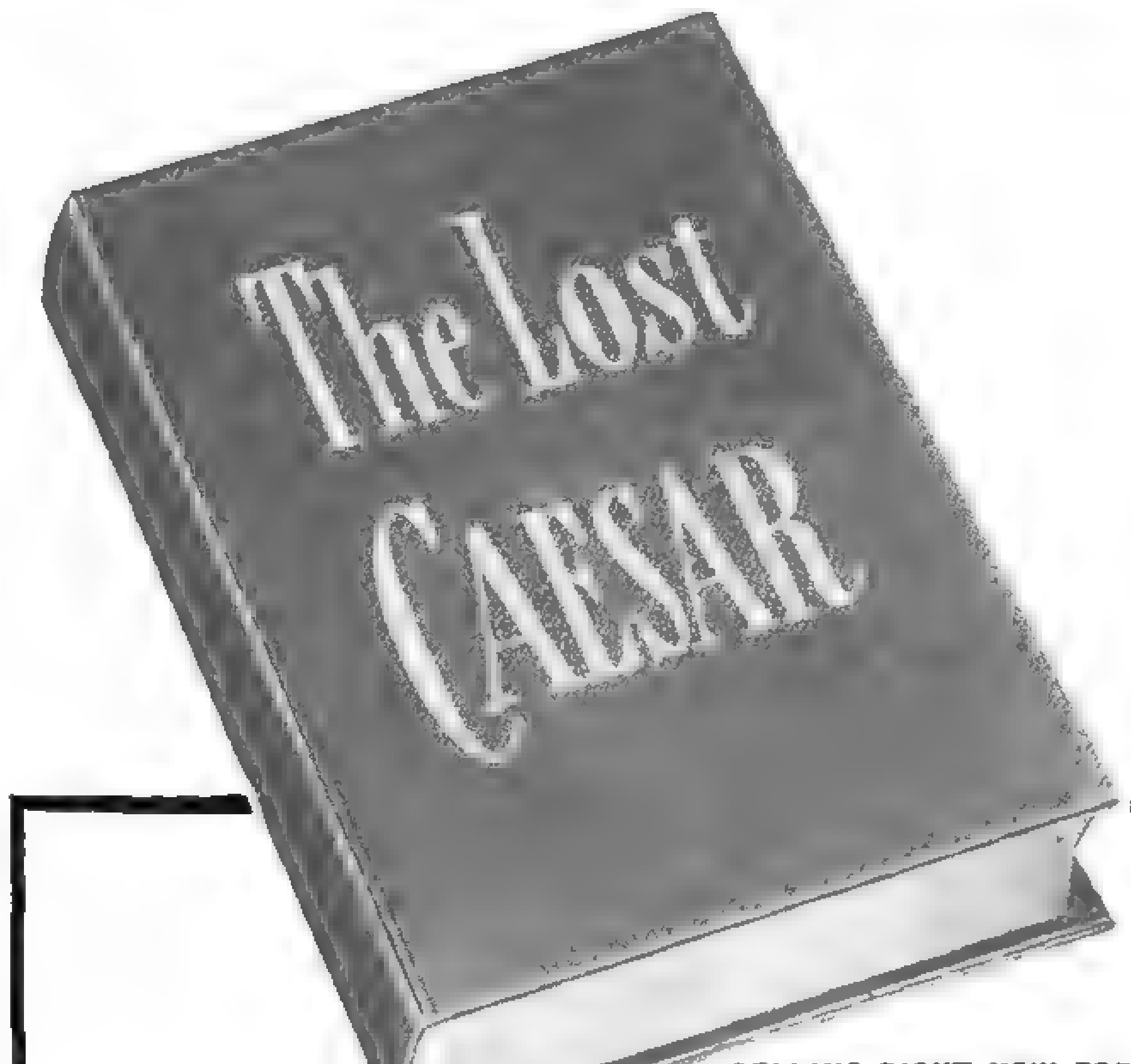

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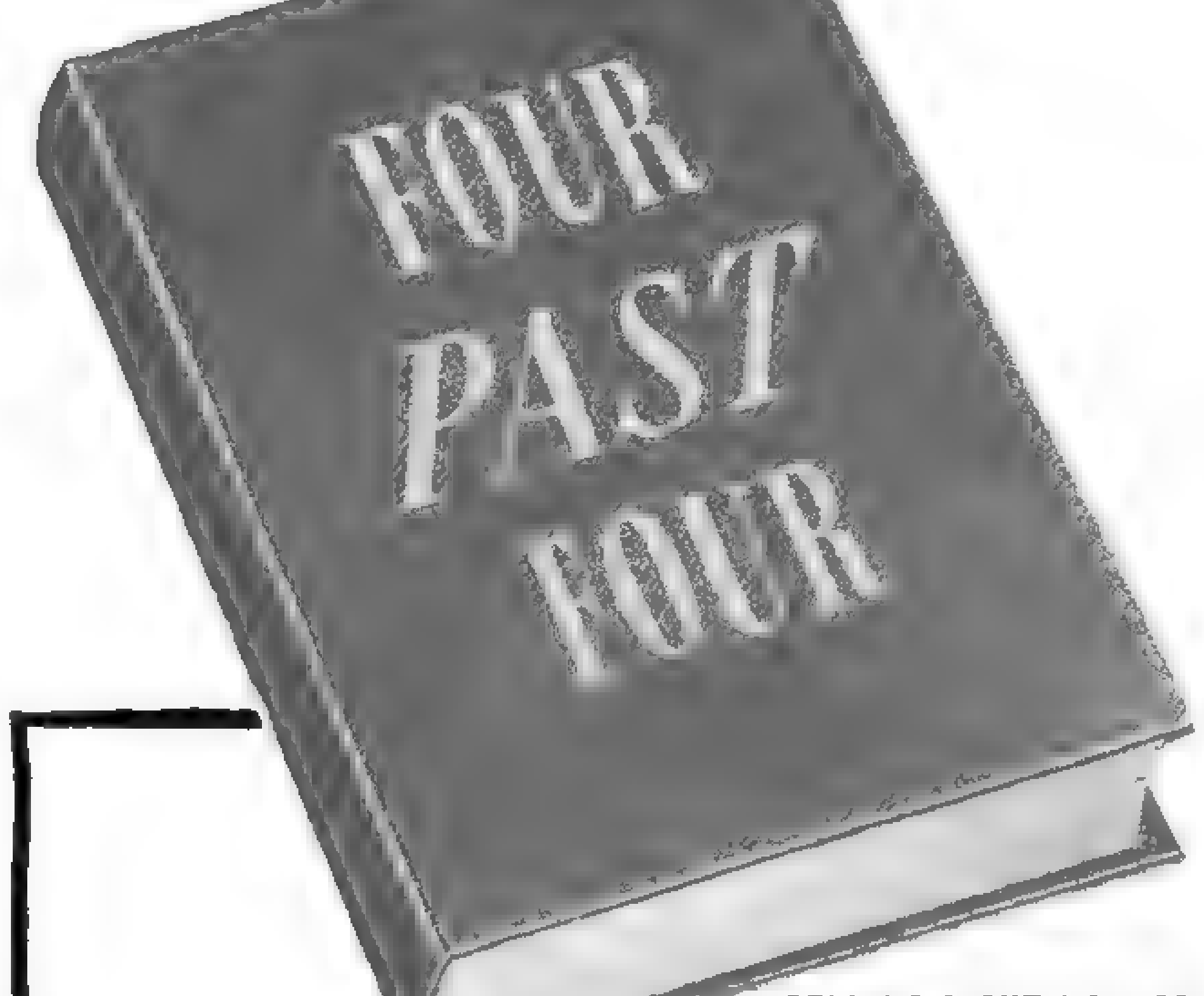
An off-the-beaten path murder mixup that will have you shivering between the sheets until the wee hours.



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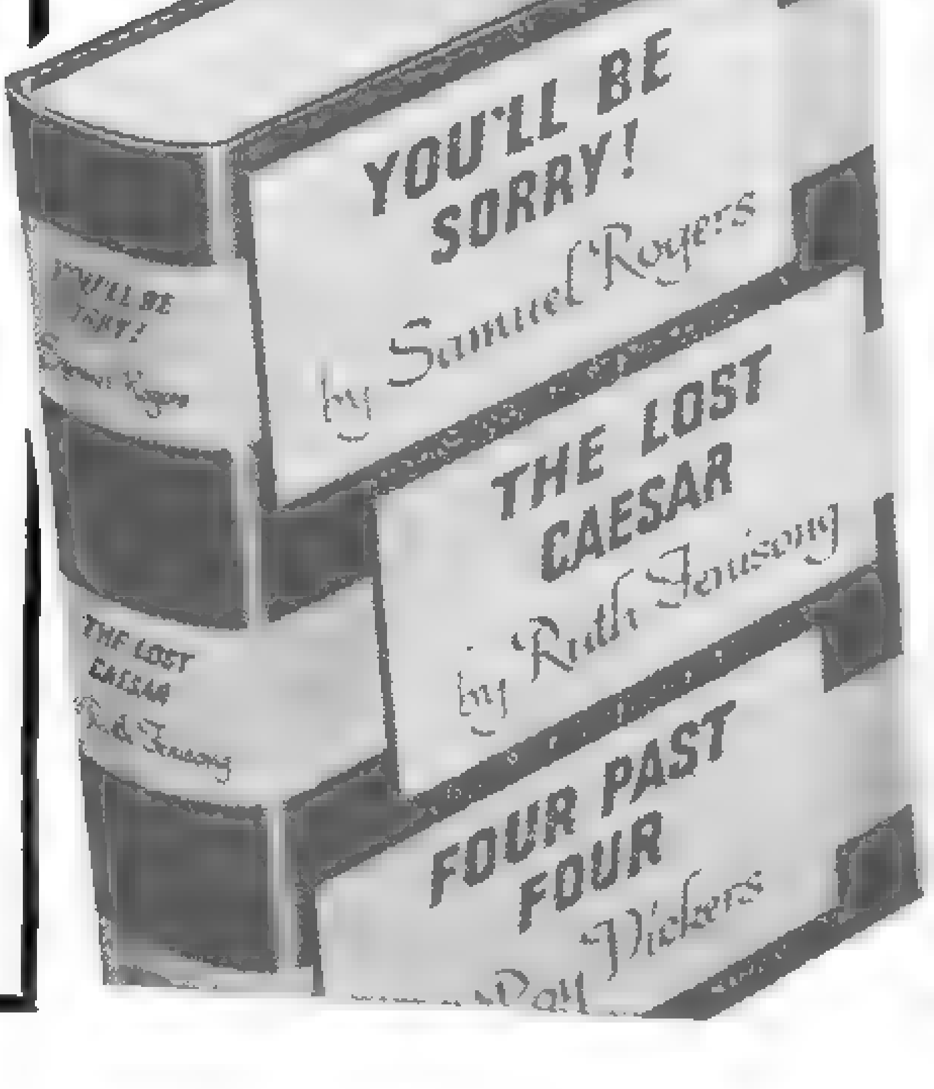

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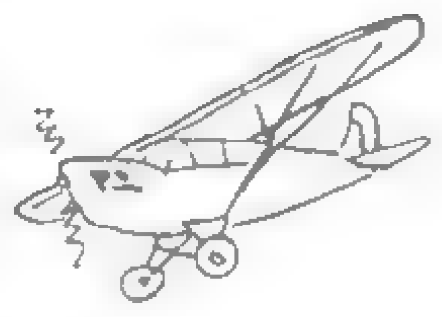

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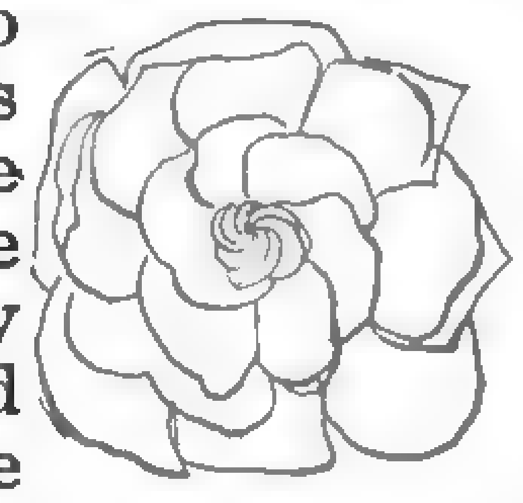

CANDIES FROM CALIFORNIA. If you're pondering over what to send for Easter (this goes for everyone you know, male or female, young or old) . . . cease worrying. Simply take pen in hand and order a box of English toffee slices or chocolate almonds from a certain little shoppee in Cal. Crisp, crunchy toffee covered with milk chocolate and a thick layer of chopped almonds; and the almonds, jumbo size of course (coming from that Super State) hand dipped in rich, creamy chocolate. Best we've sampled to date.

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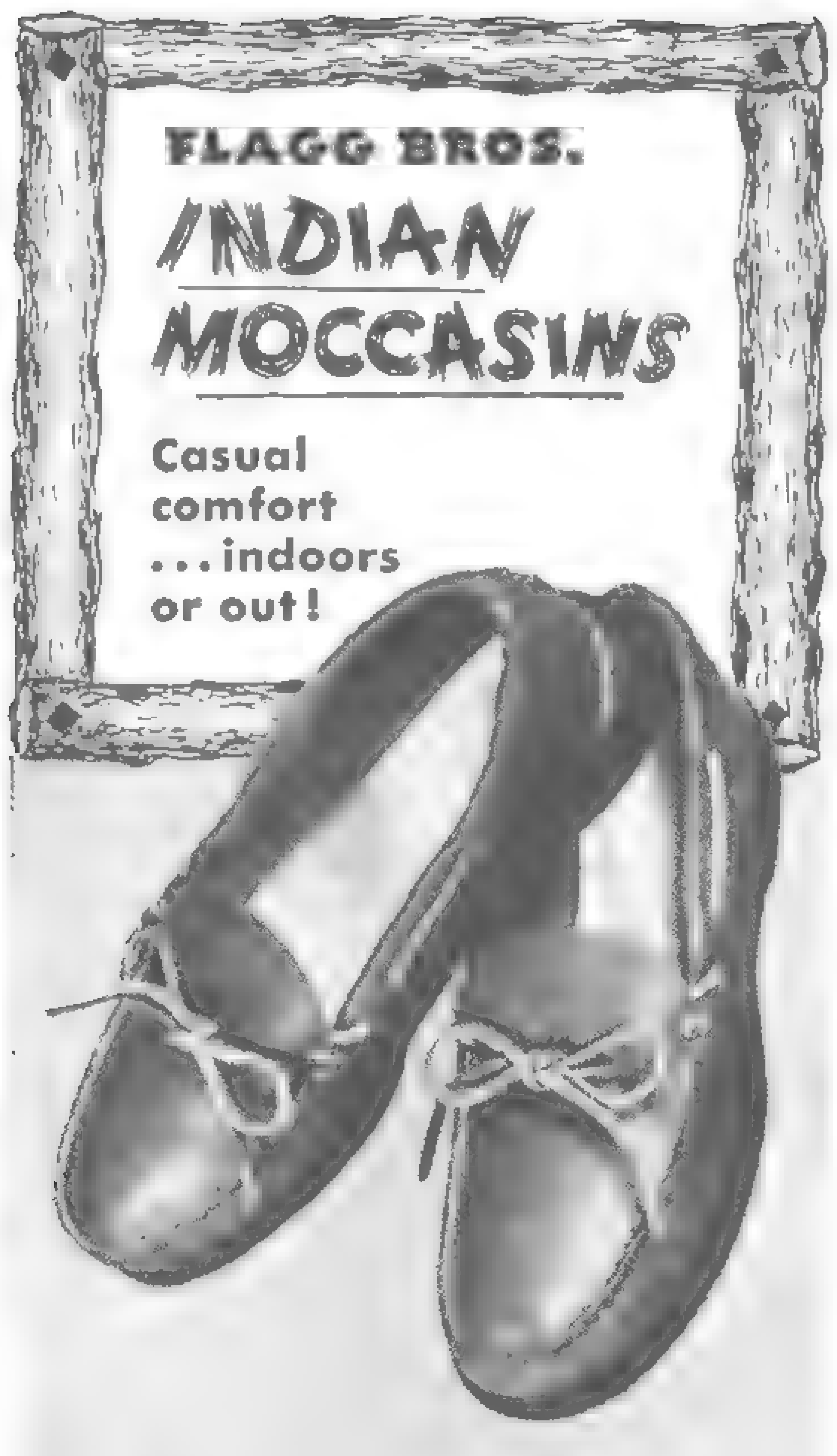

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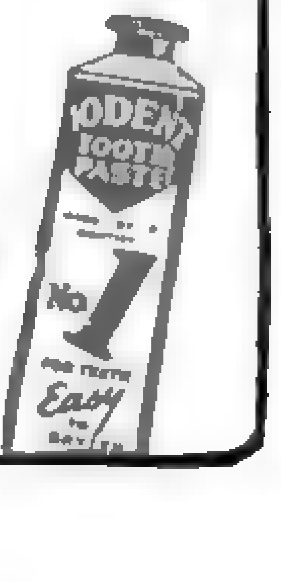

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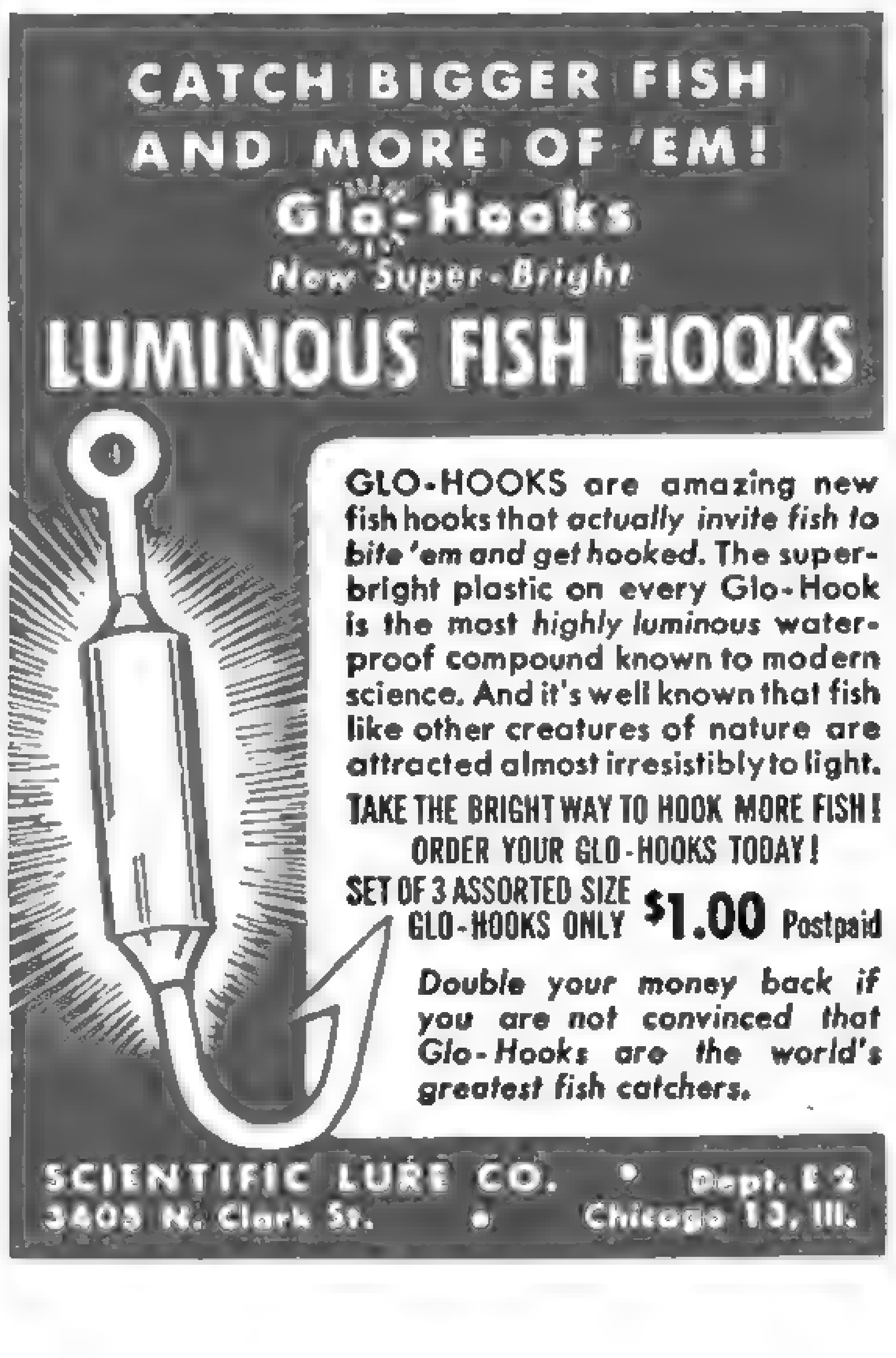

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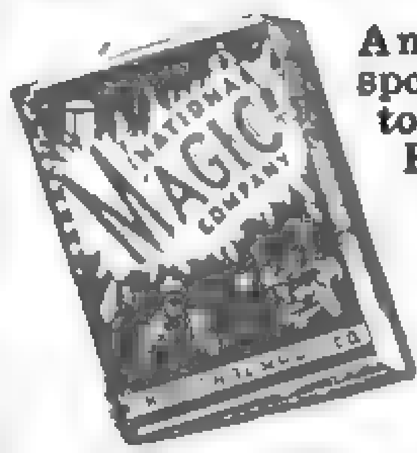

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This delightful weightless feeling stems from a brand new idea in looming called *prelaxing*, a process that distributes the weight of the yarn evenly and imparts maximum flexibility. With this enjoyable result: you get a freedom-from-clothes sensation such as you've never before experienced in a year round suit.

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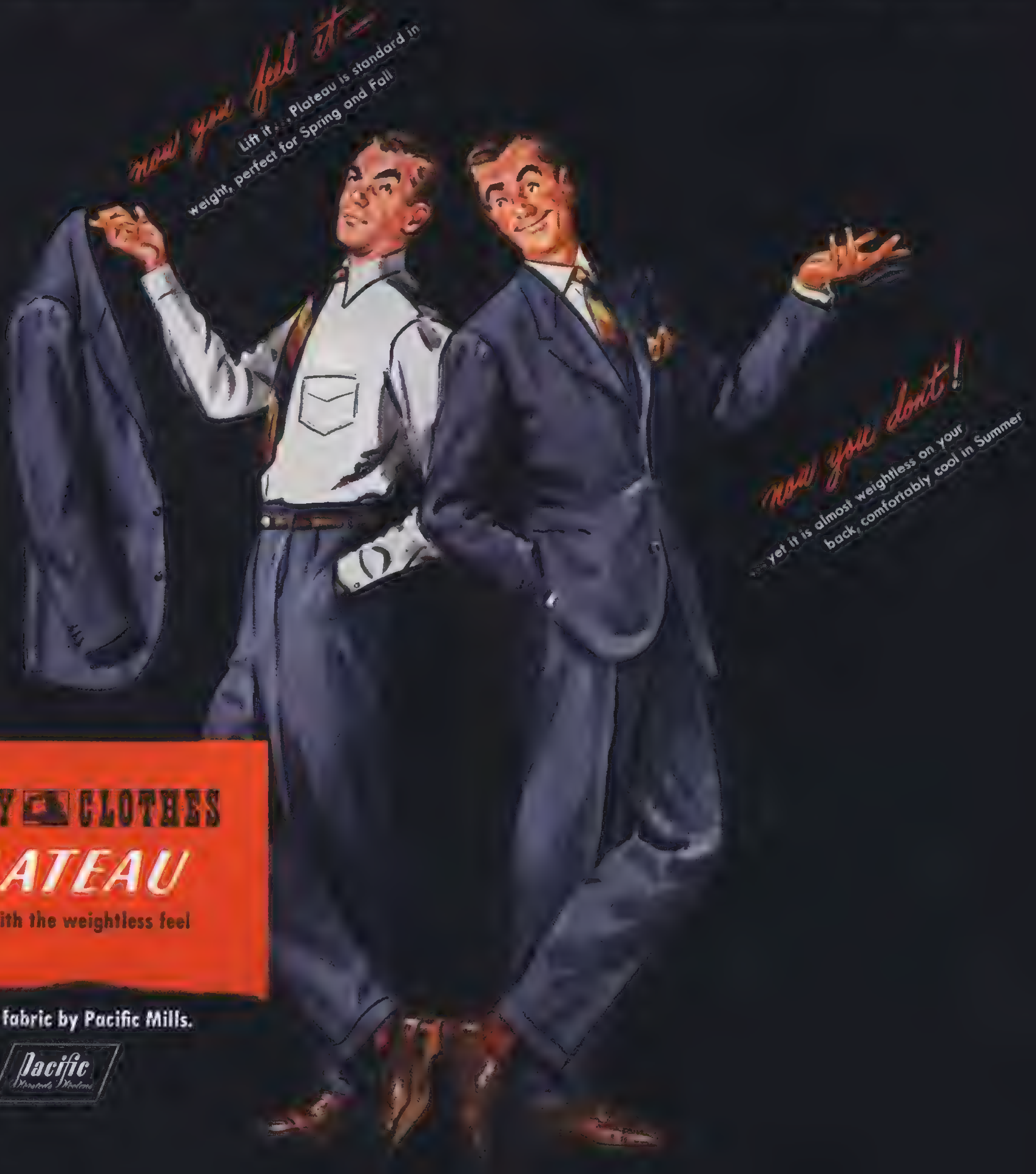
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Lift it . . . Plateau is standard in weight, perfect for Spring and Fall
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"Botany" Brand ties include sixty authentic tartans.

FOR Easter

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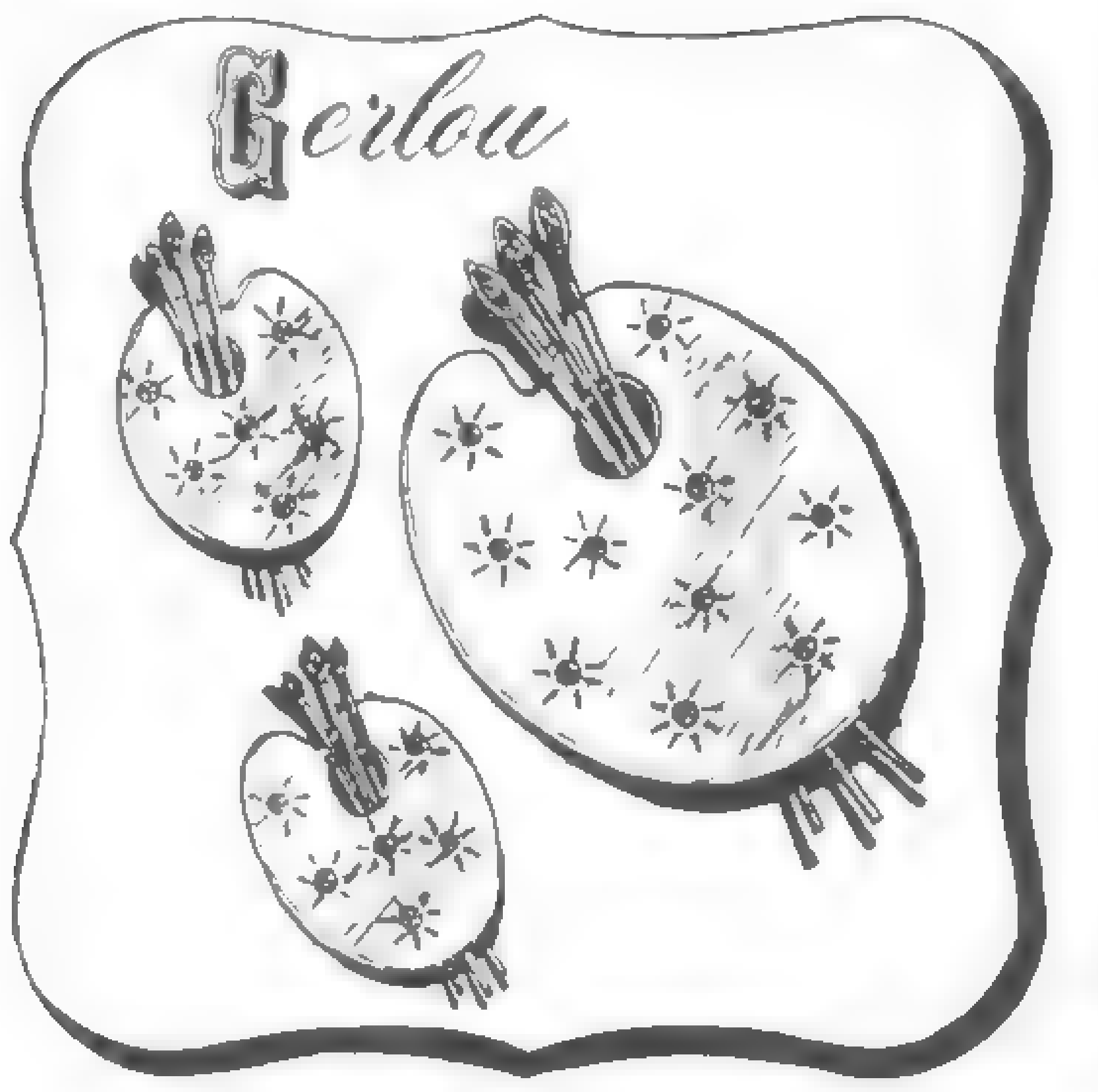

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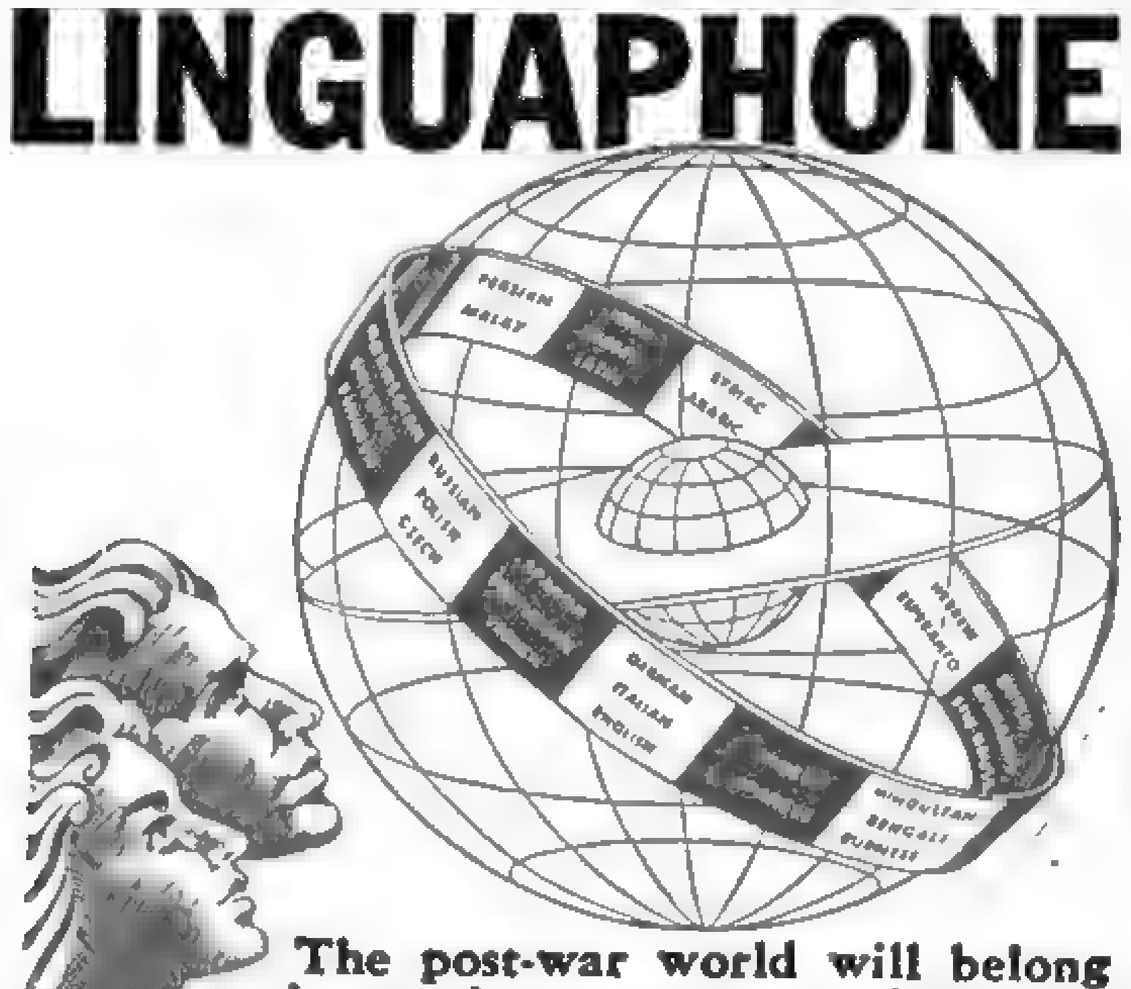

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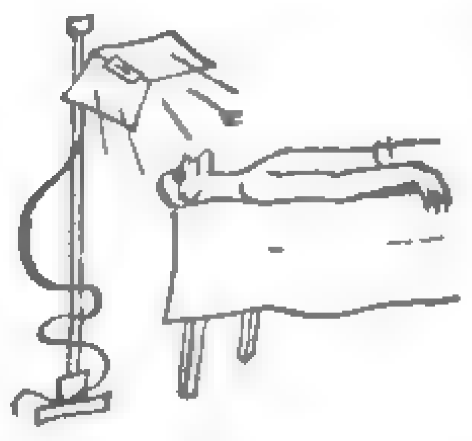

DON'T LOOK NOW . . . BUT YOUR FACE IS SAGGING! Recent statistics point out that men spend as much time and money in barber shops as women do in beauty salons. We berate the frail sex for their dependence on facials, mud packs, face-lifting, paint and powder. But how about turning the spotlight on the rugged sex? How about those steaming towels? Those multifarious before and after lotions? The sunlamp treatments to turn a pasty physiognomy into a pretty pink (the male substitute for rouge). Now QUIET, you!

LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY says Sophie Tucker. So do chins and wrinkles. Now a guy can stand by and wait 'til what is laughingly called his face, slips into a network of lines and wrinkles—and that Godgiven single chin suddenly gives birth to two or three . . . or, he can attempt to do something about this sad sag.

ELECTRONICS FOR PLEATED PUSSES. One way of helping the situation is via electrical treatments. A certain salon in New York does a large masculine business along this line. The machines were first designed by a plastic surgeon interested in physical therapy in plastic surgery cases. The machines are now designed to help counteract dropping muscles. Machines are operated by registered nurses who know their anatomy, and how to concentrate the electrically charged pads on nerve centers or motor points, in an attempt to tone tired muscles and send the circulation coursing through the face.

A NOD FROM MEDICO. All the salon machines have been okeyed by a physician; clients, too, are examined by a physician before individual treatments begin. Service men with war-worn faces often take the treatments as well as professionals such as actors, musicians and tycoons who want to appear vital. If you have the moola, you can buy a machine and use it in your own home.

DO YOU HAVE SMUDGED SKIN? Then harken to this. There's a new cream, different in formula, different in use which really does a super cleansing job. You slather it over your face, then with warm water, rub it into a frothy emulsion. Give your skin a good work-out. Then rinse off with clear water, from a running tap. The preparation combines the cleansing properties of both soap and cream.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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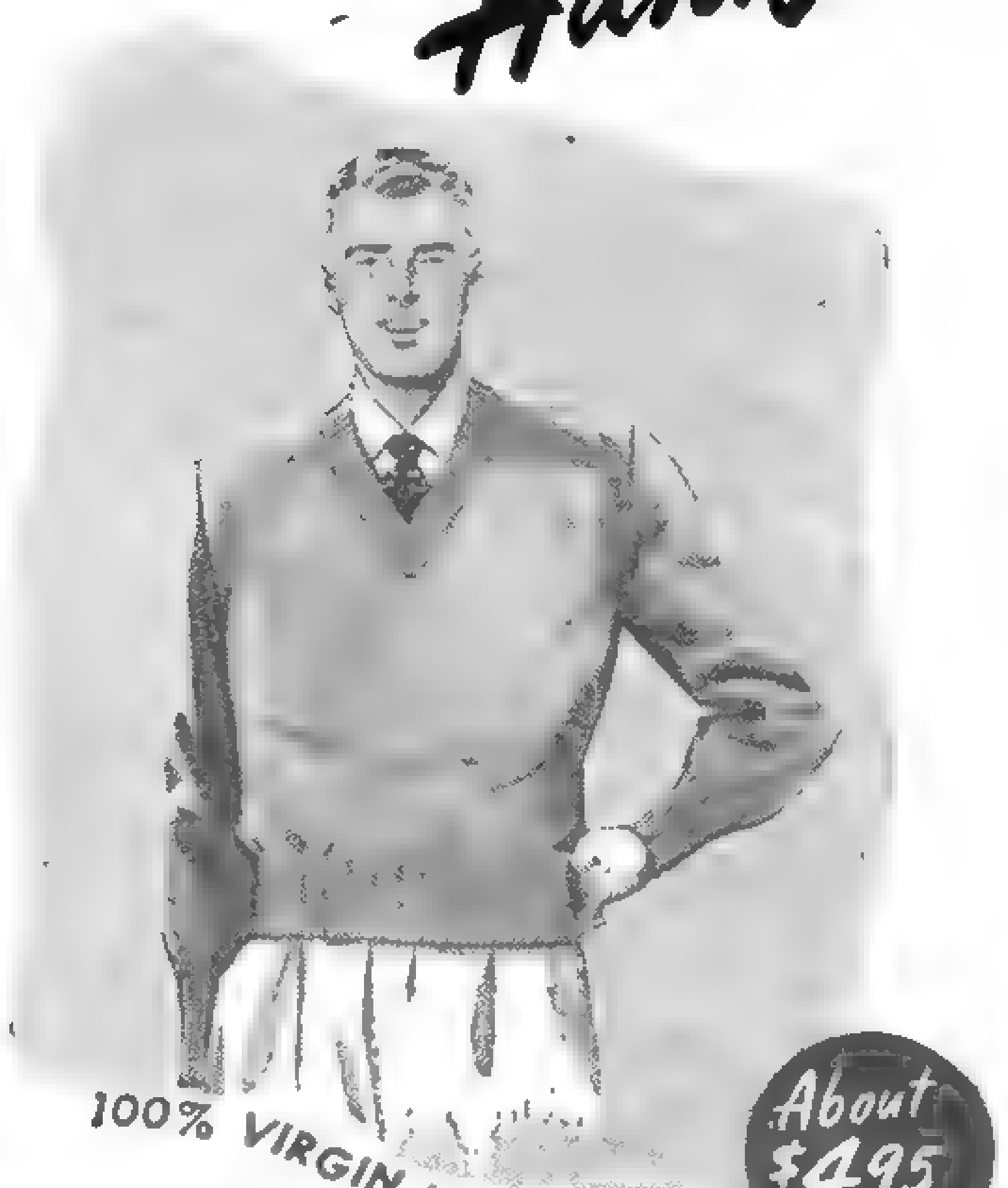

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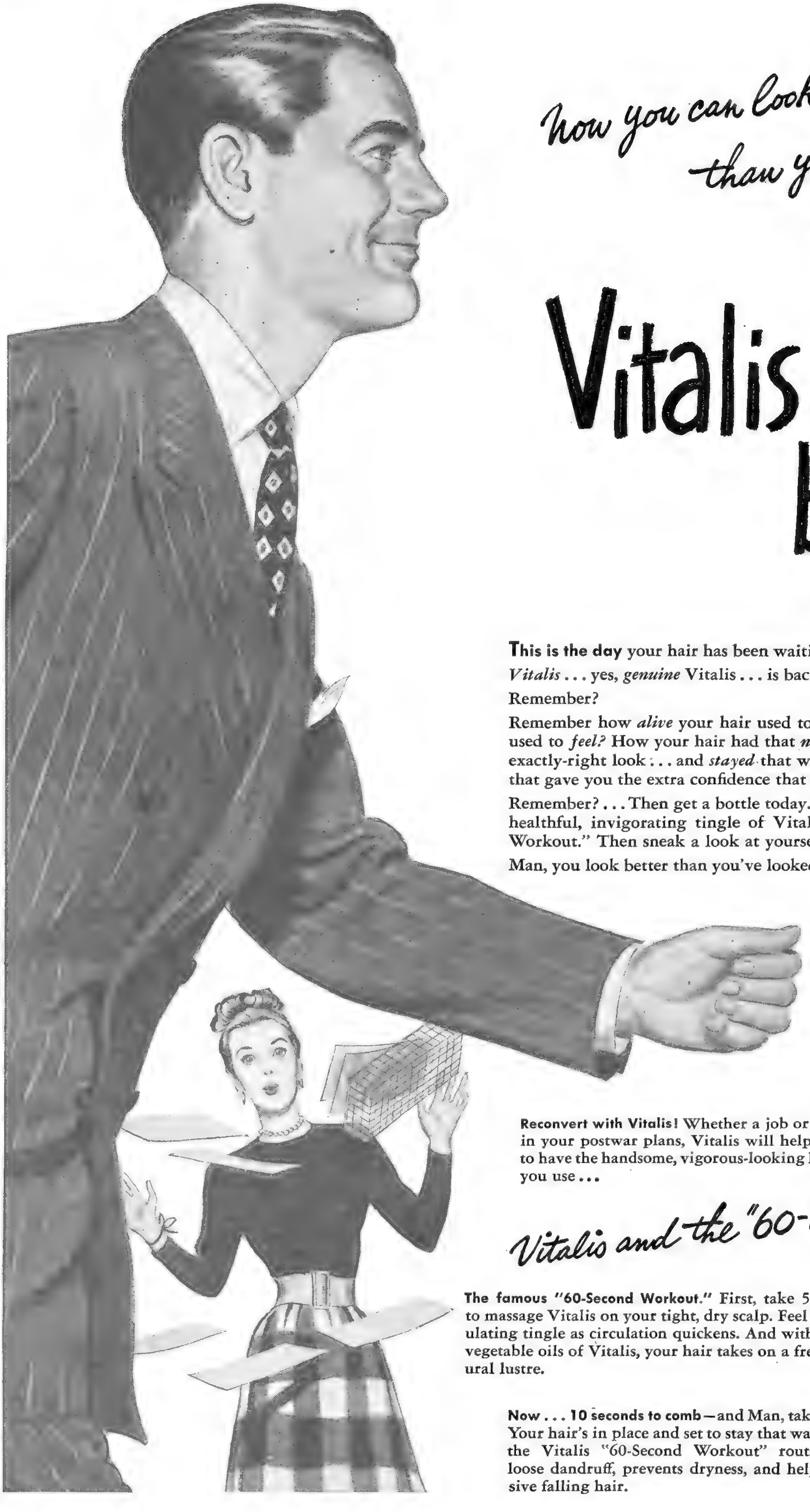


now you can look better than you have in years!

Vitalis is back!

This is the day your hair has been waiting for all war long.

Vitalis . . . yes, *genuine* Vitalis . . . is back!

Remember?

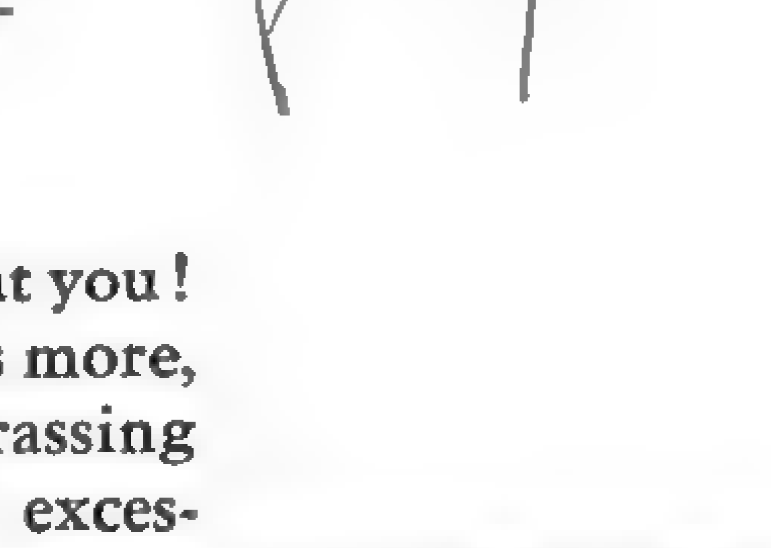
Remember how *alive* your hair used to look? And your scalp used to *feel?* How your hair had that *naturally* well-groomed, exactly-right look . . . and *stayed* that way? And how knowing that gave you the extra confidence that helps a man go places?

Remember? . . . Then get a bottle today. Treat your head to the healthful, invigorating tingle of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Then sneak a look at yourself in the mirror.

Man, you look better than you've looked in years!

Reconvert with Vitalis! Whether a job or a girl is included in your postwar plans, Vitalis will help you. Here's how to have the handsome, vigorous-looking hair you get when you use . . .

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"



The famous "60-Second Workout." First, take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. Feel that stimulating tingle as circulation quickens. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis, your hair takes on a fresher, natural lustre.

Now . . . 10 seconds to comb—and Man, take a look at you! Your hair's in place and set to stay that way. What's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs embarrassing loose dandruff, prevents dryness, and helps retard excessive falling hair.

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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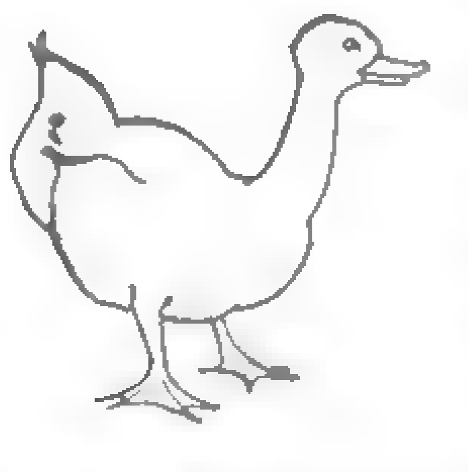
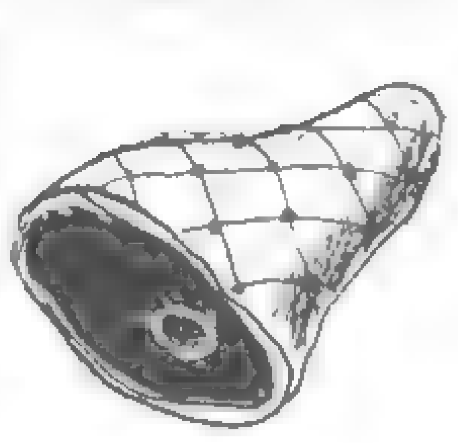
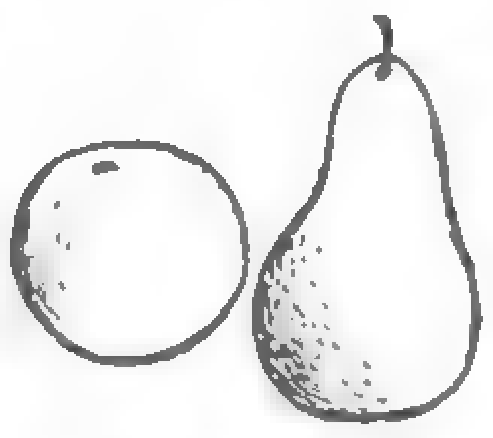
WISCONSIN GEESE. For that post-Lent feast why not a Wisconsin goose, from a little town which has been nationally known for its geese for nearly a century. The goose is shipped directly to you in a special wooden box, complete with directions on how to prepare it; plus a packet of poultry seasoning . . . and recipes for apple or raisin stuffing. If you cook your goose right, you'll find, as we did, that the tender, dark meat is not dry or tasteless, every morsel literally melts in your mouth.



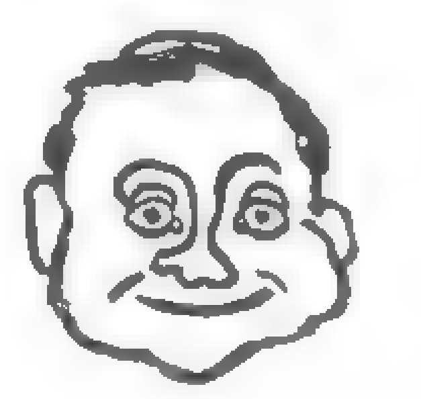
SMOKED HAM FROM THE CATSKILLS. Here's another perfect gift for a gourmet's Easter . . . a tender, tempting Catskill mountain smoked ham, sugar-cured and smoked Southern style, ready to eat. Just one of the selections you get by becoming a member of the "delicacy of the season" club. In July you get jars of smoked turkey, turkey pate and other sandwich spreads. In the fall, 4 lbs. of smoked pork sausage and a strip of bacon. And next Christmas . . . a golden brown smoked turkey!



MARZIPAN FROM MANHATTAN. Marzipan fans will revel in a de luxe gift-box filled with artistically formed marzipan fruits . . . apples, pears, strawberries—all of marzipan. And, to boot, luscious chocolate covered bonbons, marzipan filled, of course.



COFFEE CANDY FROM ALAMEDA. If you once get the habit of popping these little coffee flavored lozenges into your ever waiting mouth, you'll never want to be without them. Swell for a quick pickup in mid afternoon.



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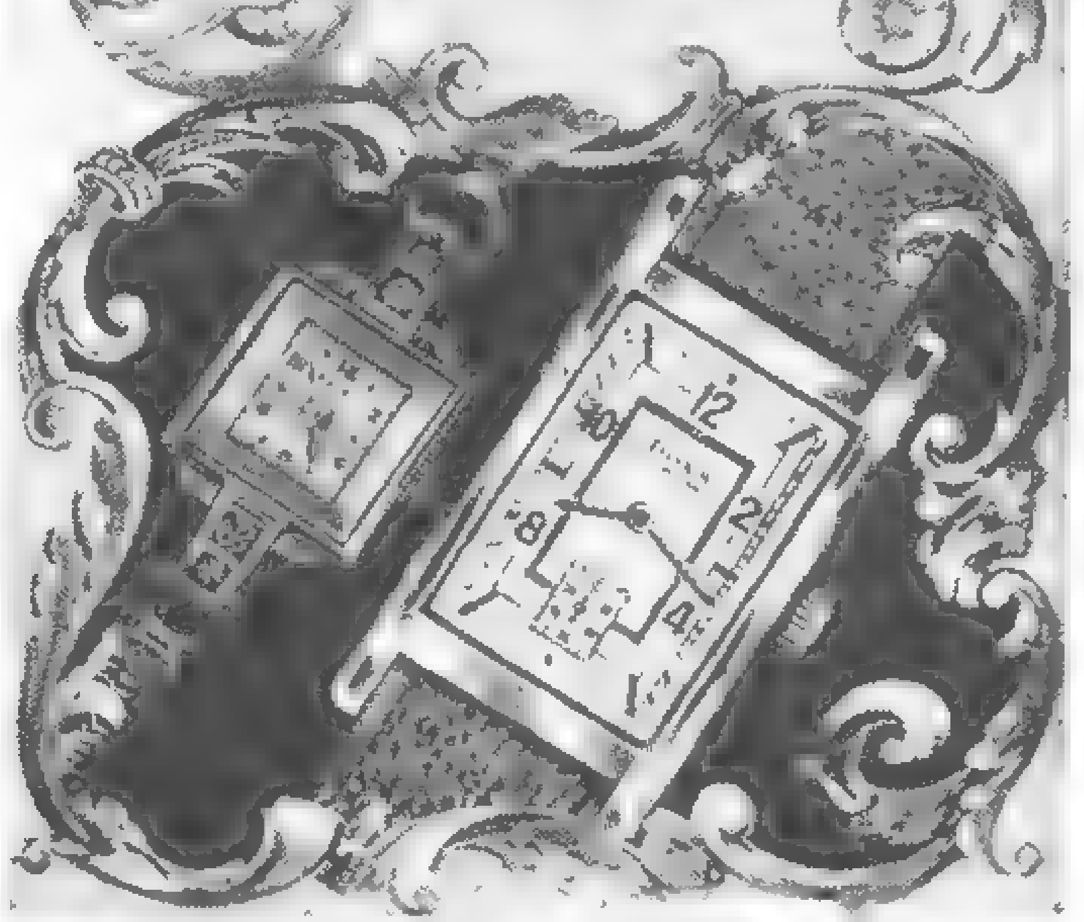

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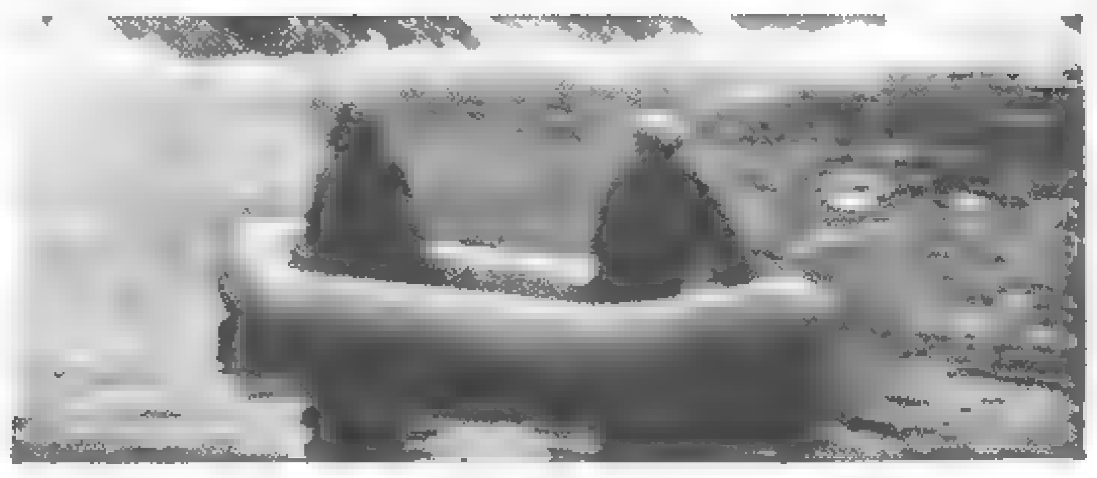

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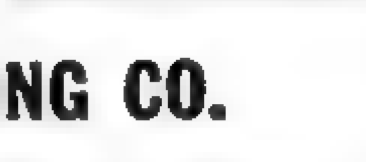

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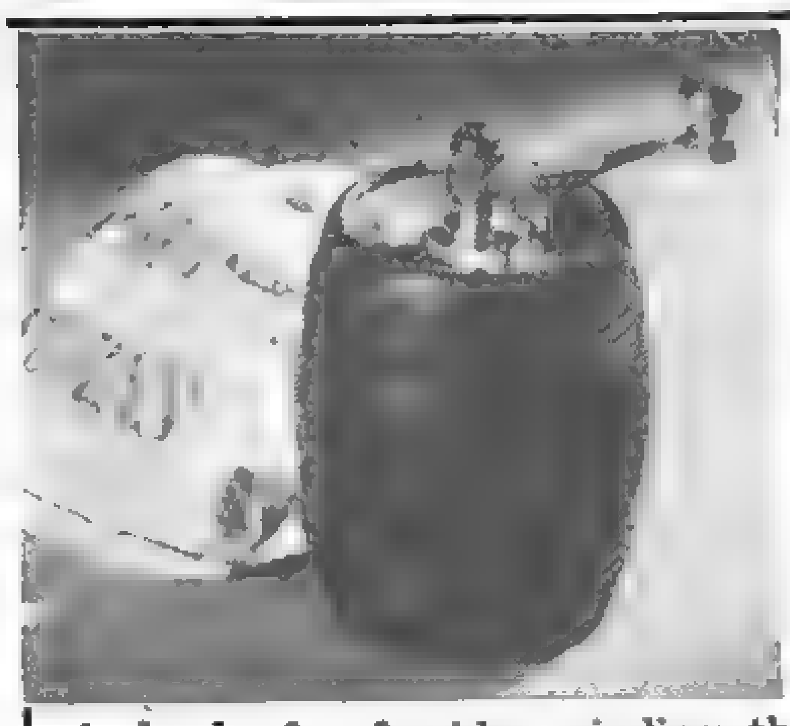

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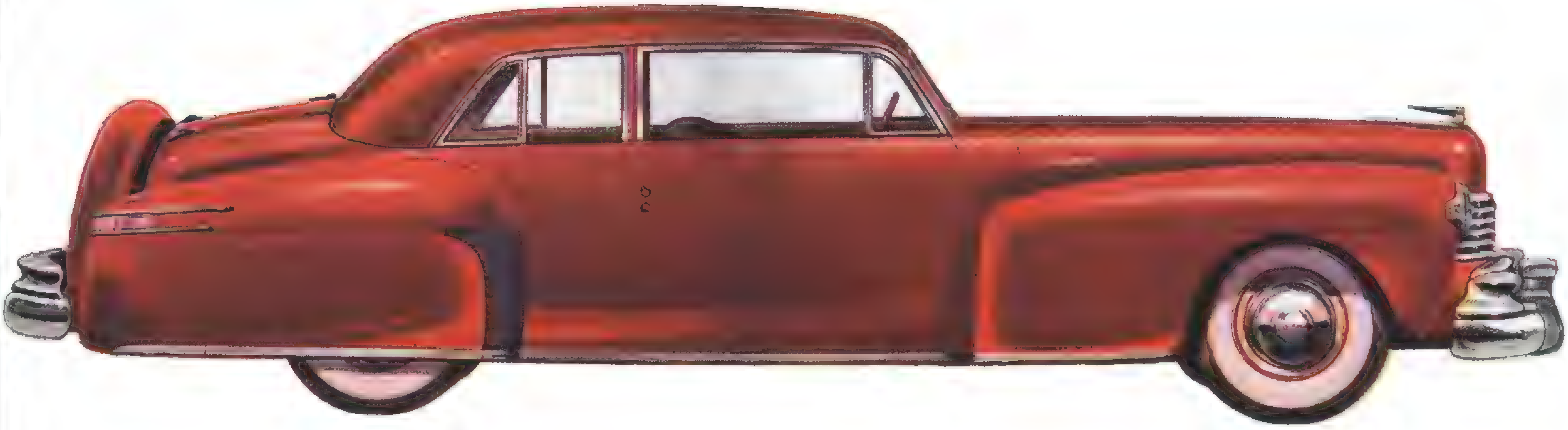

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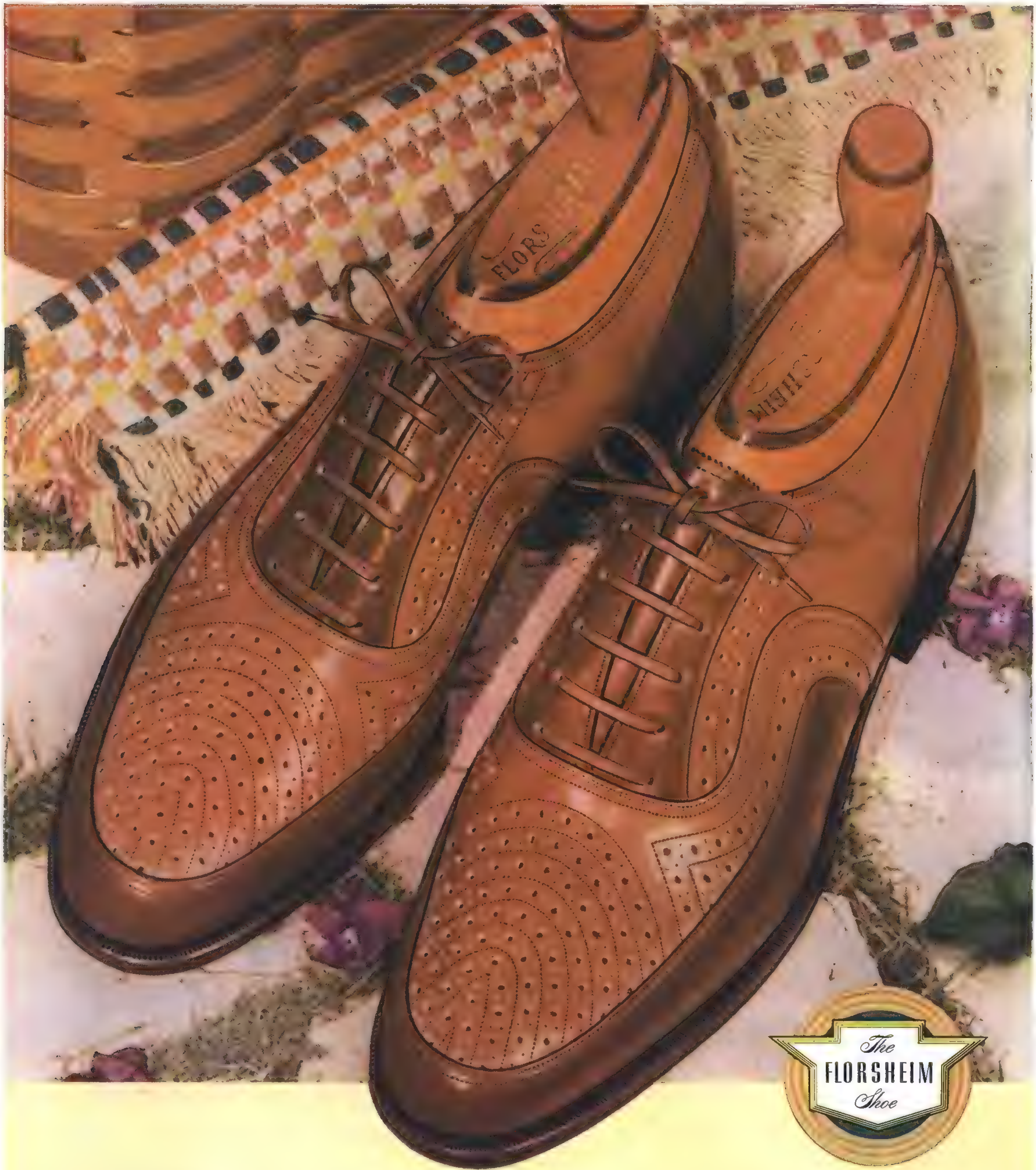
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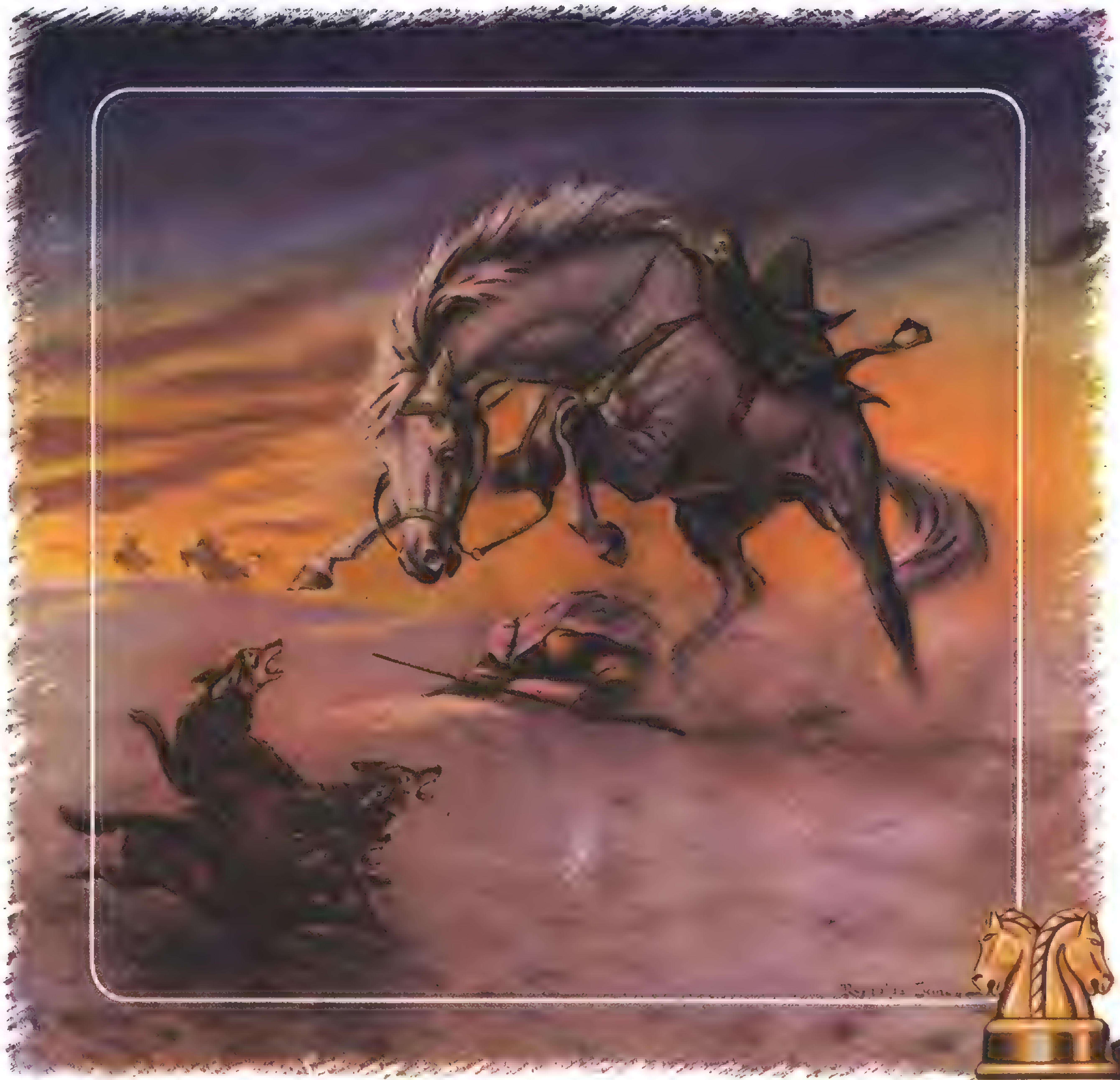

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Rare essences of Cedarwood, Cognac and Russian Leather are blended to create the impression of subtle, distant fragrance preferred by men. Presented with distinction in richly colored flagons.

Also presented in .... Saddle Tan ..... Gold Moss Green .. Dubonnet ..... Black

after shave lotion - men's cologne - men's powder - hair dressing - shaving soap - toilet soaps - deodorant cologne

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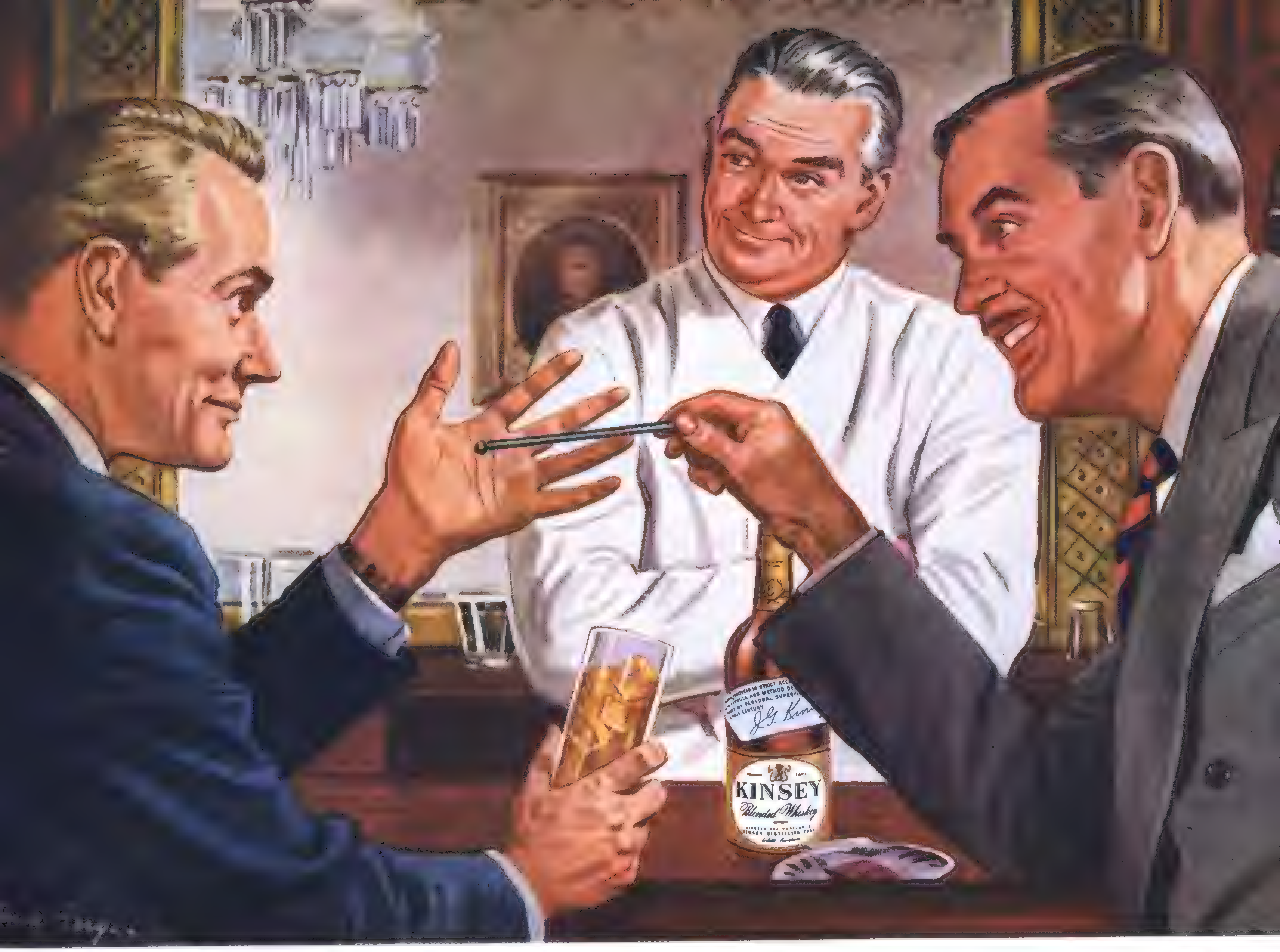
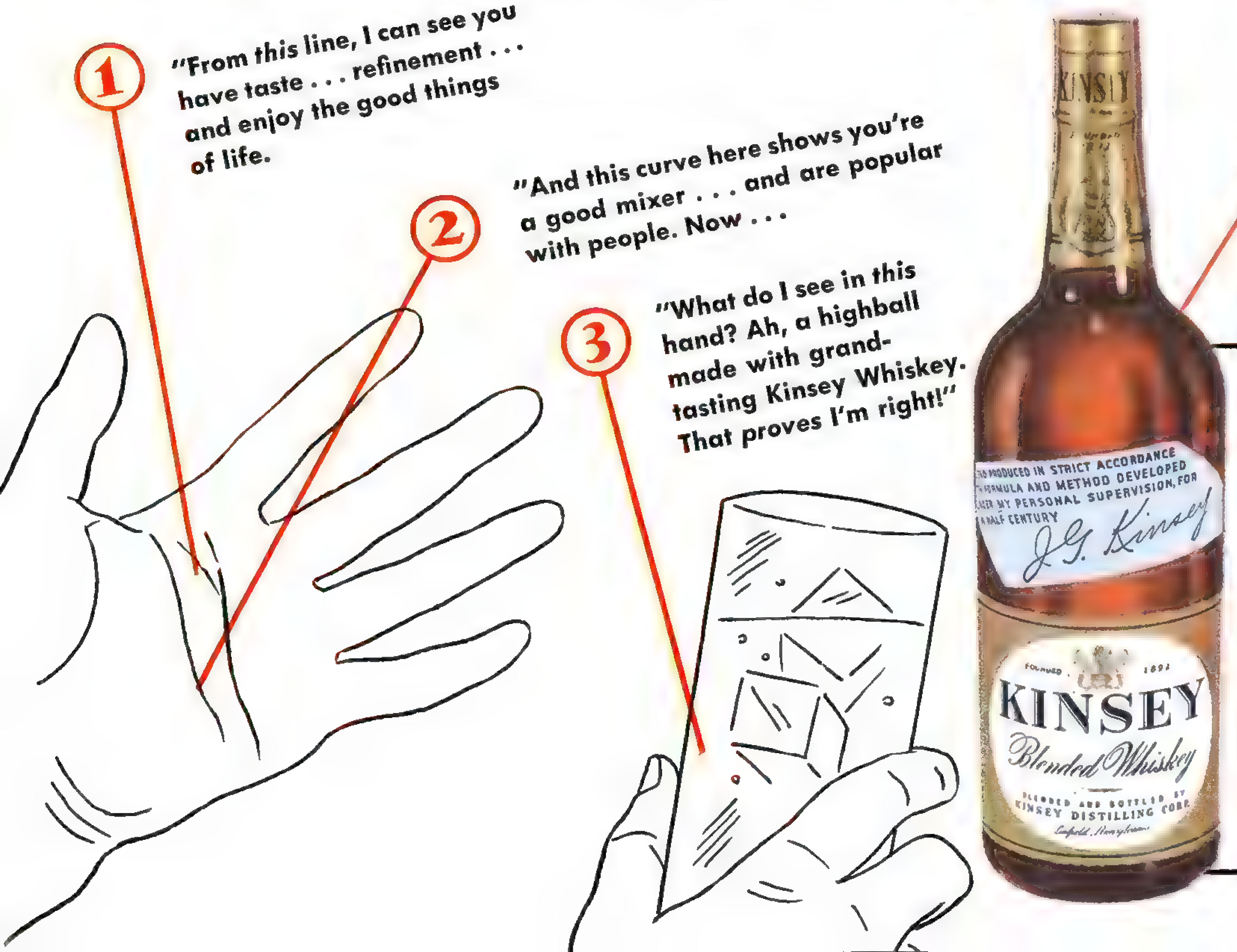

KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
J.G. Kinsey

What the Friendly Stranger told Bud Bickford:


①
②
③
④
KINSEY
FOUNDED 1892
PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE
FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED
UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION, FOR
A HALF CENTURY
J.G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

"From *this* line, I can see you have taste . . . refinement . . . and enjoy the good things of life.

"And this curve here shows you're a good mixer . . . and are popular with people. Now . . .

"What do I see in this hand? Ah, a highball made with grand-tasting Kinsey Whiskey. That proves I'm right!"

Yes, Kinsey is so superbly smooth . . . so full of rich, mellow flavor . . . that more and more people of taste are making Kinsey their "first choice" whiskey.

KINSEY
the unhurried
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Since 1892

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

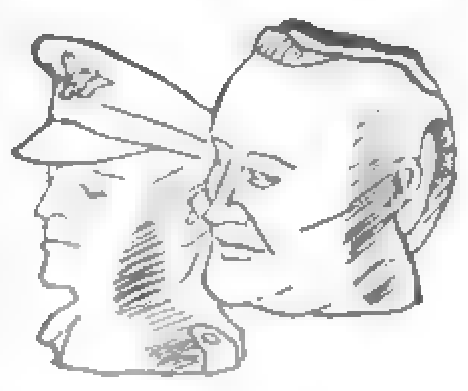
Talking Shop with Esquire

"THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM". Messrs Gilbert & Sullivan certainly knew the score on this ditty. And the postwar manufacturing geniuses are busily engaged in turning out new merchandise which looks like something it isn't. Among the new wonders is a high gloss plastic which looks exactly like patent leather, that shiny favorite of old. The lustrous plastic has been worked into stunning handbags, matching flowers, earrings and belts, even smart umbrella cases. Plastic is practical and its gleaming surface stays *as is,* soft and supple to touch, highly resistant to cracking, scuffing or staining.

LET JUNIOR SIT ON THE RECORDS . . . they won't break! Thanks to the new non-breakable plastic, you can buy phonograph records that won't smash. The plastic records not only can take a terrific beating, but give you higher tone fidelity and a minimum of surface scratch. You can buy 'em in albums of 4 ten-inch records, or individually. So far the repertoire consists of a group of rhumbas, sambas, a medley from "Showboat" and selections from Jerome Kern.

PECANS FROM TEXAS. You haven't lived until you've laid into the toothsome creations from the Lone Star State. "Pecandy" they calls it. A box of pecans glorified six different ways. Crispy nuts coated with brown sugar syrup; fudge with pecan centers; pecan caramels, pecan panocha and the famous pecan pastelillos (pralines)

HEROES IN THE JUG. Collectors will be interested in a series of Toby jugs depicting the leaders of World War II . . . General MacArthur, Winston Churchill and the late Franklin D. Roosevelt. Tobies originated in England . . . small, colorful jugs or pitchers used for ale. The Churchill jug is of fine Minton china. 6 inches in height, the molded head of Winnie wearing his famous "Brethern of Trinity House" cap in ivory or grey-blue. The MacArthur toby is extremely lifelike and colorful, with authentic MacArthur cap and uniform. (3 to 6 inches in height) The modelling of the F.D.R. toby jug is done by artist Eric Owen.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger. Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Here's "ĀKOM-ER"
THE MAN IN THE ĀKOM
pep shirt Reg.

For carefree comfort and sporty style the ĀKOM Pep Shirt, featuring the action sleeve, is the perfect garment for all your sportswear needs. Tailored of a special absorbent cotton-back fleece, pre-shrunk and Aridex water repellent.

Glorious colors that are washable
California Gold Marlin Blue
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Heavyweight Bantamweight
Sizes—S (34-36) M (38-40) ML (42-44) L (46-48)

ĀKOM
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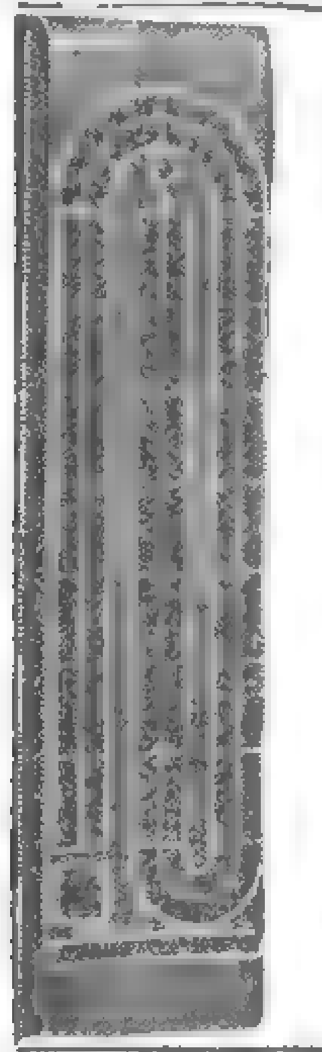
At Selected Stores
Perry Knitting Co., ĀKOM Division
Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.



The New
BROOKS
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EXCLUSIVE FEATURES
No "Jumping the Fence" - No Return Corners - No "1st and 2nd Around" - One continuous Track - Pegs 'Race' Side by Side - Adds Zest to the Game
SIMPLIFIES SCORING
DE LUXE MODEL $2.50
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Army Air Force LEATHER Flight Jacket
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Solid brass zipper. Pure wool cuffs & waistband.
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Softens and polishes leather to beautiful mellow finish. Hollywood Stain Polish redyes and restores color of shoes, with the soft glow of richly polished leather. Keeps leather healthy. Available in Antique Walnut, Antique Redwood, Dark Brown, Tan and Black. . . . For sale throughout U. S. by leading stores, from coast to coast.

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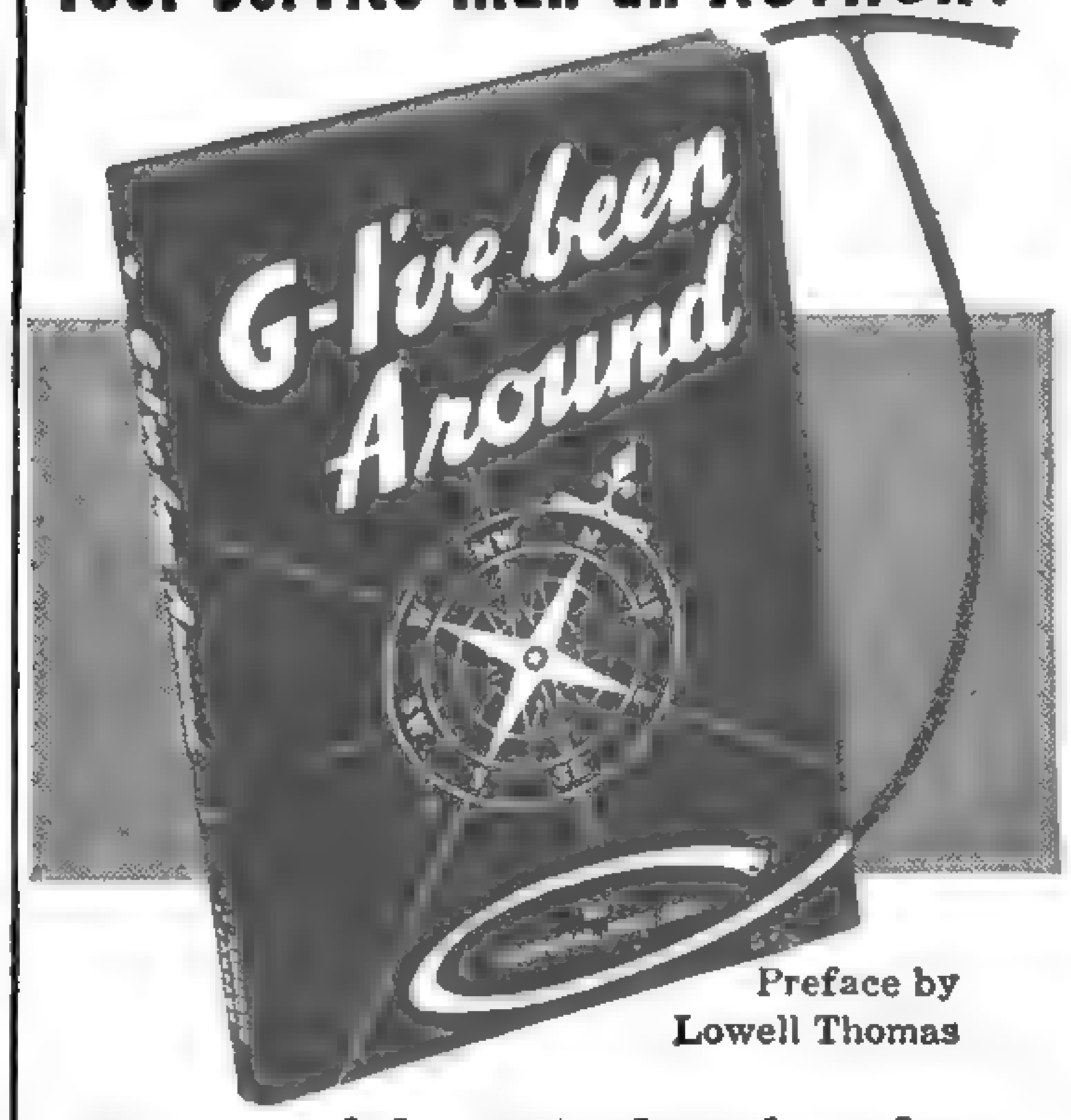
Your Service Man an AUTHOR?



Preface by
Lowell Thomas

Yes, and here's his book—
with his name embossed on it!

In this unique record book, filled in by him, there's a place for everything in his service career—pages of facts and figures, routes and ribbons, billets and buddies, photos and pin-ups; scrap section for clippings. Also contains Pictorial History of World War II, Training Camp Map of U. S., colored maps of all foreign areas to spot the places he served. What a gift for every serviceman and woman, or for wife, mother or sweetheart! 128 pages, size 7" x 10". His name (as author) embossed on attractive cover, no extra charge.

Just $1.95 postpaid.
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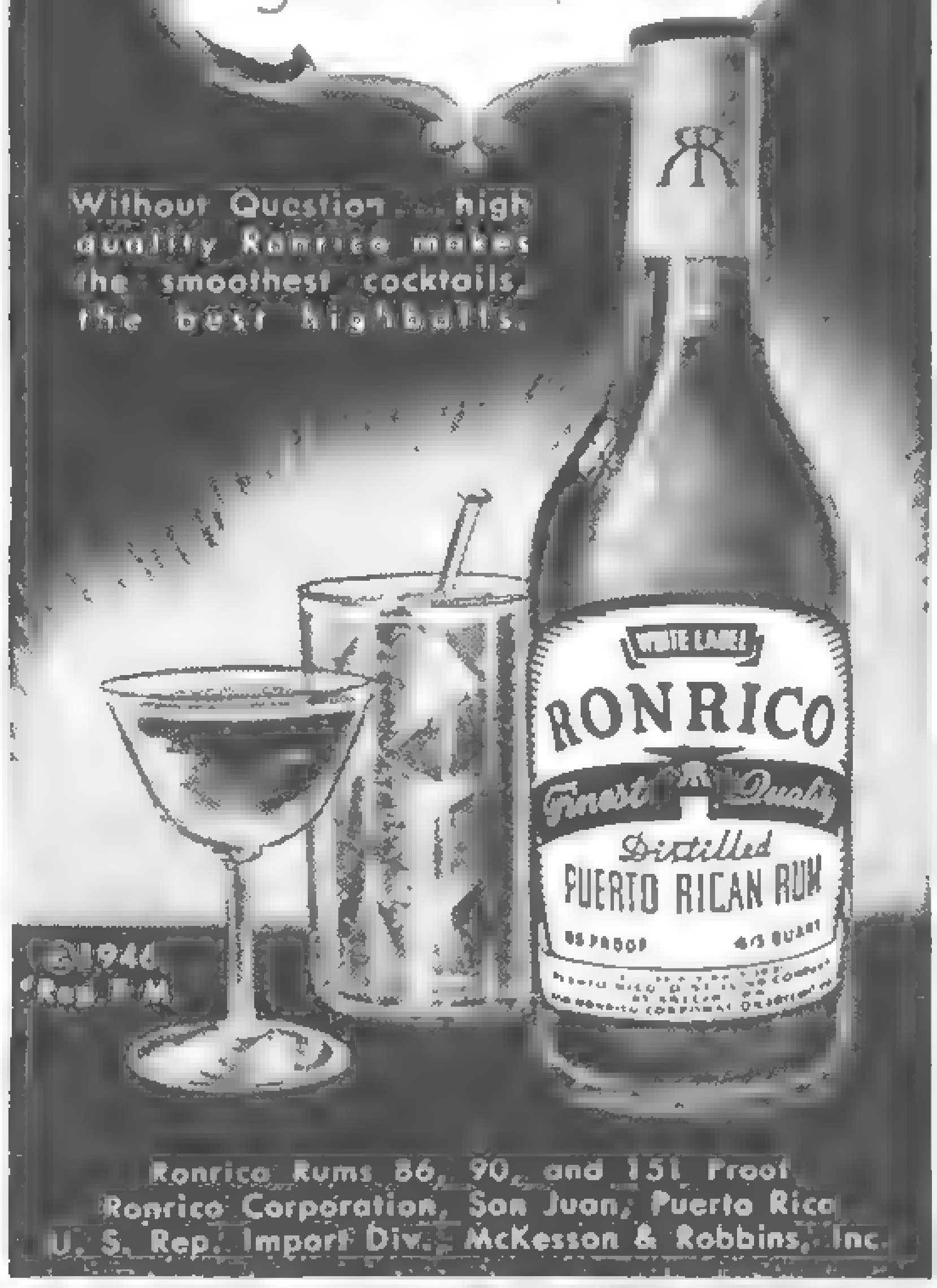
UNSURPASSED...
Kingsbury Pale Beer is *always good.* Its smooth, uniform flavor satisfies the most exacting taste. Those who want the best ask for . . .
Kingsbury
ARISTOCRAT OF Beer
Kingsbury Breweries Company, Manitowoc & Sheboygan, Wis.

For the Connoisseur
RONRICO
Best RUM bar none



Without Question . . . high quality Ronrico makes the smoothest cocktails, the best highballs.
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Ronrico Corporation, San Juan, Puerto Rico
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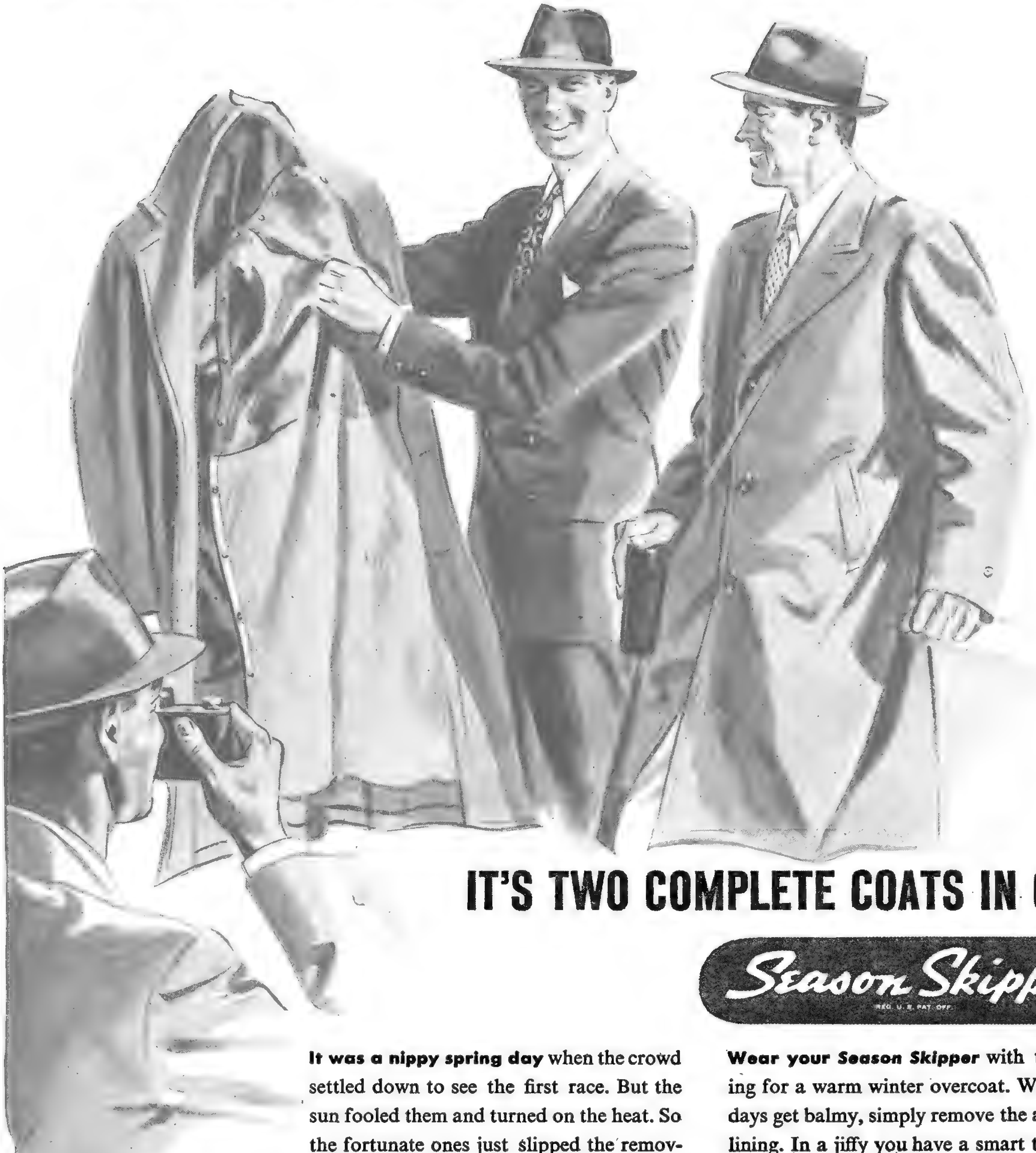
IT'S NOT TRICK PHOTOGRAPHY



IT'S TWO COMPLETE COATS IN ONE

Season Skipper
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It was a nippy spring day when the crowd settled down to see the first race. But the sun fooled them and turned on the heat. So the fortunate ones just slipped the removable button-in linings from their *Season Skippers** and changed with the weather.

This sensational coat doubles as topcoat and overcoat for year 'round wear. Thanks to a patented concealed fly, and the exclusive "gadgetless" button-in construction, there's no tell-tale bulge or ridge whether the lining's in or out.

Wear your Season Skipper with the lining for a warm winter overcoat. When the days get balmy, simply remove the all-wool lining. In a jiffy you have a smart topcoat.

You can buy Season Skipper without the lining, if you prefer, and get the lining *anytime, anywhere* you wish. However, most men buy both at the same time and are prepared for any weather, and for the smartest occasions.

In superb coverts, tweeds, gabardines.

$55 and up with the lining • $10 less without the lining

in goes a lining...
... sleeves and all

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

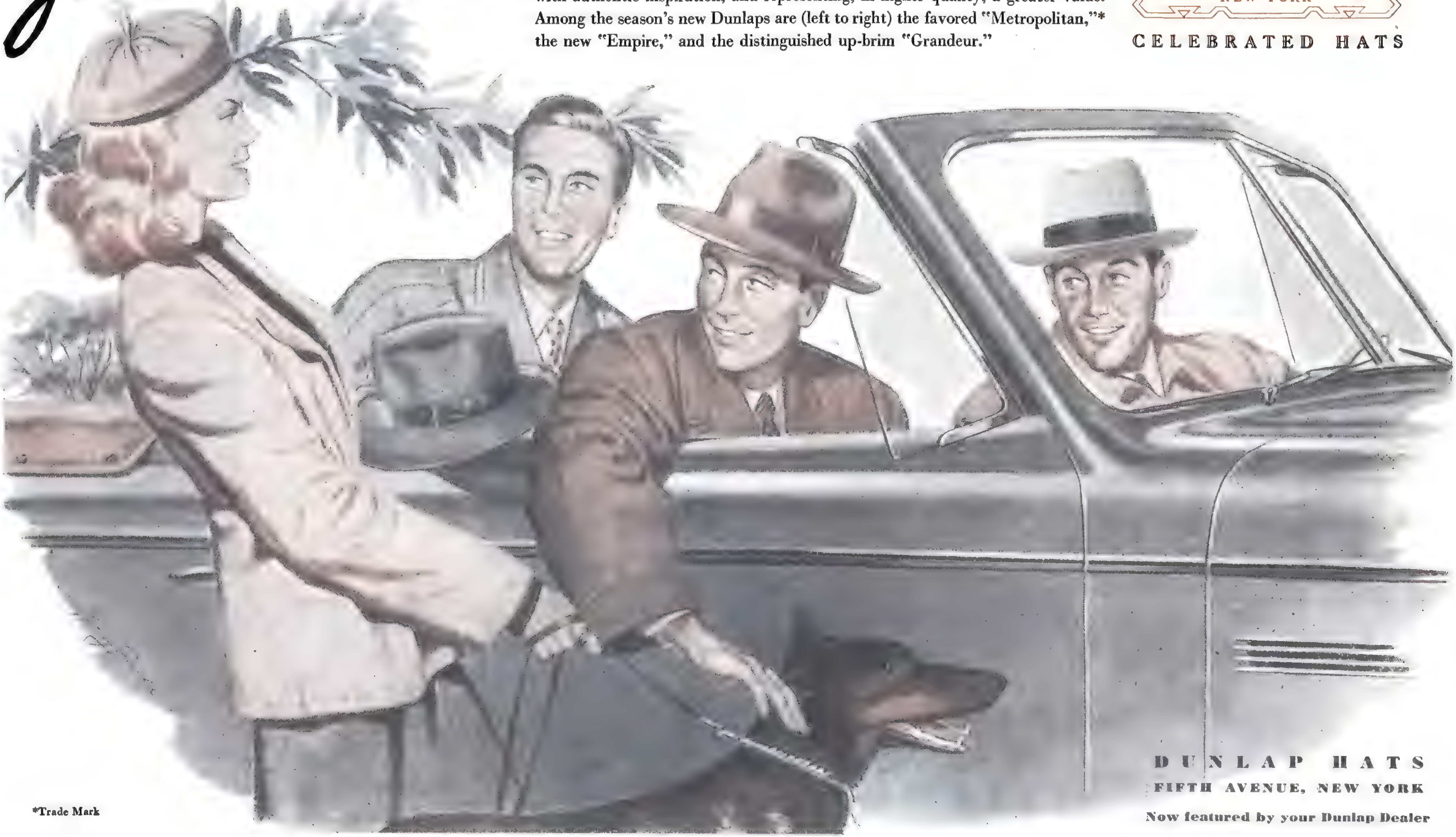
© 1946, C. B. SHANE CORP.

For nearest Season Skipper Dealer, write Dept. E-46, C. B. Shane Corp., 325 Madison St., Chicago 6, Ill.; 200 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y., or 608 So. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.

"Your Dunlap, sir!"....

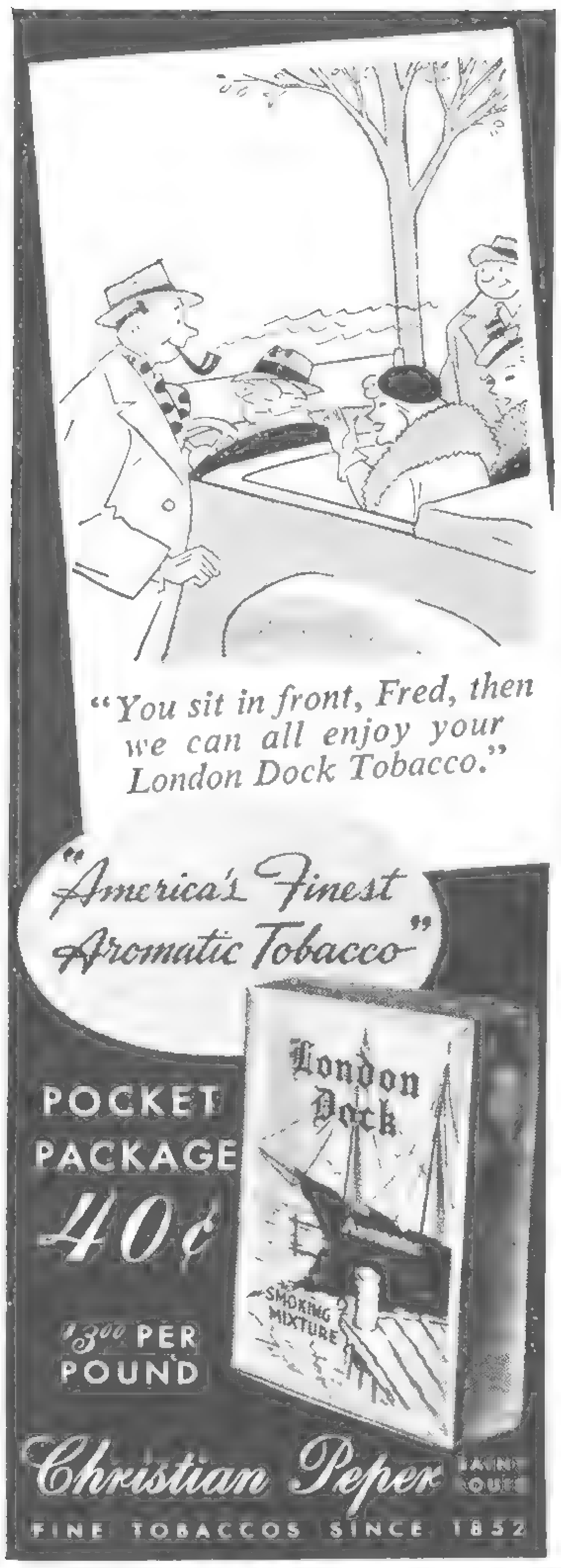
For more than fourscore years the name of Dunlap has been celebrated, throughout the country and beyond, for gentlemen's hats made with a special craft, styled with authentic inspiration, and representing, in higher quality, a greater value. Among the season's new Dunlaps are (left to right) the favored "Metropolitan,"* the new "Empire," and the distinguished up-brim "Grandeur."

TRADE MARK
DUNLAP
NEW YORK
CELEBRATED HATS



DUNLAP HATS
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Now featured by your Dunlap Dealer

*Trade Mark



"You sit in front, Fred, then we can all enjoy your London Dock Tobacco."

"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

POCKET PACKAGE 40¢

$3.00 PER POUND

Christian Peper
SAINT LOUIS
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

OLD FITZGERALD
Bottled in Bond
OLD FITZGERALD
Distilled and bottled by
Stitzel-Weller Distillery
OLD FASHIONED but still in style

STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC.
SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

Painting the Town with Esquire

UNCURRIED old sea dog Sir Francis Drake would be on his beam's end with amazement at the snazziness of the new Room that Park Avenue's plush-lush Hotel Drake has broken out in his honor, never mind if it is a few hundred years late, with ship and global map insignia on menu covers and tablecloths. No salt beef stew. No hard tack. No need for banging your fist on the bar to obtain refreshment, nor roaring your order for vittles. Smiling maître Nino (one of the town's best) and his expert minions are poised to fetch suprême of guinea hen Smitaine with wild rice, English mutton chop, sweetbread with Virginia ham, royal squab en cocotte Financière, broiled Maine lobster, ice-cream-filled pastries with chocolate sauce, etc. Treasured Cy Walter is at the piano during cocktail hour and the shank of the evening. Franklin Hughes décor, in tortoise shell and green, with pottery foliage effects and pinpoint illumination, gives you the impression you are Baroqued in the cradle of the deep.

THAT FAR from rough diamond Carl Brisson is again jewel-boxed at the Versailles, with femme fans pitter-panting and their male escorts gleaning useful ideas and angles . . . Tommy Tucker and his band are manufacturing the music for dancing and for the ice show at the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room. Other good news is that lovely little skate star Joan Hyldoft has shouldered her yaller hair again, which she had mistakenly pinned up for a month or so. If you like a bonfire beside the ice, the flaming dessert man will pan out crêpes Suzette for you or jubilee the cherries.

MEMBERS of the Eddie Condon jazz cult, and there's no holding them nor counting them, now have an official headquarters—Eddie Condon's, 47 West 3rd St., where musical expressionism is spontaneous and tempestuous. Cast of characters on the bandstand consists of Eddie himself with his guitar; Dave Tough, drums; "Wild" Bill Davison, trumpet; Jack Lesberg, bass; Gene Schroeder, piano; Tony Parenti, famous New Orleans clarinetist; and Brad Gowans, performing on the valve trombone, a museum piece nowadays. Monday nights when the regular crew are recuperating from their frenzies, special Smithsonian sessions are held, with guest jivers pooling their styles and the rafters take a beating. The layout of the Club, designed by Russell Patterson and executed by Dick Walter, comprises a main conservatory with small mezzanine balcony, and a bar lounge decorated with a photo-montage history of the jazz movement. Eats ranging from snacks to steaks, are available to those willing to heed the still, small voice of the stomach.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

Bal Tabarin
"Gay Paris in New York"
"CAN-CAN" DANCERS
Shows 7:30-11:30-1:30 • 2 Orchs.
De Luxe French DINNER $1.25 —NO COVER— No Min. exc. Sat.
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Versailles
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CARL BRISSON
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The EPICURE'S KEENEST Delight
ROMANOFF CAVIAR
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The Perfect Pair

OLD DOC PEPPER
OLD SALT

"PEP and SALTY"

A new LIQUORETTES original cleverly topped with shaker caps makes a useful gadget for your bar. These novel miniature liquor bottles, sold EMPTY, are the most recent addition to a group of very individual curios. For the bar, den, or cabinet they're conversation pieces everyone's interested in. The set of two is . 59c p. p.

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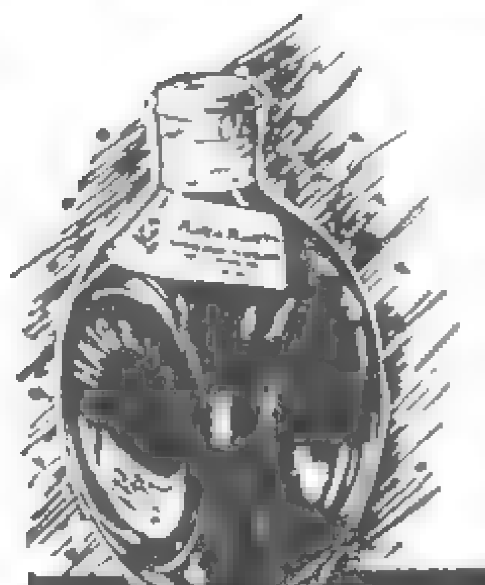
AND OF COURSE, Liquorettes' 10 original miniature bottles (sold EMPTY—may be filled with colored liquids to look like the real stuff) are continually growing in popularity as unusual gifts and game favors. 40 different bottles in sets A, B, C and D.



A set of
10 for $2.50
25c additional W. of Miss.
Ask for Liquorettes at leading gift, novelty and department stores.

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DON'T MISS
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N. Y's No. 1 CAFE STAR
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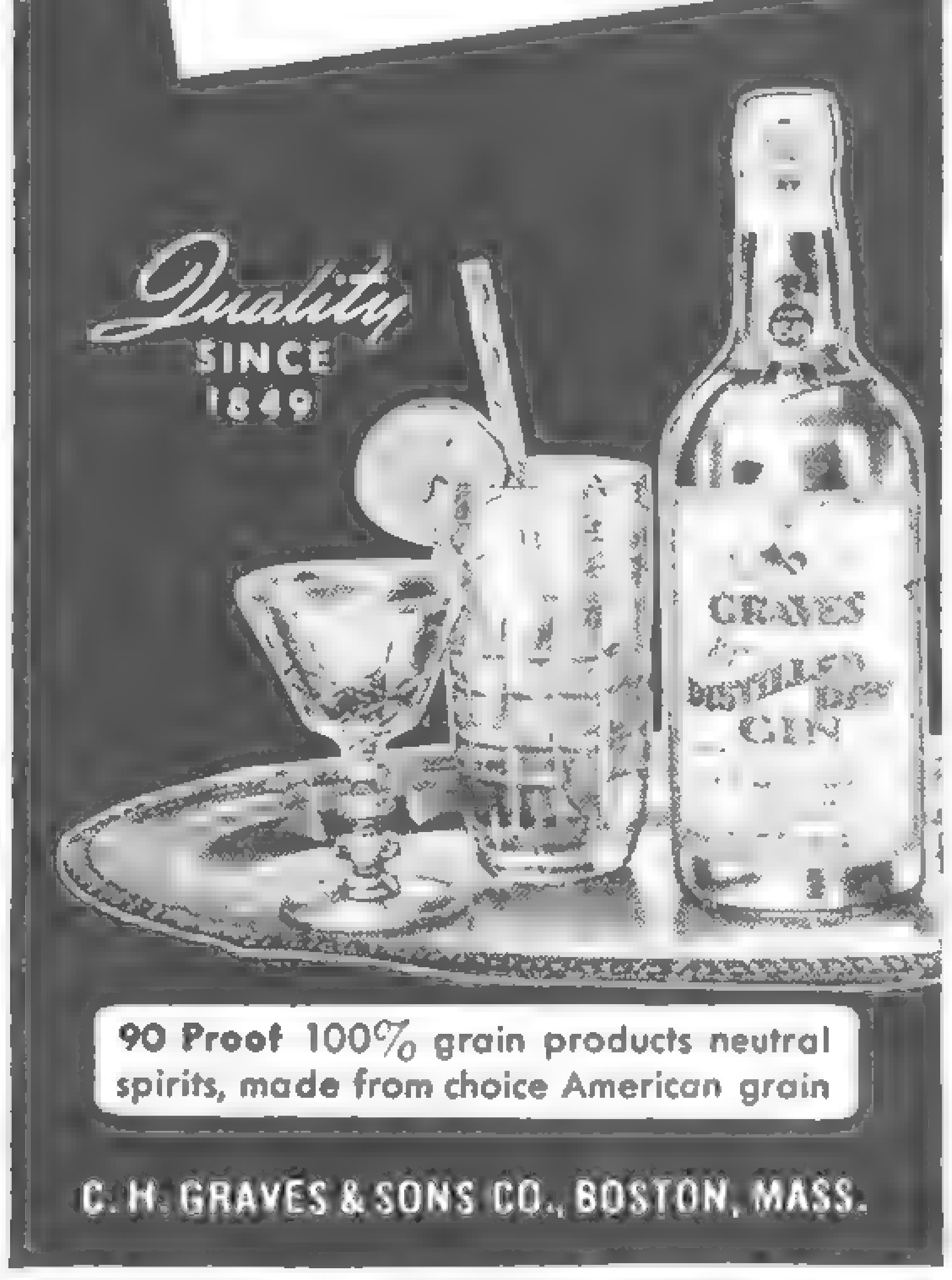
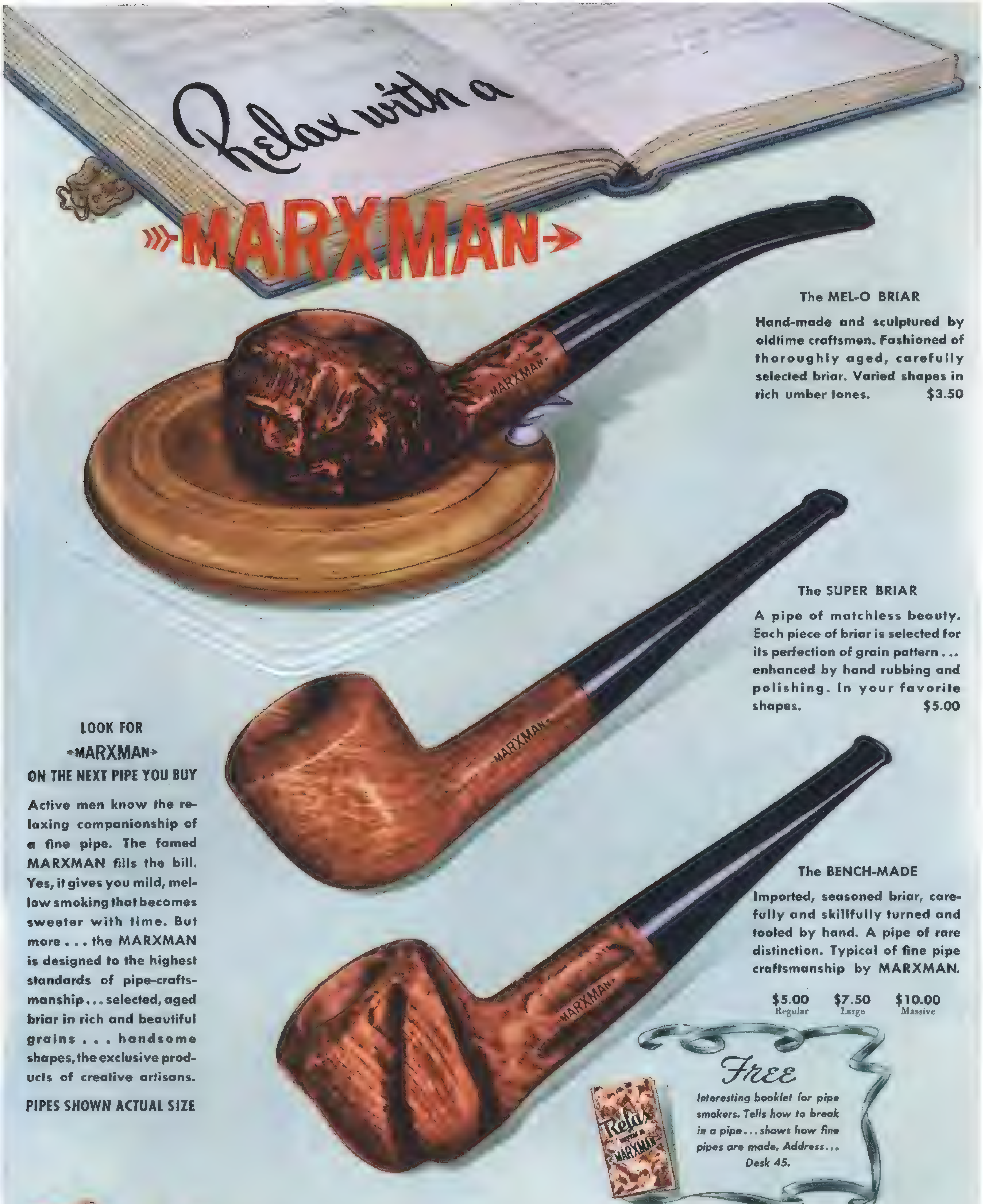
PRE-WAR QUALITY
Famous through the years
Graves
SUPERIOR Distilled Dry
Gin



90 Proof 100% grain products neutral spirits, made from choice American grain

C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO., BOSTON, MASS.



The MEL-O BRIAR

Hand-made and sculptured by oldtime craftsmen. Fashioned of thoroughly aged, carefully selected briar. Varied shapes in rich umber tones. $3.50

The SUPER BRIAR

A pipe of matchless beauty. Each piece of briar is selected for its perfection of grain pattern . . . enhanced by hand rubbing and polishing. In your favorite shapes. $5.00

LOOK FOR
»MARXMAN»
ON THE NEXT PIPE YOU BUY

Active men know the relaxing companionship of a fine pipe. The famed MARXMAN fills the bill. Yes, it gives you mild, mellow smoking that becomes sweeter with time. But more . . . the MARXMAN is designed to the highest standards of pipe-craftsmanship . . . selected, aged briar in rich and beautiful grains . . . handsome shapes, the exclusive products of creative artisans.

PIPES SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

The BENCH-MADE

Imported, seasoned briar, carefully and skillfully turned and tooled by hand. A pipe of rare distinction. Typical of fine pipe craftsmanship by MARXMAN.

$5.00	$7.50	$10.00
Regular	Large	Massive

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Interesting booklet for pipe smokers. Tells how to break in a pipe . . . shows how fine pipes are made. Address . . . Desk 45.

Sold at Fine Stores Everywhere

»MARXMAN»

MARXMAN PIPES, 29 W. 24TH STREET
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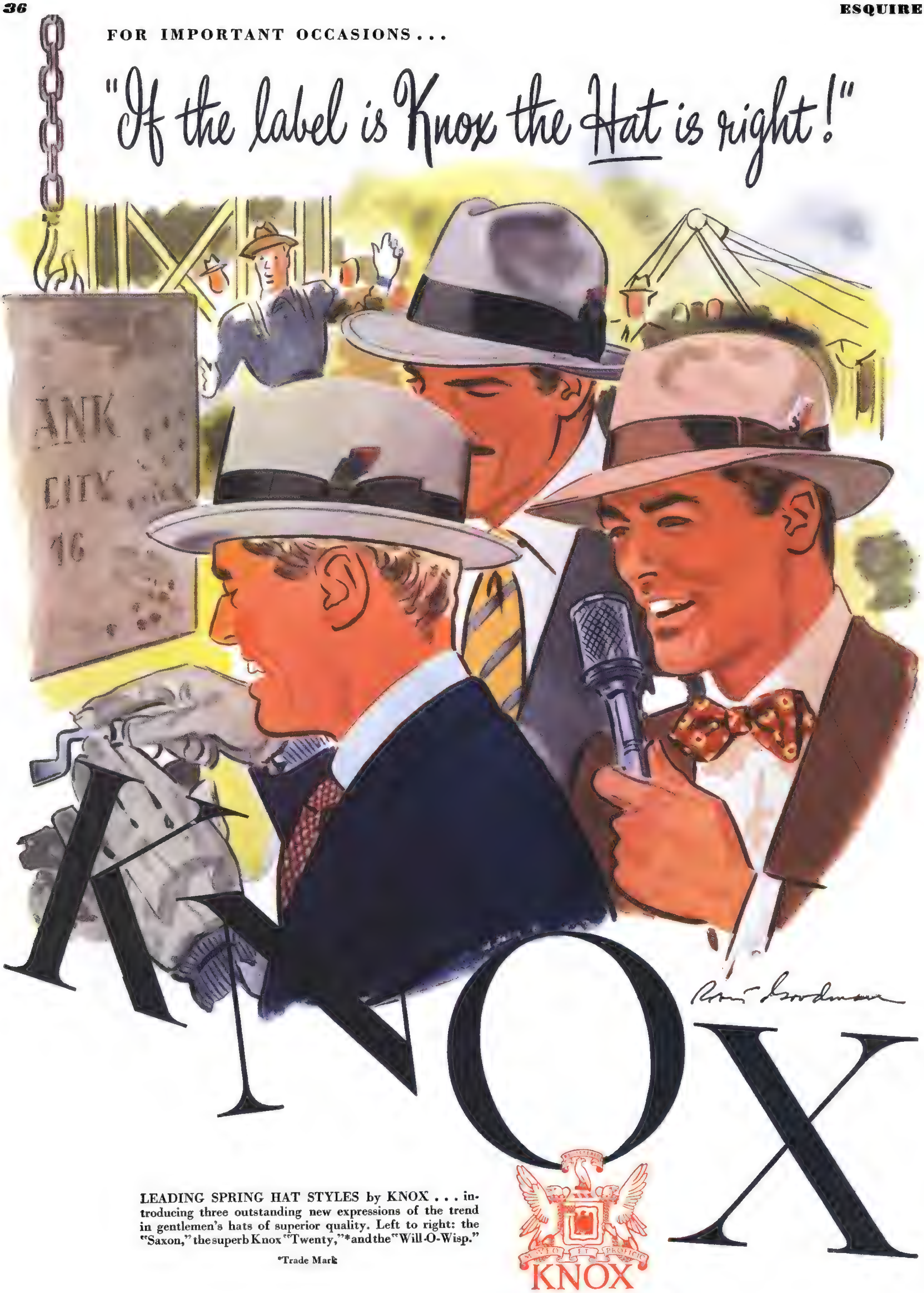
FOR IMPORTANT OCCASIONS . . .

"If the label is Knox the Hat is right!"



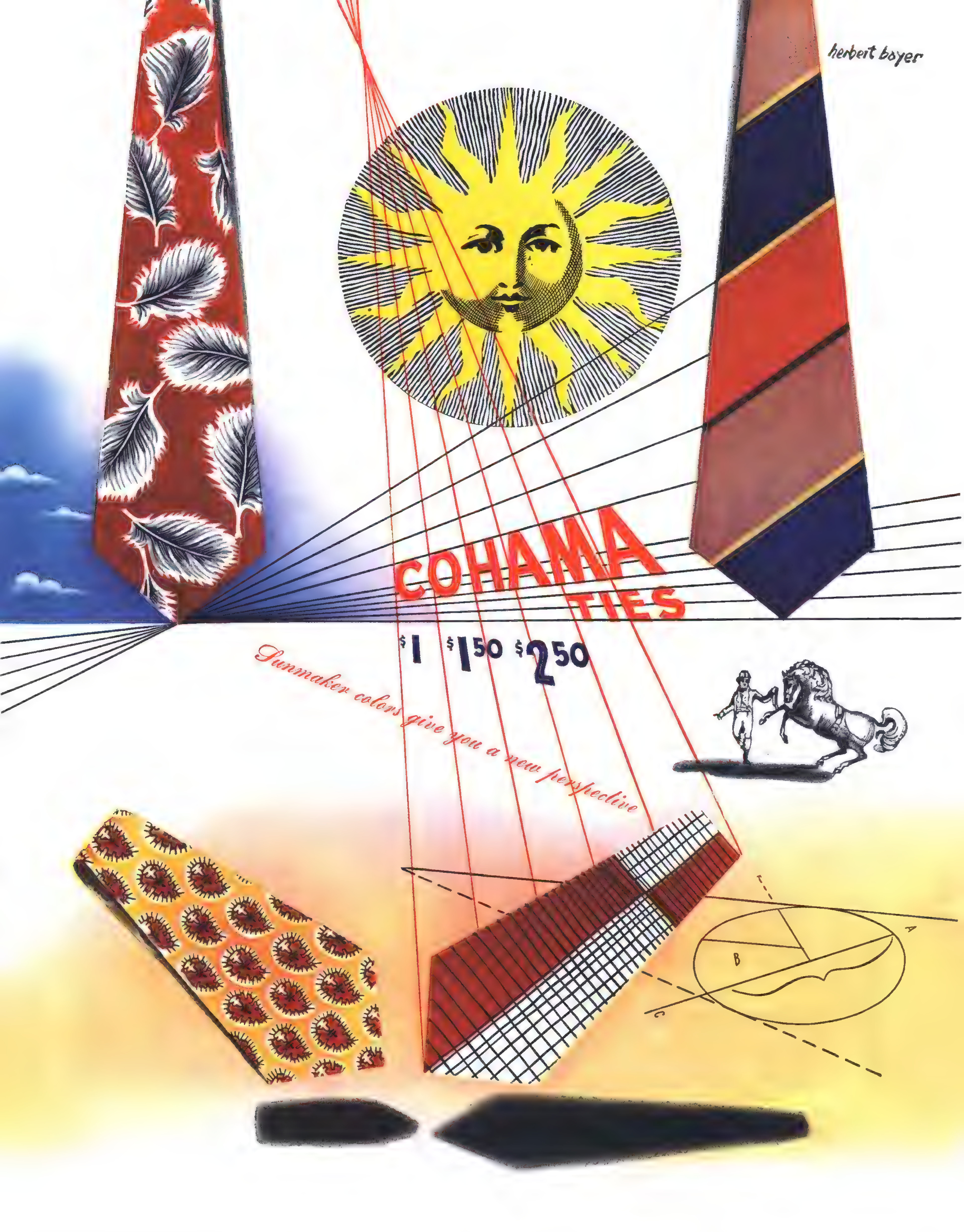
KNOX

LEADING SPRING HAT STYLES by KNOX . . . introducing three outstanding new expressions of the trend in gentlemen's hats of superior quality. Left to right: the "Saxon," the superb Knox "Twenty,"* and the "Will-O-Wisp."

*Trade Mark

KNOX

KNOX the HATTER
452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
NOW BEING SHOWN BY YOUR KNOX DEALER



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TIES
$1 $1.50 $2.50
Sunmaker colors give you a new perspective
A
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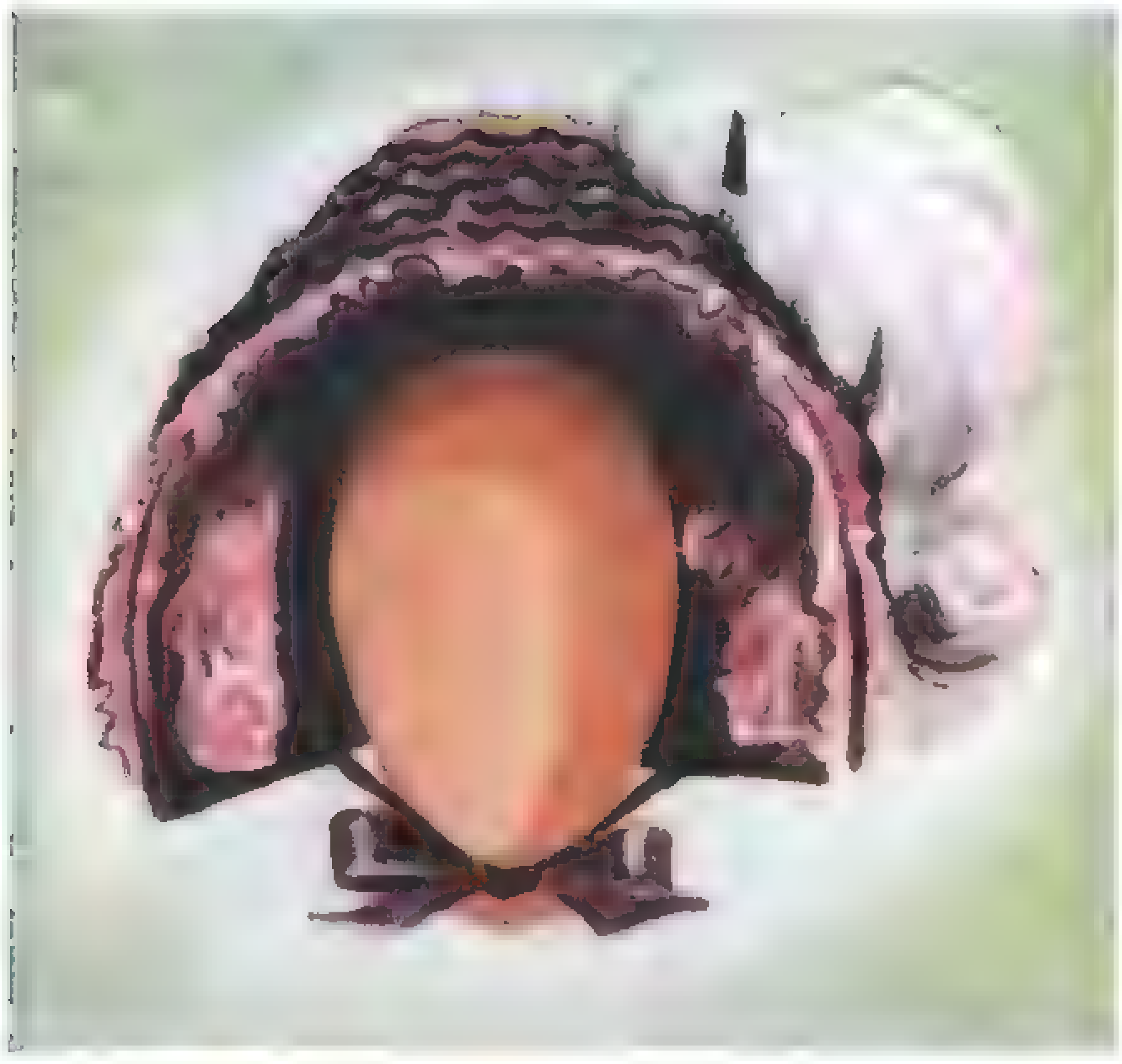
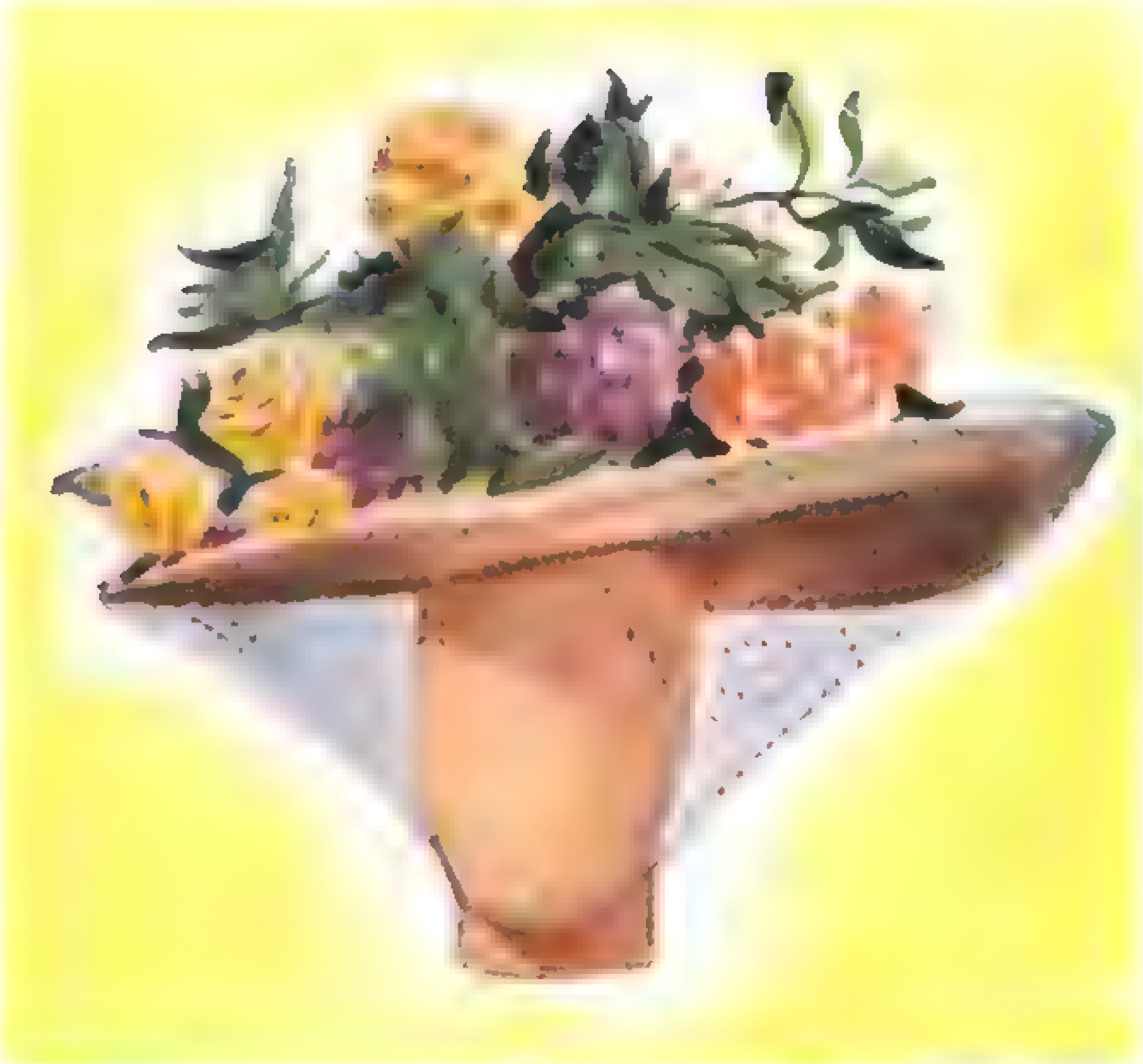
At your favorite men's store, or write Cohama Tie Fabrics, 1412 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. *(A Division of United Merchants and Manufacturers Inc.)*

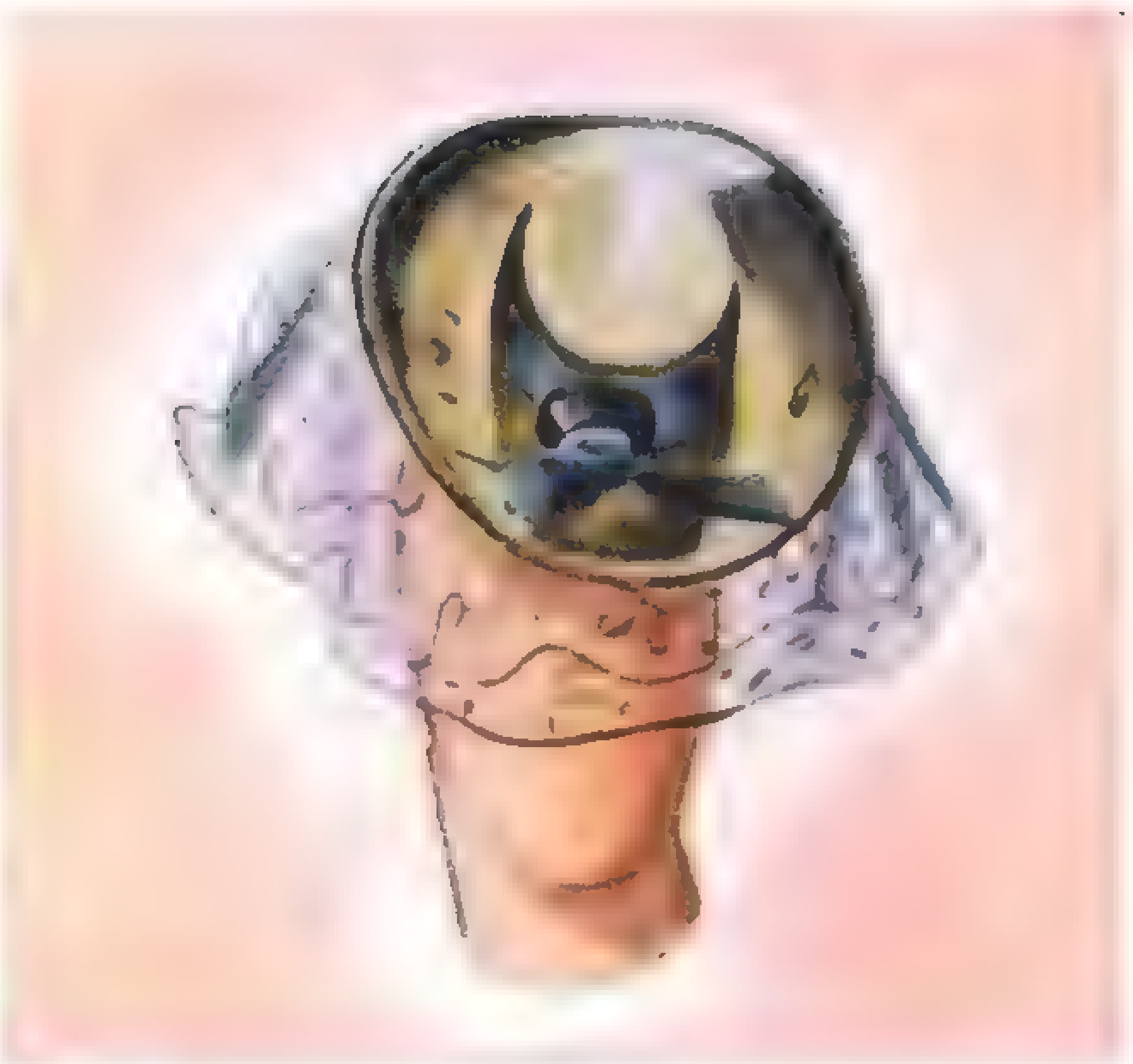
Trick hats – (for men only)



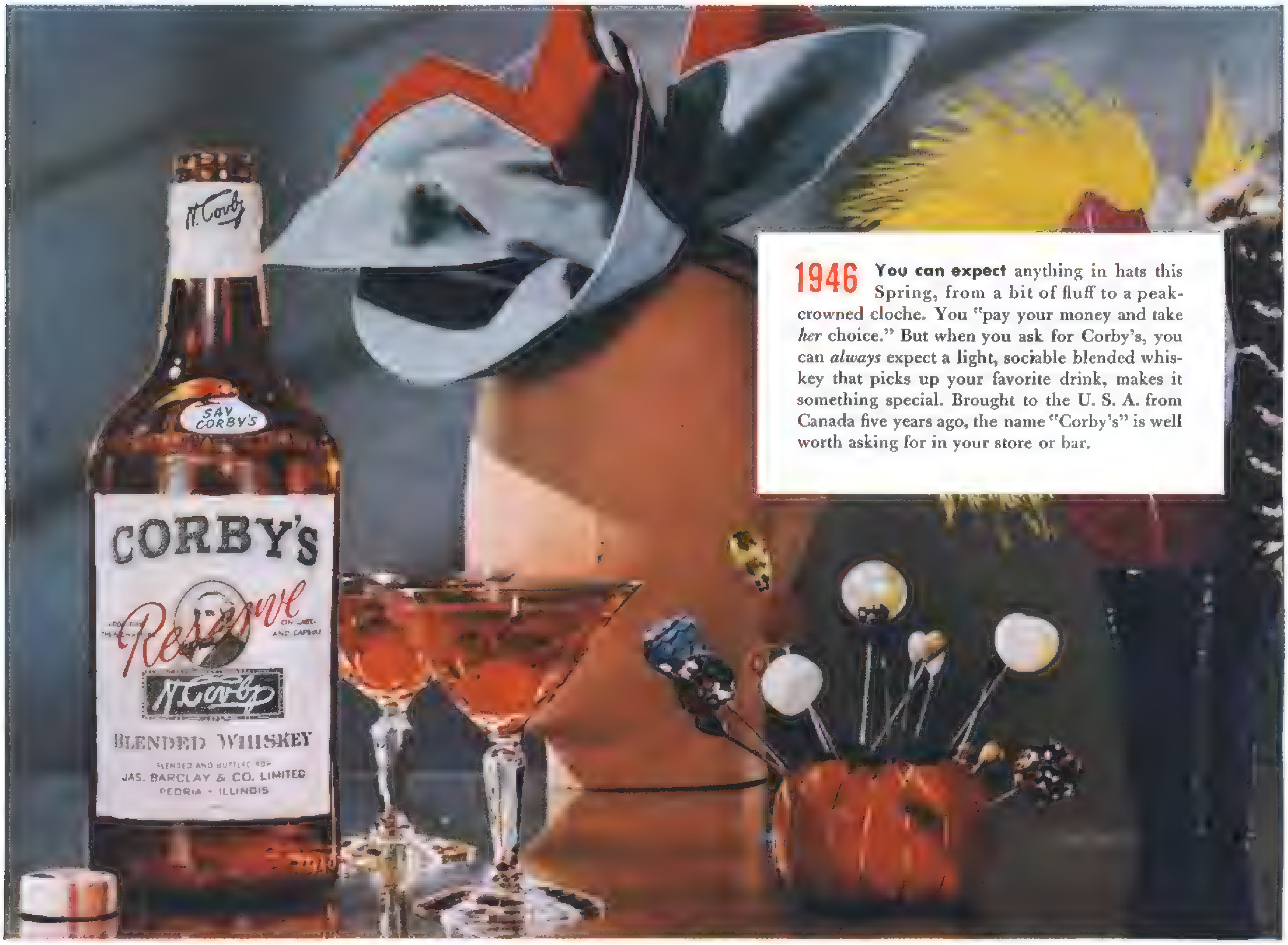
1858 **When men** first began to see the name "Corby's" on fine Canadian whiskey, milady's bonnet was a very practical consideration It was selected for beauty, yes, but also with an eye to protection from sun and wind while traveling afoot or in open carriages.



1908 **Dad probably** thought Mom got a lot for her money in the days of ostrich plumes, stuffed birds and a handful of flowers on the hat. In any event, ladies' hats got larger and larger as Corby's rounded out its 50th year of Canadian fame.



1938 **Remember when** the little women went in for a doll's size hat with a "forward tilt"? Ladies' hats long ago dropped any pretense to usefulness. Everything went in the days when Corby's reached its 80th year as a renowned Canadian name.


N. Corby
SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1946 **You can expect** anything in hats this Spring, from a bit of fluff to a peak-crowned cloche. You "pay your money and take *her* choice." But when you ask for Corby's, you can *always* expect a light, sociable blended whiskey that picks up your favorite drink, makes it something special. Brought to the U. S. A. from Canada five years ago, the name "Corby's" is well worth asking for in your store or bar.

Look for me
on every
Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

NATIONAL
PREMIUM

In keeping with the MARYLAND tradition, here is an expensive beer which critics regard well worth the tariff.

IN LIMITED QUANTITIES FROM COAST TO COAST

NATIONAL *Premium* BEER

by the NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY OF BALTIMORE IN MARYLAND

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Bunte
Mi Choice
Mi Choice
Bunte

. . . always in good taste

The Aristocrat of all Box Chocolates

BUNTE BROTHERS
Makers of Fine Candies since 1876

Painting the Town with Esquire

ANTLERED heads of moose, stags, and caribou zoölogize the paneled walls of the Old Homestead (56 Ninth Ave., just north of 14th St.), but the chops, saddles, rumps, and haunches that came with them are missing, presumably devoured as per fate of all good meats in this 65-year-old establishment, located in the heart of Manhattan's meat mart. Eager fanged pilgrims flock here from all over town, with the result that the bar does a terrific business with applicants for tables, and nobody seems to mind waiting, the mood is so jovial, and the corned beef brisket and cabbage, the broiled venison steak, old fashioned Irish stew, chicken pot-pie, and rum-sauced cabinet pudding are all so gladsome when gotten to.

AFTER only 65 weeks at the Hotel Lexington's Hawaiian Room, maestro Hal Aloma succumbed to wanderlust and is off on a coast to coast tour of theatres. Vacated podium has been ably taken over by one Johnny Pineapple (Kaonohi), just out of the 8th U. S. Air Force where he earned four decorations, not to mention collecting 272 bullet holes in his plane in the course of a single mission. To hear croony Johnny singing with his band and carving himself a juicy slice of success, you'd think he had never budged out of the dreamy Hawaiian moon light. Momi Kai has thoughtfully staged some new hip and hand weavings, and this bamboo boudoir seems set for another long stretch of cheery congestion, with coconut drinks and exotic dishes on the side. Indeed, at the rate things are booming here, Managing Director Charley Rochester will be sporting hibiscus in his buttonhole forever and a night.

SPOT much ducked into by emergers from theatres—Piccadilly Circus Bar in the Piccadilly Hotel (227 West 45th). The Three Suns operating Hammond organ, accordion, and electric guitar, will come up with your favorite tune if you are a regular. *Their* regularity here is now in its sixth year . . . Goulash in all its glory is gone after in a gargantuan way at Zimmerman's Hungaria (163 West 46th) with a Gypsy orchestra goading you on . . . If your acquaintance with songs of the African Veldt needs brushing up and you're a trifle rusty on Flemish folk ditties of ye olden time, gather a load of singing-strummer Josef Marais and his pert partner Miranda at the intime Village Vanguard (178 - 7th Ave.), otherwise dedicated to musical heat . . . Champs at whirlwind emoting and commoting: colorful Chandra-Kaly and Marina in the current Copacabana revue. (You cop your preliminary drink in the beauteous Bar upstairs to the music of the Jones brethren.) . . . Slick of the slick hoof rhythms are twin-pianoed by the team of Mr. and Mrs. Melody—we solemnly swear that's their real name—at the Roosevelt Grill during off-periods of Guy Lombardo, musical founder and host of this room. Ringsiders who figured on sitting still till the eminent batoneer came back from his smoke, find themselves lured into action. It's a salle of sonority that doesn't breed lethargy.

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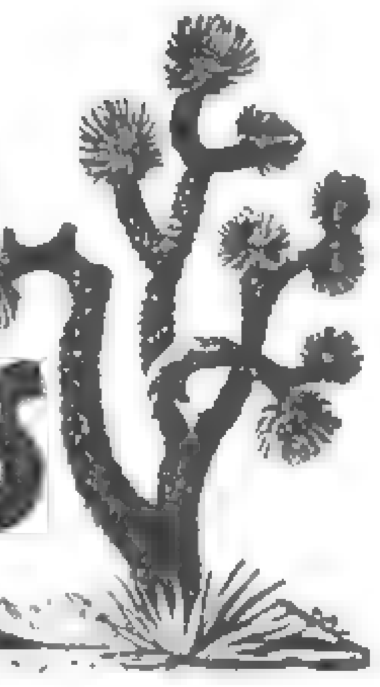

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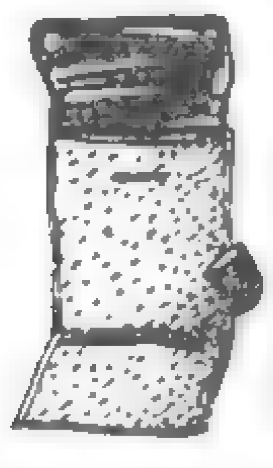

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The DASH that makes the DISH

Painting the Town with Esquire

IT ANNOYS US not to be able to tell you how Think-a-Drink Hoffman manages to pour all sorts of potions in lightning succession out of a single shaker for his lady assistants to tote out into the audience to the individuals who called for them, but, frankly, he's got us mystified. And this remarkable fellow is just one of the many topflight attractions that make up the show at Nicky Blair's Carnival, which ingeniously combines the best features of a theatre-restaurant and circus, with pretty girl parades by Johnny Murray Anderson. Food is reliably good, service competent and attentive. Even the acrobats go all out to make sure you enjoy your evening.

FRENCH peasant-style soup by the name Petite Marmite has gullet cajoling flavor when met with at Raymond's. This agreeable little restaurant at 662 Madison Ave., near 60th St., recently opened by Raymond Andrieux (the same who wrote that witty book *Tux 'n Tails*), is already an established favorite, and every mouthful you partake of is a reason why . . . After-theatre doings at the Satire Room of the Hotel Sheraton (Lexington Ave. at 37th) include nightly champagne contests instigated by Don Pallini dancers with audience participation. If you come early, you can dine or even tuck old Sol into bed with a cocktail. Eleanor Britton is chateleine of the revels . . . Lavish entertainer though he was, we'll bet you the late Wall Street banker Henry Clews, whose marble staired mansion at 27 West 51st now houses the Stockholm Restaurant, never had 55 different dishes on his table at once—which is what the Stockholm's smörgasbord amounts to . . . Something good-looking called Crest Room, smart and chipper in tone, has oped auspiciously at 56 East 56th, with sagacious Jerry as your ambassador of filet mignon, lamb racks, Chateaubriand steaks with Béarnaise sauce, Café Diable and such. The Dick Styles Trio and other appearers supply divertissement, but not at the expense of ensnugged gab privileges.

POSSESSED of a popularity out of proportion to its size is the small Bar of the not very enormous Hotel Weylin—a dispensary which stole a lap on the town by débuting on the night of Repeal, when other hotel oases had only table and trundle facilities. You wonder how a nook so historic can be so up-to-the-minute in mood and clientele. Professors George and Joe ply their artistry at the counter (columned à la Parthenon) afternoons, with Billy Martin furnishing piano and accordion obligatos to your apéritifing. Evenings it's Bob, Charles, and Ernest at the quench console, and Milton Page and Charlotte Sande at the ivories, both of whom are singers, and the same goes for their afternoon confrère, except that all pipes are estopped lest the 20% cabaret tax descend upon your tab. For feasting purposes, the Weylin has its charm-schemed Caprice Room with courtly oldtimer John Naggy in charge of service, and Alphonse Quiquirez wizarding in the kitchen, same as for the past 25 years . . . Predictors that Randy Brooks, his band and vocalists, would click heavily at the Hotel Pennsylvania's big Café Rouge, evidently knew whereof they raved.

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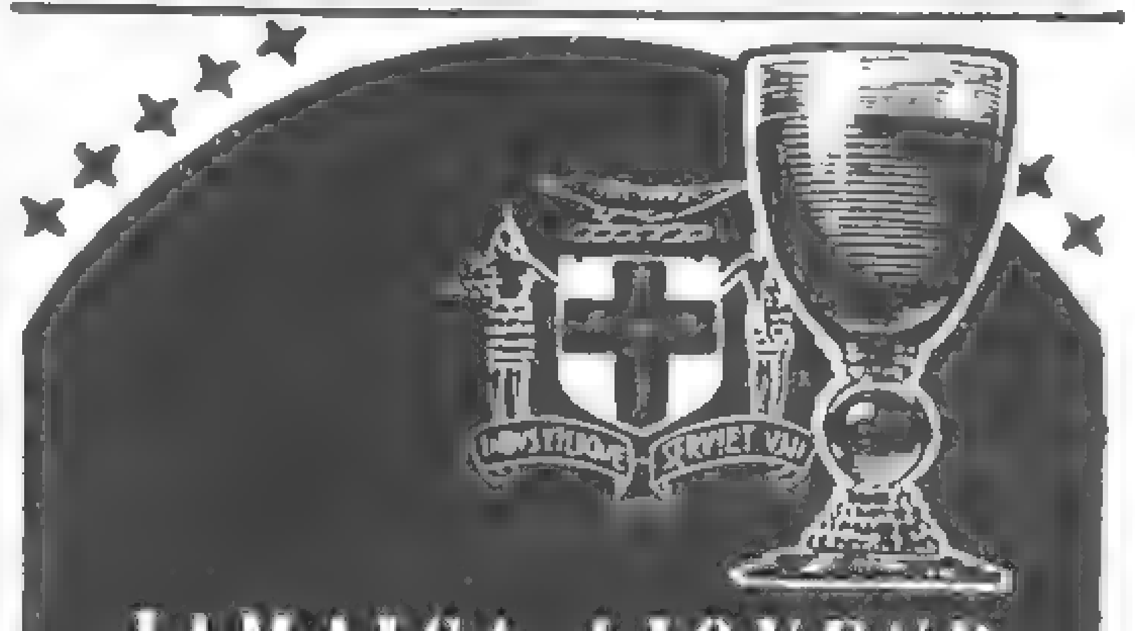

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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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Backstage with Esquire

Egbert N. Bowyer

EGBERT N. BOWYER writes from Sarasota, Florida: "During my lifetime I have held down more assorted jobs than I can recall and listing them all would only convince you that I was born to be hung for a liar." He does, however, recall practicing law in Lakeland after graduation from the University of Florida, and serving as Justice of the Peace and Coroner. Then, "I awakened one morning in the cabin of a thirty-six-foot cruiser loaned me indefinitely by a friend, equipped with a typewriter, paper, an assorted bunch of ideas, the mingled odor of sea air and bilge water in my nostrils, time on my hands, and the fact that I had definitely retired as a lawyer decided. All that I missed were my son, his mother who had divorced me, the relatives, friends and familiar possessions a man accumulates, and a bank account. Three years later, after cruising much of Florida's coastline and quite a hunk of the Atlantic, I received a letter from *Motor Boating's* editor which changed me into a successful writer, one who had sold a story. I'm a fairly regular contributor to *Motor Boating* now and hope to finish a book before Easter. I'm currently 'on the beach,' but keep hoping I'll be living aboard again, and can offer a fairly good home to a forty-footer."

After he had written his gratuitous advice to Hollywood called *Back to the B's, Boys?* which you will find on page 94, GILBERT SELDES decided to suit the action to the word: he has now gone into the movies and his first assignment is to write a comedy for Paramount —his general objective being production.

Captain David Scheyer

CAPTAIN DAVID SCHEYER says: "Recently I saw *The Voice of the Turtle* and in it a guy describes himself as having "A talent for appreciation." That struck a responsive chord; I decided that I've been primarily an appreciator. I started appreciating in Chicago and at the University of Michigan. In '34, when it was hard for even an enthusiast to find much to appreciate in Chicago, I went to New York. There I got married and held various jobs (underpaid). At six minutes after December 7, I joined the Army; in the last few years I've had the opportunity of appreciating various things (like K rations and tropical climates) in India, China, Burma, Japan, the Philippines, the Marianas and points in between. Very soon I hope to join the not-too-exclusive society of ex-officers. Know any good jobs floating around?"

The portrait of a boxer on page 77 is the first of a series of paintings of purebred dogs by LIAL M. HOPPEN, a Chicago animal artist who has a wide acquaintance among champion dogs and cats and the people who own them. The artist studied at the Studio School of Art and the National Academy of Art in Chicago; has exhibited paintings at Soldier Field and the Esquire Theatre in that city.

Anthony Dunn

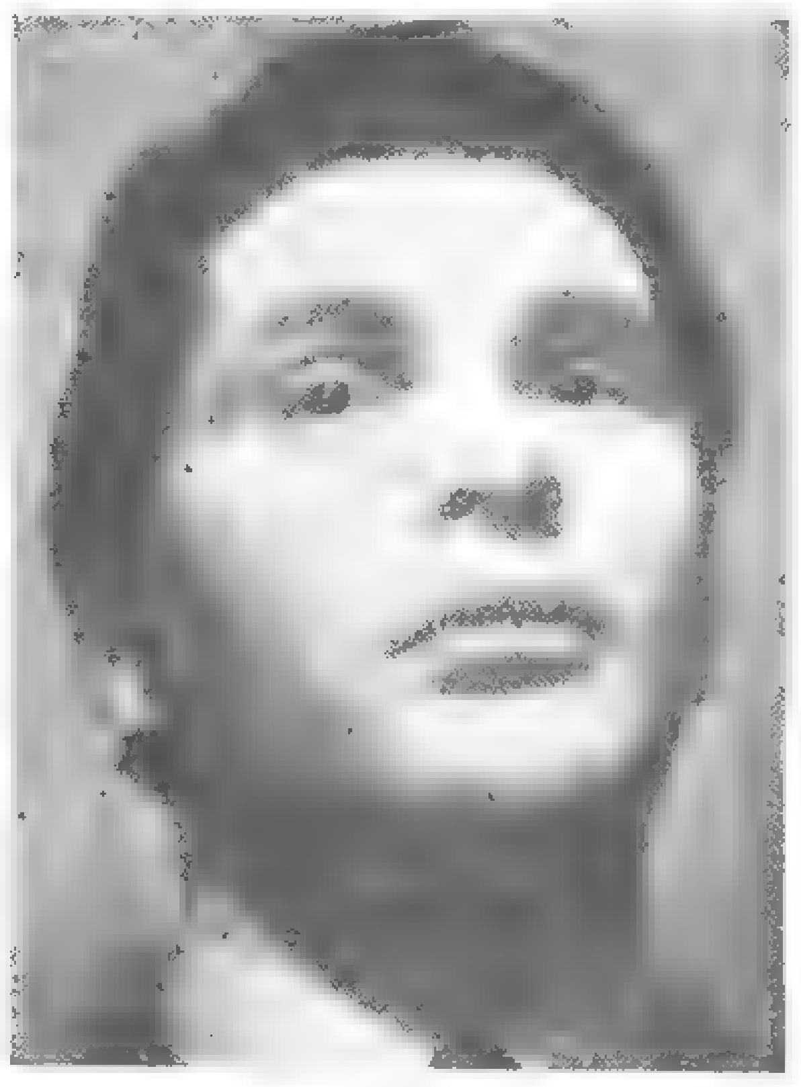
"I boast of only one feat of daring in a life of forty-one years," ANTHONY DUNN declares. "At the age of ten I successfully carried home from the grocery store a quart of milk in an ordinary paper bag. Resting upon this early triumph, I have since lived an uneventful but not an easy life. I eke out a living for my wife, daughters and myself by teaching. I also write articles and short stories, an avocation which has done much toward balancing the budget of the Post Office Department. I have contributed a novel to the American Railway Express. The Railway Express took excellent care of this work, returning it without fail each time it went out to a publisher. If I had my druthers, I'd like to be a lighthouse keeper, although in bright spring weather the life of a clam digger appeals to me."

George Winston

IRWIN STARK and GEORGE WINSTON, joint authors of *Horses Never Cheat*, teach English and mechanical drawing, respectively, in a New York City high school. Mr. Stark writes: "Racing is probably in George's genes because he was an intercollegiate spring champ and tied the world's record for the sixty-yard dash back in '32 when I was busy editing the college literary magazine. My poetry, articles and short stories have appeared from time to time in magazines and anthologies and I'm now working on a novel. George got the dope for *Horses Never Cheat* from a nag named Millicent who was kind of shy about publication for fear the other horses would think it was just sour oats. But George got her to talk and all I had to do was the translation for Esquire. Millicent has never learned to read anyhow."

Irwin Stark

GEORGE PAPASHVILY is the co-author, with his wife, Helen, of that rare and wonderful book called *Anything Can Happen*, which is the story of his transition from a Russian to an American. Among its memorable lines is the perfect reply to isolationists which occurs when a lady remarks to George and one of his friends: "You're foreigners, aren't you?" "Yes—in this country we are," they answer pleasantly. George was born in Georgia, Russia, and when he was twelve, his father gave a prince ten bags of grain to teach the boy to write his name and once he had the magic key of letters, he taught himself to read and write. During the first World War he fought in Persia. Afterward he lived in Constantinople until he came to the United States. Here he became a machinist and perfected a number of inventions. About six years ago he decided to take a whirl at sculpture. His wife is a native Californian, attended the University of California and now owns and runs the Moby Dick Bookshop in Allentown, Pennsylvania.


Jules Kleinman

JULES KLEINMAN (*Some Call It Humor*, page 68) has written routines for midgets, ventriloquists, magicians, jugglers and comedians. His wife says he ought to have his scripts protected but Jules thinks the jokes are old enough to take care of themselves. The copy for *Some Call It Humor* was originally scribbled on the backs of fourteen menus at a New York night spot while waiting to see a client.

JOHN LEATHERS' lifetime obsession has been motor racing, and having made his start in 1904 he might be expected to have arrived in this field but for a reluctance on the part of racing men of that day to trust their 10,000-dollar creations to a lad of fourteen. Arriving early, in clean blue overalls, at the scene of every race in his vicinity, he changed clincher tires for Walter Christie, pumped up tank pressure for Barney Oldfield and tugged at the three-foot length of iron pipe used for starting Hilliard's Napier. A few roaring rounds of the 1909 Lowell circuit as riding mechanic on practice days made him feel his life was not altogether wasted. Although he never achieved a racing record, he has probably unearthed a record number of old racers which he rehabilitates and sometimes sends out for adoption. The machine pictured here, with Leathers at the wheel, was built by Mercedes for the French Grand Prix and is identical with the 1908 winner. Piloted by Dario Resta in 1908, she clocked a flying half mile at Brooklands, England, at 103.64 mph.

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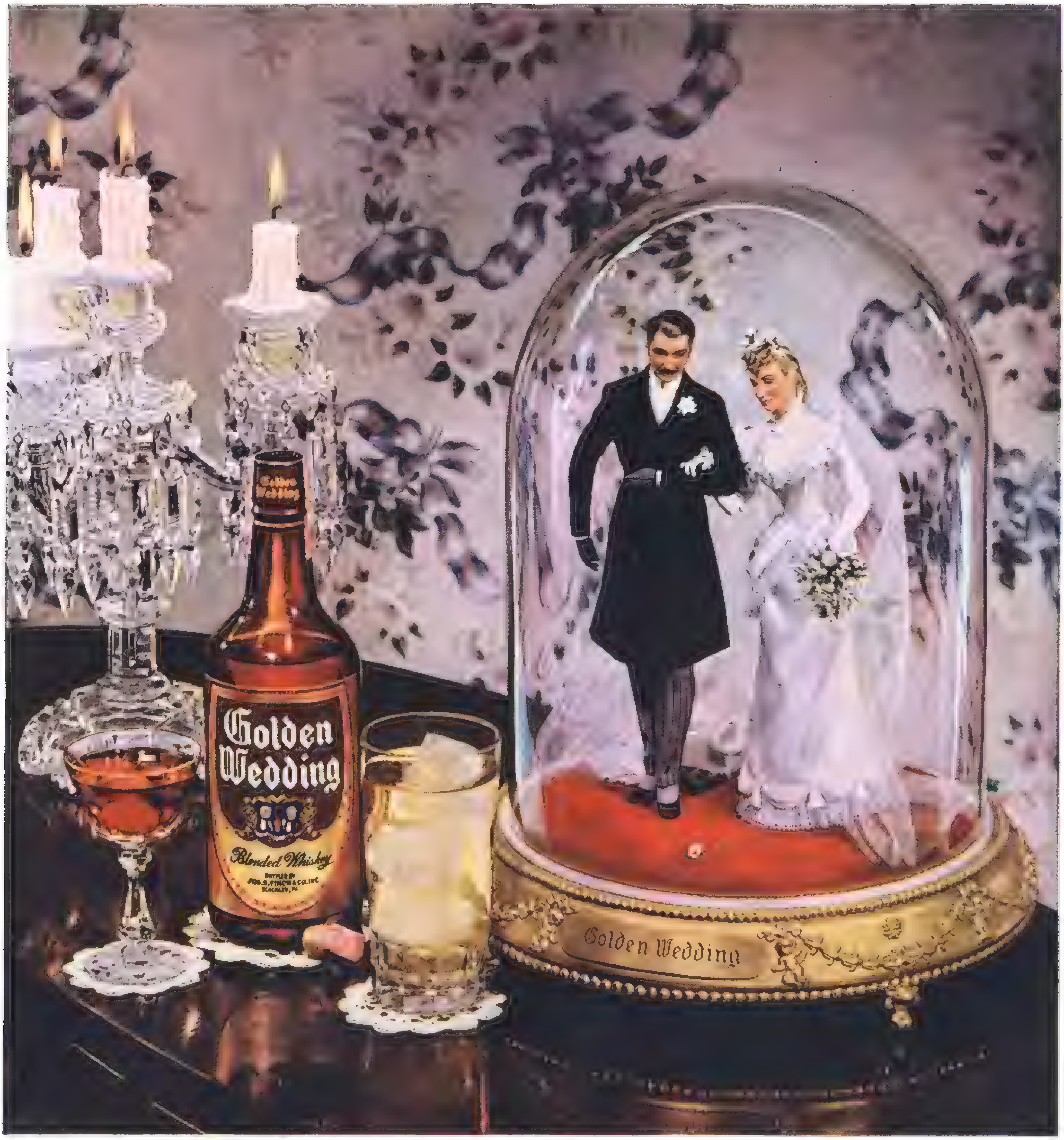
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But the breaking 'em in
Was the problem that bothered
Poor Oscar McFinn...

So as footsore Oscar plods onward in pain—
With torturing arches—he's wracking his brain

"There *must* be a way", he is saying, then sees
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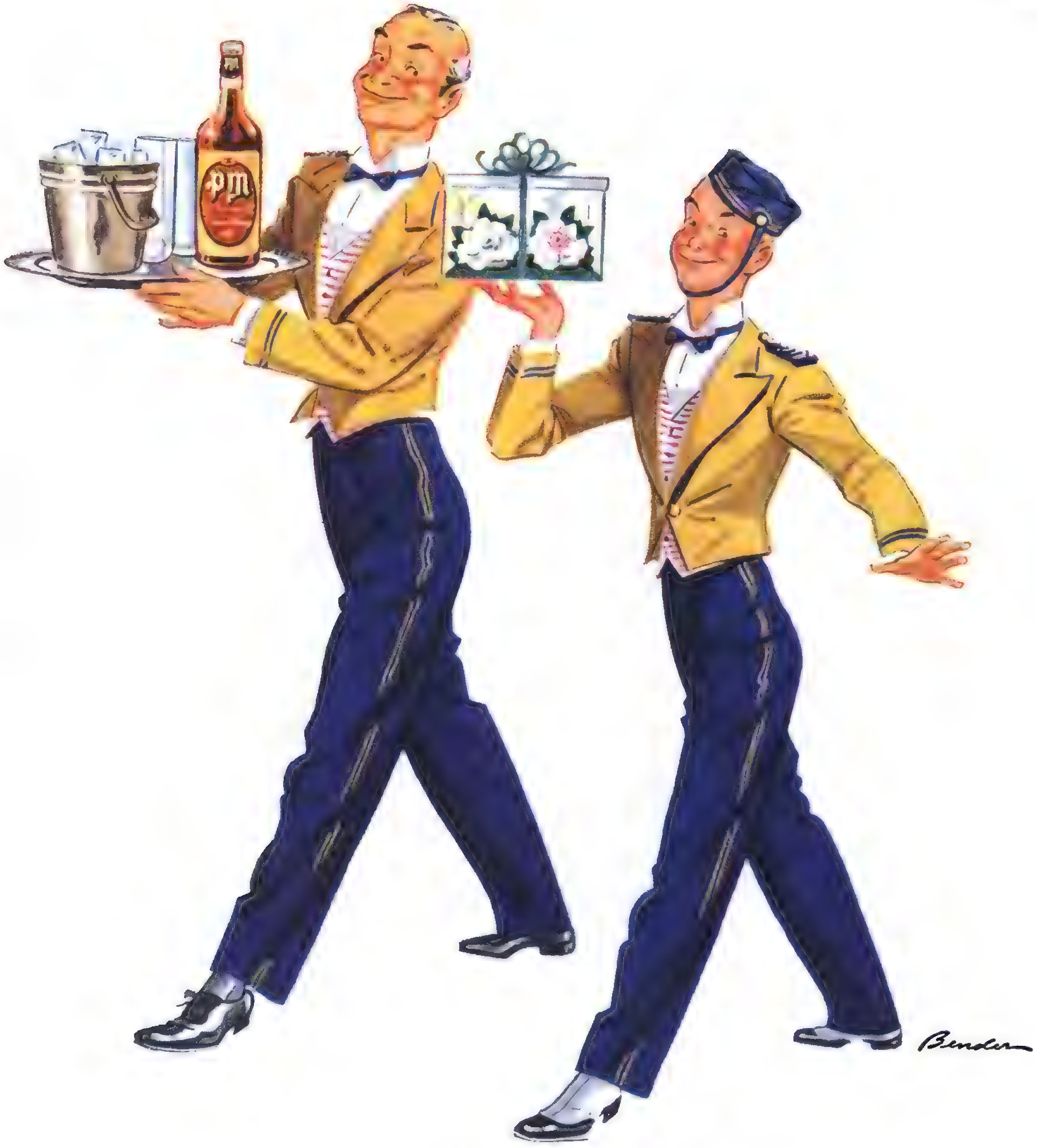

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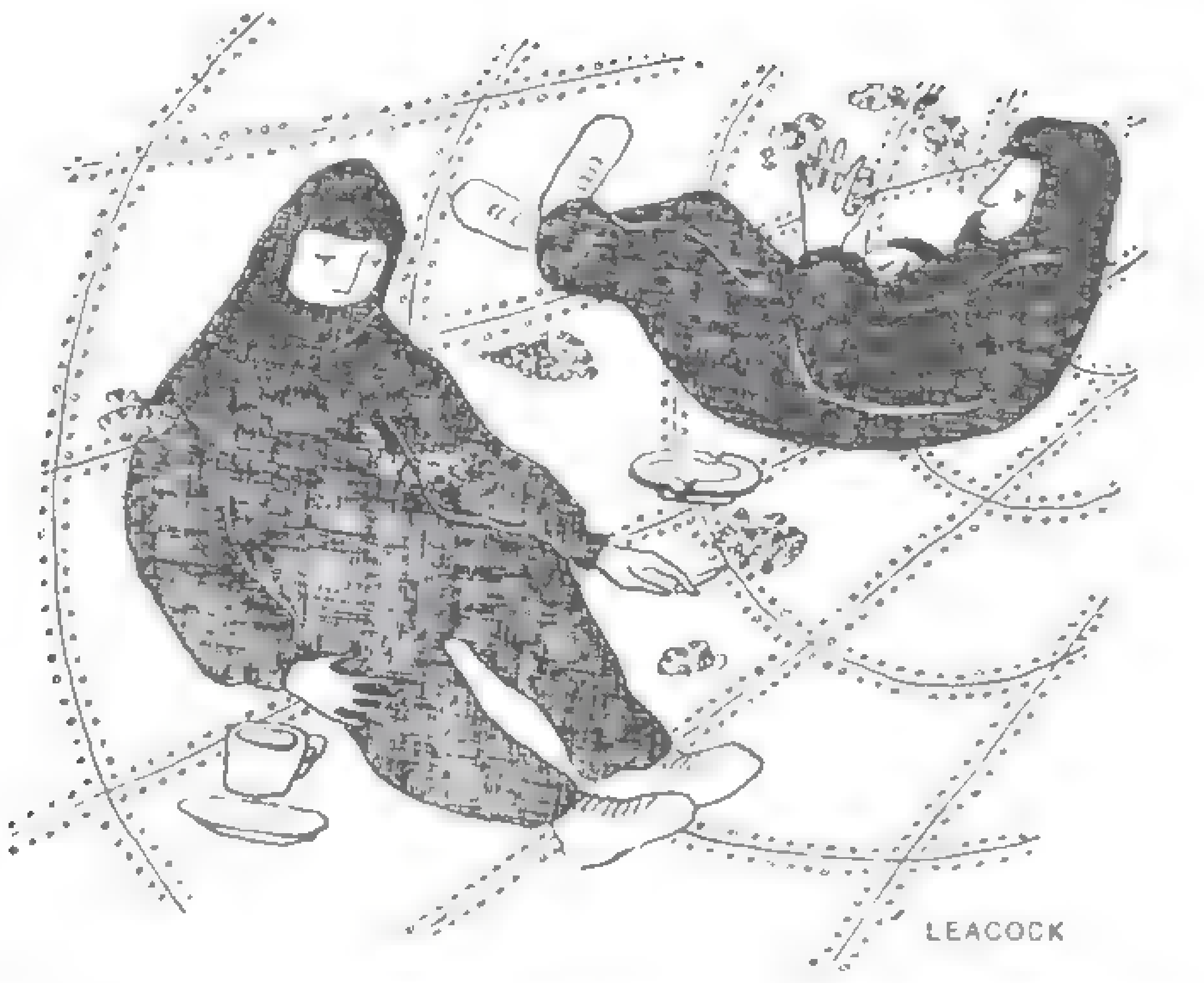
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Viewed from a rocket 10,000 miles up, surely the earth is a glorious sight

Your First Trip to the Moon

by G. D. YOAKUM



When you step into your new jet-propelled rocket to take a trip to the moon it will be well to remember that there are no hot-dog stands along the way and put up a substantial lunch. These jet motors are supposed to do 100,000 mph out in the open, which would get you there and back in about five hours, but perhaps it will be safer to count on only half that speed and prepare for ten hours away from food and drink.

It will be well to take along a book for diversion because the scenery is monotonous. A few minutes after leaving the surface of the earth you will enter the universal night which is the state of nature in the raw, a night which the full and constant tide of sunlight does nothing to relieve. Stars will stare at you from all sides of the hollow sphere in which you float, but they will not twinkle at you because there is no atmosphere to give their rays the familiar wavy motion which makes them so beguiling on earth.

It will not be necessary to take extra clothing. Your rocket is efficiently heated. If the heater fails to function for any reason, your cabin will gradually cool to the temperature of the outside space, which is sub-zero. Extra coats would help for a very few minutes. Naturally there will be no openings through which your precious air can escape, although it will be trying to do so at the rate of fifteen pounds on every square inch of wall space, but the cold will come straight through the walls of whatever material they may be made. It is well to remember that touring in space is strictly an inside job, so the heater and oxygen tanks *must* work.

The only variation in scenery will be due to meteors that fly by you, and their visibility will be low due to their speed (plus yours) and the fact that they will be lit up only by sunlight. We normally see them as shooting stars when they are burning up in our atmosphere. Some meteors are of iron and some are of stone, but whether of iron or stone the sight of one is a good omen—it proves that that one didn't hit you. Luck is important here. A meteor the size of one's fist, going somewhere at the rate of 150,000 mph, would bore a clean hole through any contraption man can launch into the void, a deflating experience in the full sense of the word.

It is not easy to see how this hazard to the sport of rocketry can be overcome. A body the size of the earth meets millions of these fragments of celestial flak every hour, and the invisible battery from which they come never stops shooting. However, the law of probability says that one should be able to ride the sky for 500 years without being hit, and that is some comfort.

Abandon at once the idea of picnicking on the moon before starting back. To open the rocket on the moon would mean the loss of all its hoarded air as promptly as if it were opened into interstellar space. Nor is it advisable to set the thing down on a lunar plain for a look around, the temperature there being approximately that of boiling water. A landing in some area of lunar night would be dangerous and unsatisfactory also. Probably the best that can be done is a slow cruise around the satellite at a safe distance above its surface, say 100 miles. From such a height the landscape will appear with great distinctness, quite as distinctly, in fact, as it does in the eyepiece of the Yerkes Observatory telescope at Williams Bay, Wisconsin.

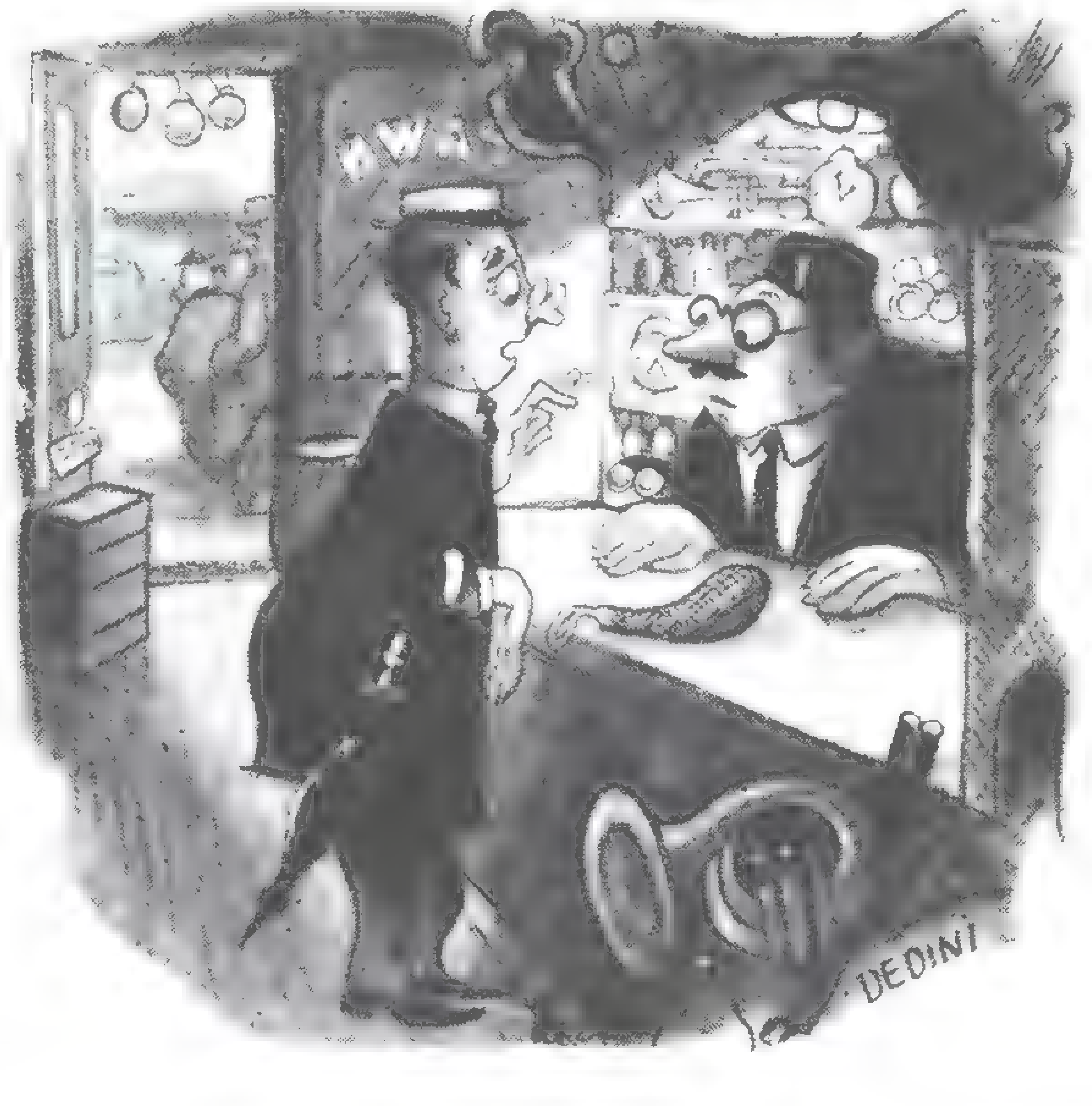
Make your trip, if convenient, when the moon is new and the side away from us is illuminated. For some reason the man in the moon decided more than a million years ago to keep his eye on his big neighbor month in and month out, so a report on the topography of his rear would be of great scientific interest. Is the moon a Janus with two faces, or is the hidden side only the back of our man's head? A series of good photographs of this region would pay the expenses of your trip.

Now a word about what you may experience if your motor stalls. We sincerely hope nothing of the sort occurs because it will not be pleasant to find oneself an involuntary tourist through interplanetary space. The rocket will not fall, of course, since there is neither up nor down in "the abyss of heaven," but it will gradually subside. If the slowing down process requires several months, as is likely, you will reach the general region of the planet Mars, which will probably be doing a segment of its circuit far, far away, and so cheat you of a real astronomical scoop. Frankly, you stand a good chance of becoming a fixture among the cosmic small stuff that flies forever around the sun, a meteor among meteors.

Life in your cabin will have unique features. If the rocket rolls over you will probably never notice the difference. You and your companions, if you have companions, may try to right it by climbing up one side like a squirrel in a cage, and the plan would work if you had as much as one ounce of weight among you. Walking will be impossible for the same reason. A grotesque circumstance will develop as your bodies assume various positions in the air—one horizontal, one at an angle, and another upside down, like angels in a medieval painting. Cigarette smoke will stay just where you blow it. Any object, in fact, will stay just where it is left as though placed on an invisible shelf, because all the forces of Newton's law counteract each other. Please observe whatever happens with extreme care and bring back a report, because no one has seen such a condition before, nor can any laboratory on earth reproduce it.

Writers who attempt rhetorical flights into space seldom succeed in getting their verbal rockets off the earth. "Winds out of the infinite," to take a common example, is an empty phrase, for how can there be

(*Continued on page 214*)



"It's just to calm my wife when she gets hysterical after I hand her my pay envelope—opened"

According to Ahmed's formula, a woman is like a horse and in order to be her master a man should follow three rules

Hoofbeats in Crimea

by ALEKO LILIUS

It must be said in all fairness, that the *provodniki* of Crimea, the cowboys of its steppe and mountain ranges, were a handsome lot of men, and definitely a menace to most summering wives and daughters, including the ladies of the court. In the summer, the Tsar was usually in residence at Livadia, two miles west of Yalta, and eight east of Alupka, where my father owned an estate and a fine string of riding horses. The Master of the Hunts was old General von W—r, an old friend of father's, and whenever the imperial stables were caught short of mounts, father used to get an emergency call from Livadia to have his best mares and geldings rushed down for the meets. I was put in charge of the horses, and father always sent a few of our best *provodniki* along, always cautioning them to be on their best behavior. They were a dashing, reckless, *sorvigolova'* (tear-off-the-head) type of he-devil horsemen, but, miraculously, they generally behaved in the presence of the ladies, and they watched their language. However, the ladies did not always behave, and, to sum it up briskly, often one thing led to another.

Until I was fifteen, I did not think very much of women. My French governess, who had had "ideas," had been jeering my adolescence ever since I was ten. This had a terrific psychological effect on me—I became a violent woman hater. By the time I was fifteen, this hatred had developed into an almost unbelievable shyness in the presence of ladies; I blushed furiously when spoken to by one. So I looked only for the company of men, and the lads with the horses, with their daring talk about the opposite sex, became my manly ideals.

I saw nothing sinister about them. They were a happy, singing lot of hard-working young men, the sons of the oldest Crimean Tartar and Turkish families. Adored by the womenfolk for their good looks and excellent horsemanship, cursed by the men, they were originally the proud descendants of the Tartar khans and princes of Bachtchisaray and Krim. Their regal bearing was a heritage. Perhaps their utter disdain for Slavic women was another, because through the ages the khans and princes and sirdars had fought the Muscovites and Turks and the mercenaries of Venice and Genoa, or those western knights who had carried crosses on their shields and kept beautiful slave women in their tents. So the *provodniki* of Crimea, like their Tartar forebears, were horsemen first and last, and their women, any women, were just women.

One day—I had just turned fifteen—I announced to my mother that my ambition was to become like the *provodniki*. After all I could handle my father's horses as well as any of them. Mother nearly fainted from horror.

When old Ahmed, father's right hand man (and my confidant) heard of this, he smiled in his wise, red beard.

"Son, you shall wait a few years," he admonished me. "Then, if Allah grants me life, I myself shall teach you the right ways with women. They are good ways, and if you follow my teachings you shall always remain the master of yourself—and sometimes of your women."

To call Ahmed old was not very fair to him, but to a boy in his teens a man with a long, flowing beard is a centenarian. His was henna-colored, and his tanned face was covered with a thousand wrinkles. His nails, too, were henna-colored, and he always wore a gold ring in his right ear lobe for luck. In his white turban and wide, baggy trousers he looked exactly like the hero in an oriental storybook. He was a Turk, born in Constantinople and immensely proud of his nationality. I loved him then, and I love his memory today.

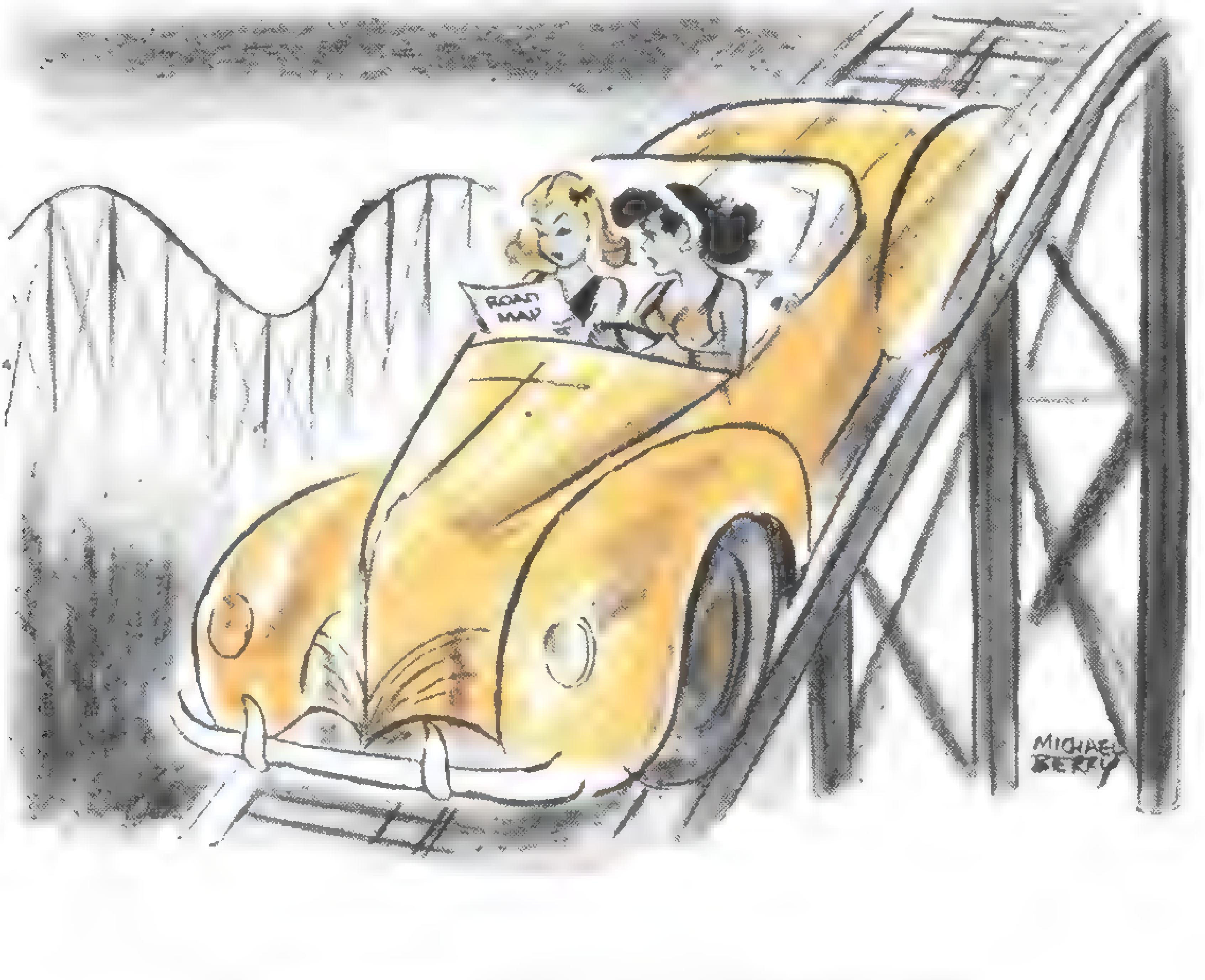
It was Ahmed who taught me how to catch scorpions in murky cellars and to look for them under stones in damp places, how to drown them in alcohol and later sell them to curio dealers in Yalta. It was Ahmed who taught me the art of crabbing by torchlight by night, how to cast my net for *scumbria*, the best of all Black Sea's fishes, how to whistle for deer in the deep forests on the slopes of Yaila, how to watch the eagles soar upwards through the blue, blue air into the gates of heaven. He even tried to introduce me to the teachings of Mohammed, but to his disappointment I was not then particularly interested in the beauty of the Koran.

At the turn of the century, life on the Russian Riviera was light, gay and sinful. Palaces, one statelier than the other, mushroomed into existence against the verdant beauty of the peninsula's Black Sea coast. Besides the Emperor's rambling summer palace at Livadia, there were the mosque-like, white and mysterious D'huelbehr of Grand Duke Sergius near Ai Todor, and the brownstone, many-hundred-roomed, Jacobine-Oriental monstrosity of Prince Vorontzoff-Dashkoff in Alupka. There grew up, of course, more than a score of lesser palaces of lesser dukes and princes, followed by the chateaux and mansions of high graft-grabbing government officials and millionaire merchant princes of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kharkov, who wanted to bask in the reflected glory from the *Dvor*, the Court.

Consequently, there was plenty of high society play and activity going on. There were picnics and garden parties, and a display of gaudy uniforms and beautiful women. Never had such a small spot on earth been crowded with so many dazzling beauties—from princesses and the ladies of the court to the socially accepted mistresses of the high and mighty, from famous ballerinas and actresses to diamond-flashing demimondes and those who would never make the grade.

Allah knows, there were temptations. Yet, by eighteen I had not altogether overcome my shyness for the ladies. Ahmed began to look worried and often shook his henna-colored beard. My way with women was assuredly not his way, and not what I, at the age of fifteen, had led him to expect of me.

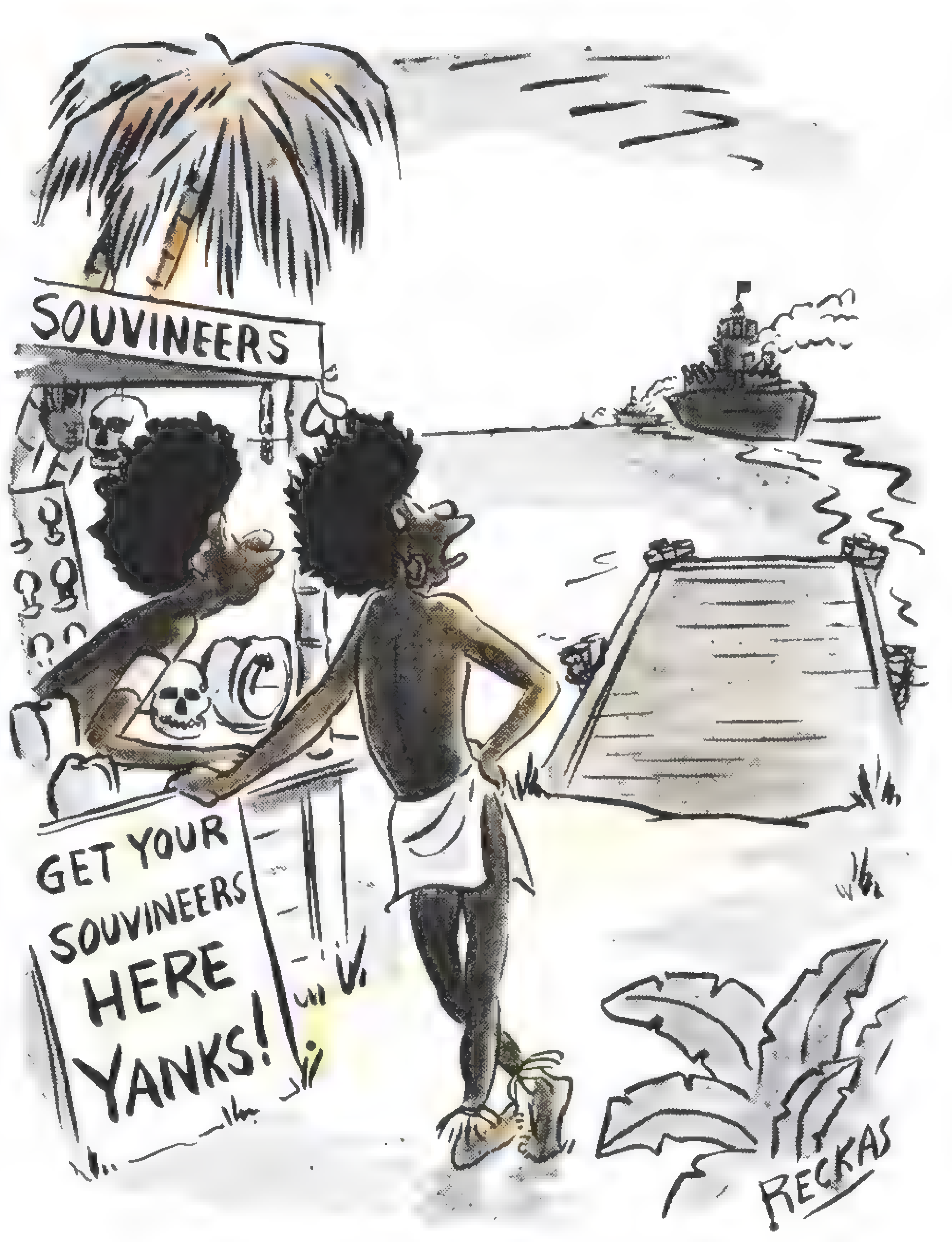
"Son, the time has come for you to get yourself



"Are you sure this is U. S. Highway 65?"

a woman," he prodded me on. "Look around; there are so many of them, good-looking ones, sweet-eyed does with their hearts hungry for love. Look at Mustapha or Mehmet, or Hassan, or Ishmael, and all the others: they all have their women, and not one but many. Look around, son."

I looked around and saw that all these men were our own men, our grooms and *provodniki*. When I was eighteen, Father put me in charge of our stables, and young as I was, they were now taking orders from me. There was no getting away from it, they were indeed dashing creatures. There was a tradition among them to wear, when "on duty," a black, gaudily gold-brocaded uniform; a tight-fitting, short tunic to show off their excellent and manly figures, silver-threaded belts with clasps and buttons of silver or gold enamel, and the snappy, round Tartar hat of krimskin on their heads. Most of them flaunted waxed mustaches and their hair was slicked down and pomaded. It must be admitted that they took as excellent care of themselves as of their horses. No wonder women went after them. As far as I could see, the only trouble with their appearance was that they, like their American prototype, the western cowboy, were inclined to become slightly bowlegged. Many of the *provodniki* owned good riding horses of their own, which they hired at three rubles per hour—and their barbered, scented selves for all their lady customers' purses could stand. The literal translation of the Russian word *provodniki* is guide or escort; we would call them gigolos in this country.


SOUVINEERS
GET YOUR SOUVINEERS HERE YANKS!
RECKAS

"Well, it was a nice business while it lasted!"

I reasoned that it was all those damned women's fault that the boys had such a bad reputation. Sometimes, they behaved downright sickeningly; they used to hang around the stables, and while pretending to admire the mounts, they flirted unashamedly with the hard-working fellows inside. If the visitors were not closely watched, they would sneak into the stalls or the lofts; apparently the odor of ammonia and horse manure did not disturb them in this trysting place.

I doubt that father knew about these goings-on at the stables and the corrals. He was far too busy with his other interests to pay much attention to the stables. He had me and Ahmed there, and as the business was booming, he had no cause to worry. Had he known, I am sure that I would not have been allowed to stay there—nevertheless, next to the *Dvor* at Livadia and the multitude of attending princes and court functionaries, the "ladies of the *provodniki*" were our best steady customers, and had to be treated with certain courtesy and much diplomacy. So, I never interfered in the affairs of our *provodniki*, seldom escorted any party myself—and never, never any lonely ladies. Allah forbid. I had enough to do in the stables without riding for pleasure.

Besides, my own horse, "Sirdar," was a black stallion, and it was dangerous to ride him in the company of mares. I had broken him myself and allowed no one else to ride him. He was strictly a one-man horse. He would scream and rear, full of vicious fight, if he sensed the presence of another stallion anywhere near the corrals. He wanted to lord it over all the mares, and since he was a full-blooded, strong beast, he had been chosen by my father to do so. I believe that he was as jealous of me as of his mares, and Allah help me if he saw me astride another horse, the devil incarnate could not make a worse racket than he did.

One day as I was currying him, I heard hoofbeats, and a smart victoria came rolling noiselessly on rubber wheels—they were rare in those days—into our courtyard. It was pulled by two jet-black, high-stepping horses. Beside the coachman, in a gay Russian uniform—purple shirt sleeves, black velvet vest, a peacock feather in his round silk cap—sat a flunkey decked out in a similar setup. He smartly jumped off his seat to help a young girl of about nineteen or twenty out of the carriage. I noticed a crest on its door, but paid little attention to it since we were used to the crested carriages of our high-born clientele. But I did pay attention to the girl.

Ahmed came across the yard. He caught me staring at the cherry-eyed beauty. "Son, you ought to be ashamed. When are you to become a man? You are more than eighteen now, and you don't know a thing about women yet."

Well, why didn't he teach me as he had promised me years ago? He nodded his be-turbaned head.

"My rules about women are simple; they are only three: Feed them—love them—and beat them. When you feed them, give them jam, or hot pepper if they don't deserve better. When you love them, love them so well that they have no other thoughts in their stupid little heads but for you. Now and then it is good to beat them—it is a very good rule. If you don't, they will soon become your masters and give you orders."

"You beat your women, Ahmed?"

"A woman is like a horse, no better. If you are too gentle with her, she will take advantage of you. She will stop on the trail and start nibbling at the forbidden fruit. Beat her then, and by Allah, beat her up good. Here comes the little lady now."

The cherry-eyed one was coming quickly toward the stallion's stall. Since Sirdar did not like strangers, I stepped out to meet her.

"Do you give riding lessons?" she asked hesitatingly.

There was that infernal blush coming over me again. I silently nodded towards Ahmed; he was an excellent riding teacher. The old man turned angrily. "What's the matter with you? You can teach the young lady how to handle a horse."

I had never taught anyone how to ride. I knew that I was crimson now. The girl laughed.

"I shall pay well. Will you teach me?"

Ahmed smiled.

"I am sure that he will teach a good-looking young lady like you for nothing—just for the pleasure of it."

I could have killed the old man. He was feeding her jam. The girl looked me over and her eyes were laughing.

"I don't think that I have to be afraid of him," she said to Ahmed. "In fact, he is not so bad looking himself, but he seems terribly shy. When may I have my first lesson?"

She came every day. She told me to call her Zenida Petrovna. At first, I was very awkward, but she seemed to be an apt pupil, and she quickly learned how to hold the reins and sit correctly in her sidesaddle, and she bravely went through the grueling paces all novices have to learn. For her lessons, I had selected for her a very calm and gentle old mare.

Ahmed smiled.

"I want you to take me out on the road," she demanded one day in a rather commanding voice. It irked me. I remembered Ahmed's rule number three about women: beat them!

"Young lady, you are not yet ready to ride on a road with heavy traffic. You haven't enough experience with horses. You'll have to stay inside until you know how to ride a horse. When you are ready, I, myself, shall tell you."

If looks could kill! Probably no one ever dared to speak to her in that tone. I saw her face darken, she bit her lip, and I thought that I saw a tear in her eye. Instantly I was sorry, because I had learned to like her very much. I had never dared to hint it, perhaps, because I was so shy, although heaven only knows that she had tried to encourage me. I began to notice all her little tricks; she would hold my hand in hers a trifle longer than it was necessary when I handed her the reins. Or she would lean against me unnecessarily heavily when I lifted her up in the saddle. I cannot say that I was exactly annoyed, although I was uncomfortable and not a little intrigued.

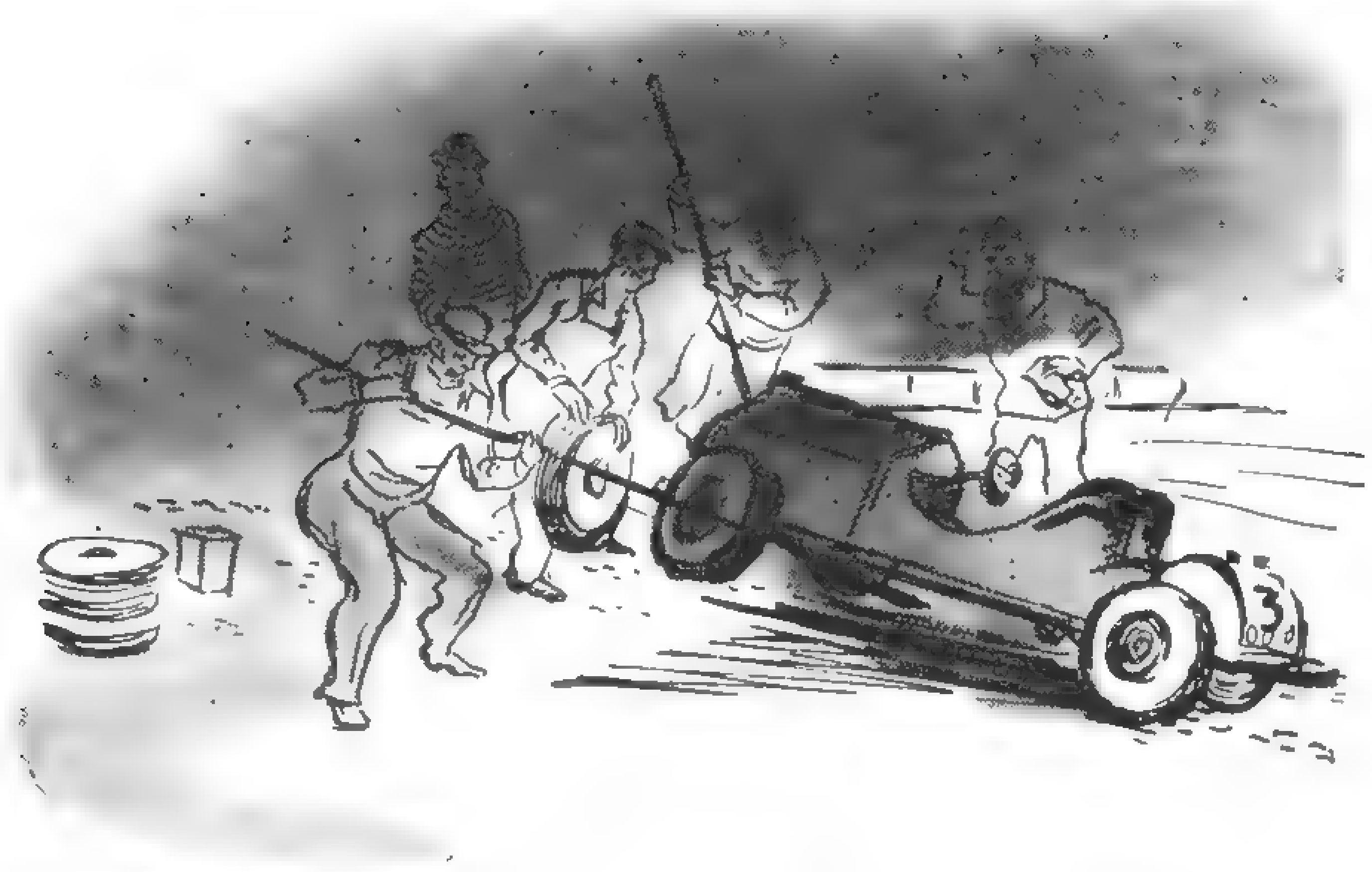
Ahmed smiled his approval.

"At last, son, you are growing up. Don't be a fool, she is all a man can want in a woman."

One day she came unexpectedly early for her lesson. I was saddling my Sirdar for a walk. He stood and stamped, and behaved irrationally. I smacked him playfully on the shoulder and he made a halfhearted attempt to rear in pretended disapproval.

"Aren't you too young to handle such a he-devil of a horse?

Too young? Too young to handle my *(Continued on page 190)*



Among the great thrills at the turn of the century was this day-long auto race

Roman Holiday at Brighton Beach

by JOHN LEATHERS

Less than forty-five minutes from Broadway, ten from Coney Island, and central among the local beaches frequented by two million Manhattan week-enders, Brighton race track picked up a crowd, when excitement offered, like a promoter's paradise.

It is toward this calcium-lighted arena, twin beacon to Luna Park in the black August night, that we point the nose of our throbbing Lozier. Dinner at Shanley's has been perfection itself. The lady on our left, under the picture hat, was quite the cynosure of the crowd, and we wonder a little how the millinery stays put now, as we spin over the Manhattan Bridge without benefit of windshield. Our clacking chains make sweet music with two hundred others, as a hundred pairs of acetylene head lamps bore through the night toward the common destination.

Truly, this dawning twentieth century has unprecedented thrills to offer.

We join the eager crowd in Brighton's mammoth grandstand. Before us stretches the famous mile oval, where four-footed thoroughbreds have won millions, and lost them, too, but tonight's thoroughbreds are of a swifter breed. In two's and three's their head lamps sweep swiftly around the turn and flash through the stretch.

A quick glimpse of the dust-grimed, rubber-coated crew, as with exhaust stacks spouting blue fire, they thread the lane of calcium lights, and, blinking red tail lamps, slide around the lower bend. The world's great drivers pass in review: De Palma, Cedrino and Sartori of Italy; Bernin of France; Louis and Arthur Chevrolet of Switzerland; and the American aces, Robertson, Poole and Mulford. Nowhere else is a card like this to be found. This is the Brighton 24 hour, a race in the New York manner. This is night life.

Other 24's and other drivers there were, to be sure. "Jap" Clemens with the National 30 was a sensation at Indianapolis, Coey on the Thomas thrilled Chicago fans, and Vaughn with the Stearns brought them to their feet at near-by Morris Park, but Brighton's 24 alone continued for four eventful years to attract the world's star performers who were ardently applauded by fifteen thousand thrill-seeking fans.

The Roman holiday continues as the exhaust blasts of the chariots echo from the stands. The fireworks at near-by Coney pale against our incandescent oval with its flying head lamps. Al Poole, in the leading Simplex, suddenly dives through the infield gate with streamers of tire fabric flaying the ground from his right rear wheel, and the waiting repair crew at the Simplex tent pounce upon the car with wrench and quick-acting jack. Funnels are snapped into the big gas tank, and the cans are upended as the thirsty monster is refueled.

Then the exhaust of the Simplex rises in a violent crescendo, the pit crew falls away, and the mechanic leaps aboard as the machine rushes forth, rejuvenated, to continue the battle.

Not so lucky is the Stoddard-Dayton. She stands cold and inert before the tent in which sleeps her exhausted crew, while somewhere in Brooklyn, a touring car is racing through dimly lighted streets to fetch a replacement.

A murmur runs through the stands. Men rise to their feet, as Laurent Grosso slides his big Stearns into the stretch with Cy Patschke, the Acme pilot, on his tail. In ten laps Grosso has come right through the field, but Patschke challenges him, and both drivers bend grimly to their work as they fight for the lead. The murmur becomes a roar as Grosso skids, Patschke strikes his rear, and the Stearns, with a rending crash, somersaults in the glare of the Acme's head lamps. With a masterful double slide, Patschke continues, but Grosso and poor little Cole, his mechanic, lie still in the tire-churned earth at the lower turn. This is night life indeed, interrupted by sudden death!

The show, however, must go on, and Patschke goes on, to take third place. The stands buzz with stories of previous crashes, and of epic determination to win. "I remember," says Manager Bill Pickens, "when Lewis Strang lost his left front wheel at seventy miles an hour in '07, smashed through twenty yards of fence, and kept right on going on three wheels, clear across the infield. Why? Because his clutch was stuck, his hand throttle taped wide open, and the very last thing a man will think of in a 24 is to cut his engine!

"Lewis went in again, too. Got new parts from New York in three hours. The only real grief was the money we paid to six spectators struck by his wheel."

The picture-hatted lady opens alternately her fan and lorgnette, and composes her shaken nerves. The handsome hero, complete with leather coat and racing goggles, lights another cigarette as he describes his record run of last evening from Reisenweber's to the Garden City Hotel. While the flashing jewels of Westchester and Long Island dowagers make the grandstand seem a place of comfort and repose when contrasted with the adjoining hot clay arena where the battle is being fought, just across the track, in the white tent which houses the Stearns racing camp, mechanics speak in low tones and their movements are purposeless.

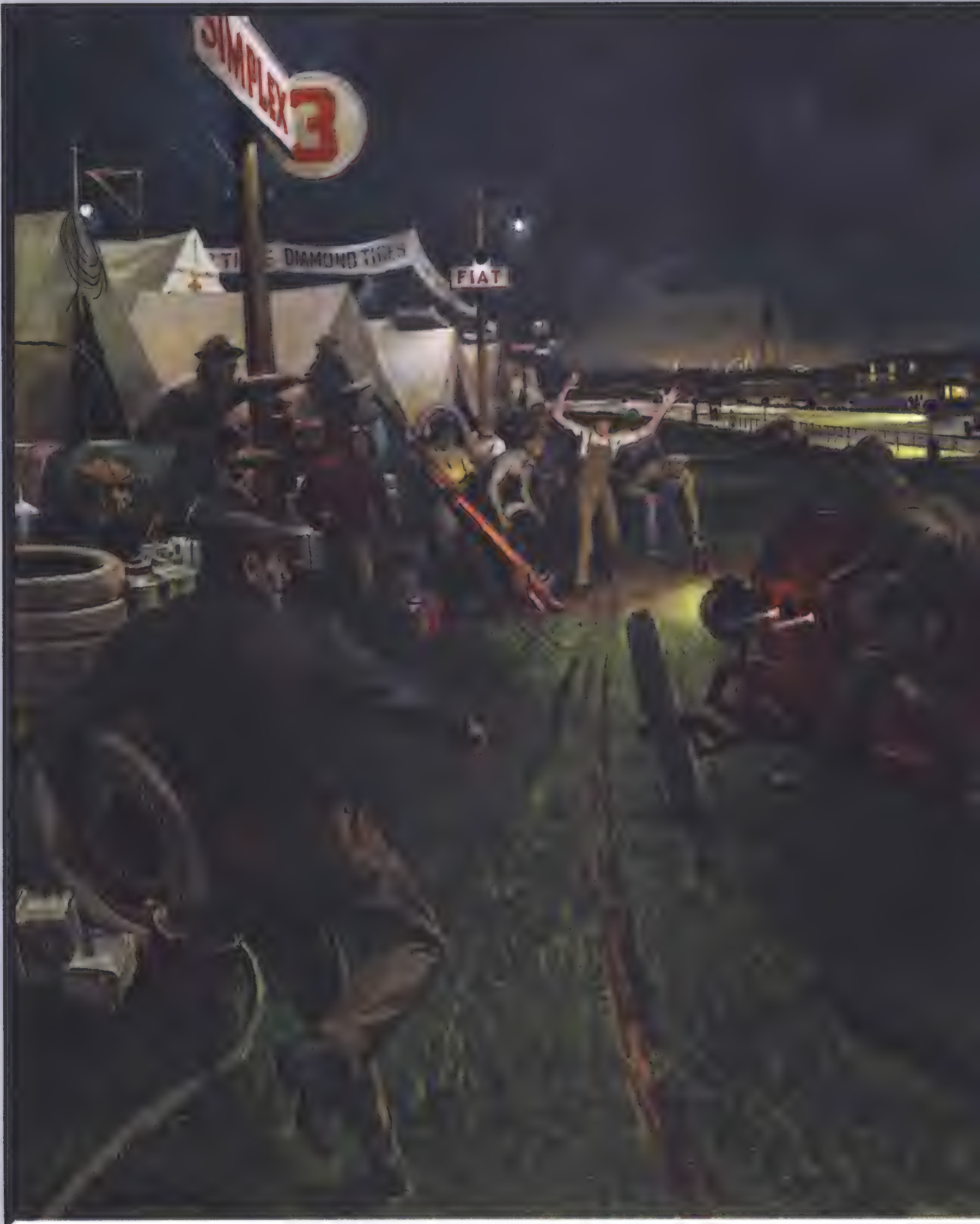
The hazards of a typical day-long grind make Bill Pickens' anecdote seem commonplace. In the brutal 24 of October 2nd-3rd, 1908, Robertson and Lescault, driving a 50 Simplex, completed 1,177 miles, in spite of innumerable stops to light the compulsory taillight, and for water, fuel and tires. In the third hour of this grueling race, a special officer, T. F. Fickett, was struck successively by the Simplex, Stearns and Cleveland cars, and killed. Hit in the 190th mile by another car, Cobe's Lozier smashed the fence, one rail of which pierced Cobe's seat cushion, and yet three minutes later he was riding again. At 2:35 a.m., Bloch's Renault blew a tire, capsized and burned, and in dodging the Renault on the next round, the Zust also blew a tire, crashed through the fence and was badly battered. She was followed through the same palings two minutes later by the Cleveland, and at 7:15 by the Acme. The Thomas next lost her right rear tire, breached the fence, and drove on; but the climax was provided by the damaged Zust, which, after four hours of frenzied rebuilding, restarted, demolished a section of fence, and retired for good.

The imminent loss of his right rear tire hung as a Damoclean threat over each 24-hour racer for one thousand four hundred and forty minutes, but, ignoring the peril, he thought only of victory. It was in these dirt track laboratories that tires were tested, and each accident suffered by the hardy pioneers went far to immunize the horde of motor cars to come.

Similarly, the broken drag links and collapsed wheels of Brighton, Indianapolis, and Ormond Beach sowed death in the ranks of these daring pilots. Bruce-Brown, Burman and Cedrino died at the wheel, but because of their courage the present holiday traffic of the Merrick Road and the Pennsylvania Turnpike enjoys comparative safety.

There was little of the research worker in the temperament of any of these racing drivers. Theirs was rather a supreme satisfaction in the zest of the adventure, yet their works live on, in your Cadillac and my Chrysler.

Another contributor to racing success, the "pitman," however unhonored elsewhere, receives full justice at the hands of Peter Helck in the painting herewith. The 50 Simplex, running a swift and winning course, has ground a rear tire to ribbons. A pinched tube, a stripped lug thread, a faulty adjustment will destroy her four-minute lead, but the pit crew will not fail. The oil and fuel cans are ready. The jack is under her as she stops rolling, and sleek, new rubber replaces the battle-scarred casings in a matter of seconds. As the big machine dashes away, a thousand Klaxons and bulb horns hail the favorite, but the plaudits are quite properly not for the death-defying driver alone. They are also for the preparation, the precision, the teamwork, that bring success in the great Brighton Beach 24. ###

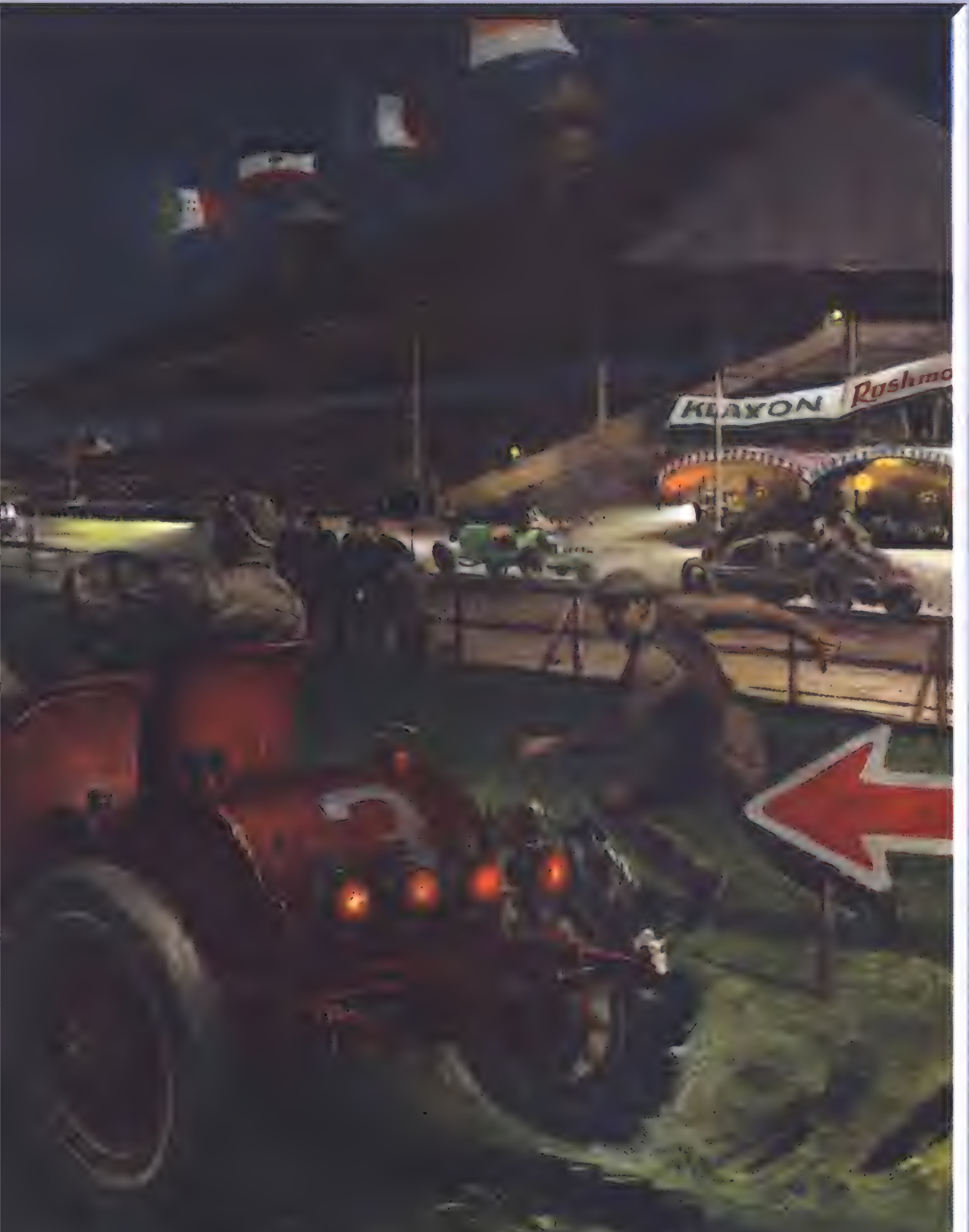

SIMPLEX
3
DIAMOND TIRES
FIAT

© ESQUIRE, INC., 1946

THE BRIGHTON 24 HOUR *by*

(Quick tire change for Al Poole's Simplex

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE


KLAXON
Rushmo

Peter Helck

says the

Esquire girl

"I suppose the first thing he'll notice are these beautiful Spring flowers!"

Any secretary worthy of her hire bullies the boss, deems him a congenital idiot

Hardhearted Hired Girl

by HERB GRAFFIS

GORSLINE

A FICTION that movies and cartoons persist in regarding as a fact of life is the sheer fantasy that the businessman and his secretary are bound together emotionally closer than a privy and a morning-glory vine. The truth happens to be that the businessman and his secretary are considerably less sentimental toward each other than the motorman and the conductor of a streetcar.

A situation in which a bright female does most of her employer's onerous work, because she can do it much better and much cheaper than the distinguished gentleman himself, is not one to inflame a woman's passions toward a man. The only tender sentiment a secretary capable enough to hold her job sometimes entertains toward her official superior is that of pity. Or it may be sort of a warped mother instinct such as that which may be present when a bereaved mother cat nurses a litter of orphaned bull pups and gets her picture in the rotogravure sections. The female in each case dimly reasons that she's all that keeps the males from starving to death. Undoubtedly, in both cases, the female must wonder vaguely if the result is worth the trouble she goes to.

The male party to the business alliance of necessity also is dubious of the presumptive advantages of having a competent secretary. He probably thought that all he wanted and was getting was a frigid female who could typewrite like a mink, answer ninety-five per cent of his mail in better English than he knows, tell plausible, diplomatic and protective lies for him when some earnest person tries to bother him by telephone or in person, have the answers he doesn't know, and remind him what he ought to do and when.

This secretarial performance reduces the executive's toil to about five per cent of his working day and adds considerably to his importance. A good secretary can always impress the susceptible public with the belief that the executive has to have a lot of time for making decisions and doing creative work. Secretaries are not susceptible.

The experienced secretary knows that most of an important executive's decisions have to be "no" and that she is hired to give many of his visitors the brush-off because she can say "no," easier, oftener and more positively than he can. She also is aware that most of the creative work, after the business got established, has been done as a result of having the sales department coming into the boss with complaints and demands of the dealers. These complaints and demands plainly direct the course of whatever executive creative work is required.

As a consequence of the secretary's penetrating insight into the business and into the duties and character of her boss, she is bound to become a grave nuisance, as well as an asset, to him. He becomes too dependent upon her. She makes him just an old softie. Then what happens?

The guy, say, gets into a controversy with a union. The union gents haven't yet been generally dominated by female secretaries. Most of them are still bullheaded and knock-about in the customary manner of lusty men away from their wives. So the union guys can scare the hell out of the corporation dignitaries who've been sheltered by their secretaries from the raw realities. During this development the smart secretary has a sneering attitude toward the performance of both the brawling parties. She hears that labor wants a part in the management. The management's secretary already has that part, earned by her demonstrated ability to handle it, and she seems to think that the role is nothing to quarrel about.

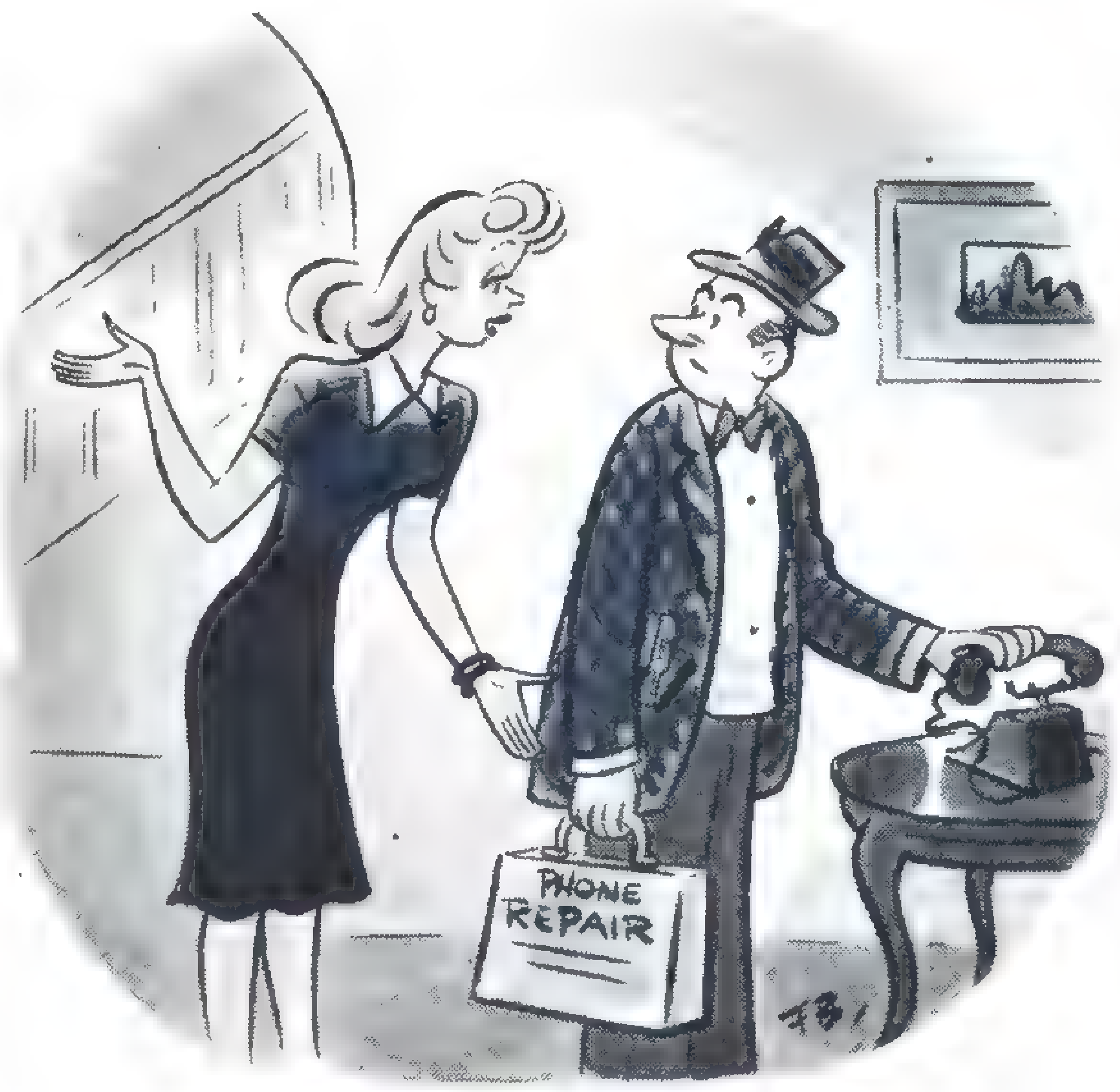
While the secretary has been becoming considerable of a power backstage in business, she has sharply curtailed the liberties of her so-called boss. He discovers too late that when he thought he was getting away from home, and the instructions and demands of his spouse, to the office where he could be a big, bold, free man, he actually was moving into the clutches of another woman who is even more exacting and haunting. An efficient secretary even knows at what bar her employer can be reached when a matter of urgent importance comes up at the office. The fellow seldom can escape her. She takes sadistic delight in reminding him at inopportune moments that he is supposed to be on the job.

That, of course, is contrary to the folklore of print and celluloid which depicts the employer holding a sinuous and simmering secretary in a cozy embrace. The situation that actually prevails is that the canny secretary has a chilly disdain for her employer as an amatory performer, regardless of how vain he may be of his own charms and feats in this field. Chances are that if her employer is at all a frolicsome guy she has released him from entanglements with wanton wenches. For this designing element of the sisterhood the knowing secretary has contempt and wiles and she employs them with keen enjoyment in beating a hopeful bum out of the profits of traffic in trifling.

Due to getting an earful of the telephone chatter of the Big Man's female playmates, opening some of the playmates' correspondence (by deliberate accident, naturally), getting a view of some of the boss' costly amusement, and probably adroitly viewing some of the molls in person, the secretary decides the sirens are only stupid sluts making a chump of a man who at his social best is an exhibit of cretinism. This unfavorable opinion may be somewhat influenced by the possibility that the boss is paying the so-called lady friend of the moment more of his money than is paid to the secretary who does so much of the work for which the boss is paid so generously.

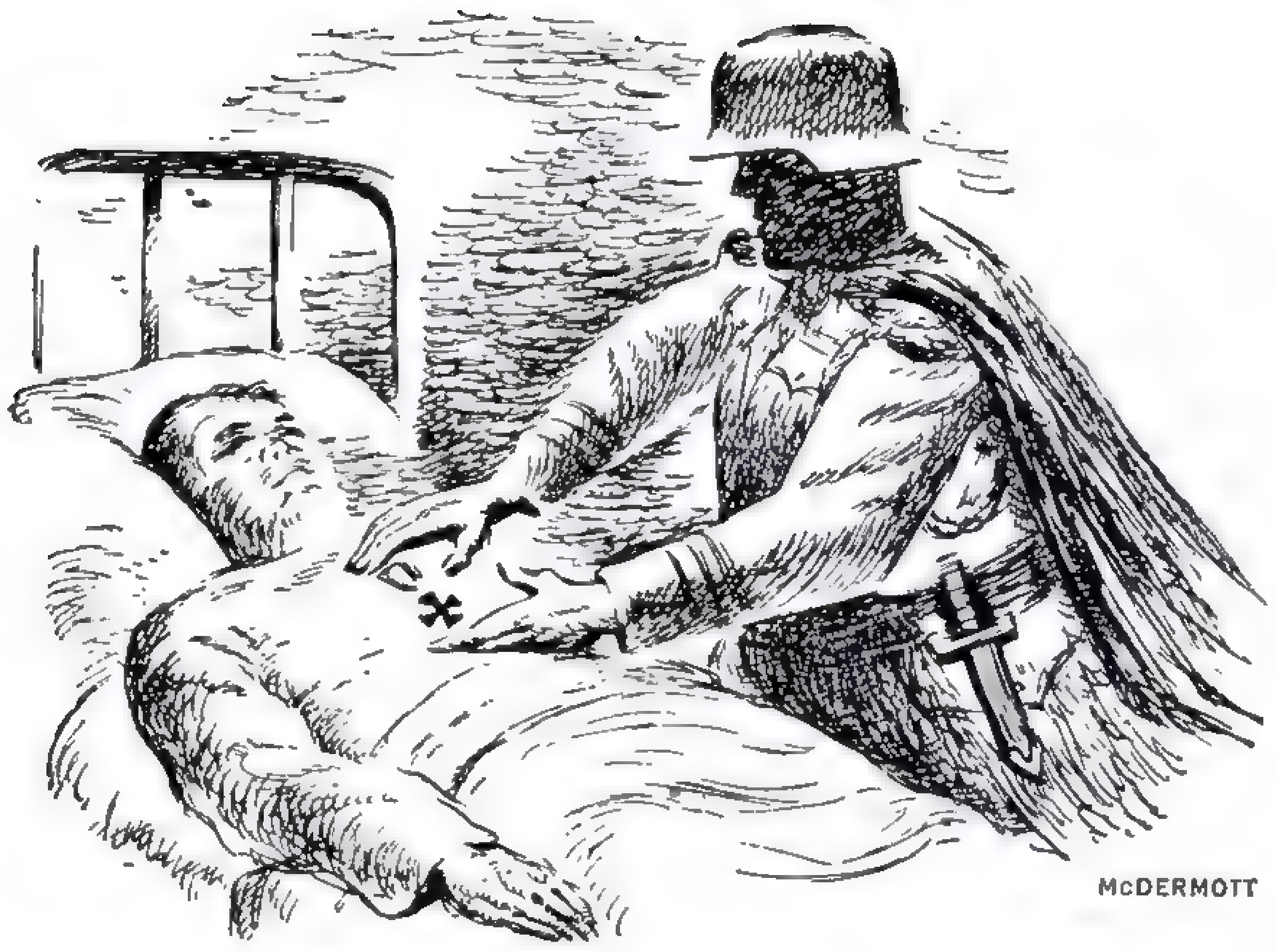
Regardless of the bias of judgment, the secretary's opinion prevails. Without any spoken innuendoes she can—and does—use the extra-territorial dalliance of some poor gay dope of a boss in making him more painfully her vassal than he'd ever be had he wooed her on company time or after office hours. Women have diabolical talent in making a man feel guilty. Occasionally even when he isn't. They can look at you with a gaze that makes you feel it is your fault because it happens to be 6 p.m. And when they really get something on you, you find the fair sex is just as merciful as Lady Macbeth.

Notwithstanding this, the competent secretary is not one to blow her job if her employer took on Don Juan-ing as a sideline to his endeavors for the stockholders. She is not disposed to pass along a tip to a gossip columnist or to advise do- (*Continued on page 200*)



"Something is wrong—I was taking a bath and it didn't ring"

One can't be a genius at everything, but the hospital director had a talent for appearances, a nose for political winds



Speech to the Heroes

by LASZLO DORMANDI

When the young captain acting as a courier from Supreme Headquarters arrived at the military hospital, they made him wait in the anteroom, because the hospital's medical director was at that moment busy in the operating room.

Busy is, perhaps, not the precise word. Although he was wearing rubber gloves and a gauze mask covering his face up to the eyes, the director was not personally taking part in the operation. It would be more accurate to say he was presiding, for from his position a few paces away from the operating table he seemed to be surveying the scene with Olympian dignity. He followed the movements of Dr. Tock, the operating surgeon, with a critical mien.

As a matter of fact, it had been a long time since he had himself so much as touched a scalpel. Fat and wheezy, with fingers that were now no longer steady and never had been any too skillful, he was fortunate in being too busy and too important to be expected to handle personally the cases calling for surgery.

Without the happy turn of events politically, he would never have risen from the ranks. The most he might have hoped for would have been the directorship of some obscure and remote provincial hospital. Thank goodness he had sensed in time which way the political winds were blowing and had got into the Party, if not at the very beginning, at least an impressive length of time before its coming into power—his Party number was low among those bearing only four figures. That gave him a certain standing, from the moment the Party meant the State, and, when the war broke out, his appointment as director of the biggest and finest hospital for commissioned officers came virtually as a matter of course. And obviously his career had still not reached its zenith.

There was good reason to hope, for instance, that if he played his cards right he might be the logical choice when the time came, as it surely would soon, for the appointment of a new Director General of the Military Health Service . . .

The operation had been under way ten minutes. Around Dr. Tock was grouped a veritable general staff of doctors, interns and nurses. The latter comprised Fräulein Ilse, the supervisor with the fine mustache and the coarse raucous voice, and the blonde and beautiful young Fräulein Helga, who acted as liaison between the field of observation occupied by the director himself.

It was about her, more than about the operation itself, which was only the usual routine amputation, that the director was thinking. He was thinking that she was much too distractingly pretty to be in the operating room; she would inevitably keep the minds of the interns, perhaps even of the doctors themselves, off their work. He made a mental note to ask the chief of personnel to find another job for Fräulein Helga where she would be in less frequent sight of these younger men on the staff.

Tock, he had to concede, was skillful enough as a surgeon, but certainly anything but soldierly in his bearing. He would have to speak to him on that score, at the very next opportunity. After all, a military hospital is not a private clinic, where one can slouch about looking any old way between operations. No matter how good he might be in the operating room, nevertheless it was his bearing outside that room that counted most, in the impression he gave . . . But meanwhile he must without fail, right away, even before dinner, take care of ordering some new assignment for this Fräulein Helga . . . that hair, that little pert tip-tilted nose, that flawless complexion . . .

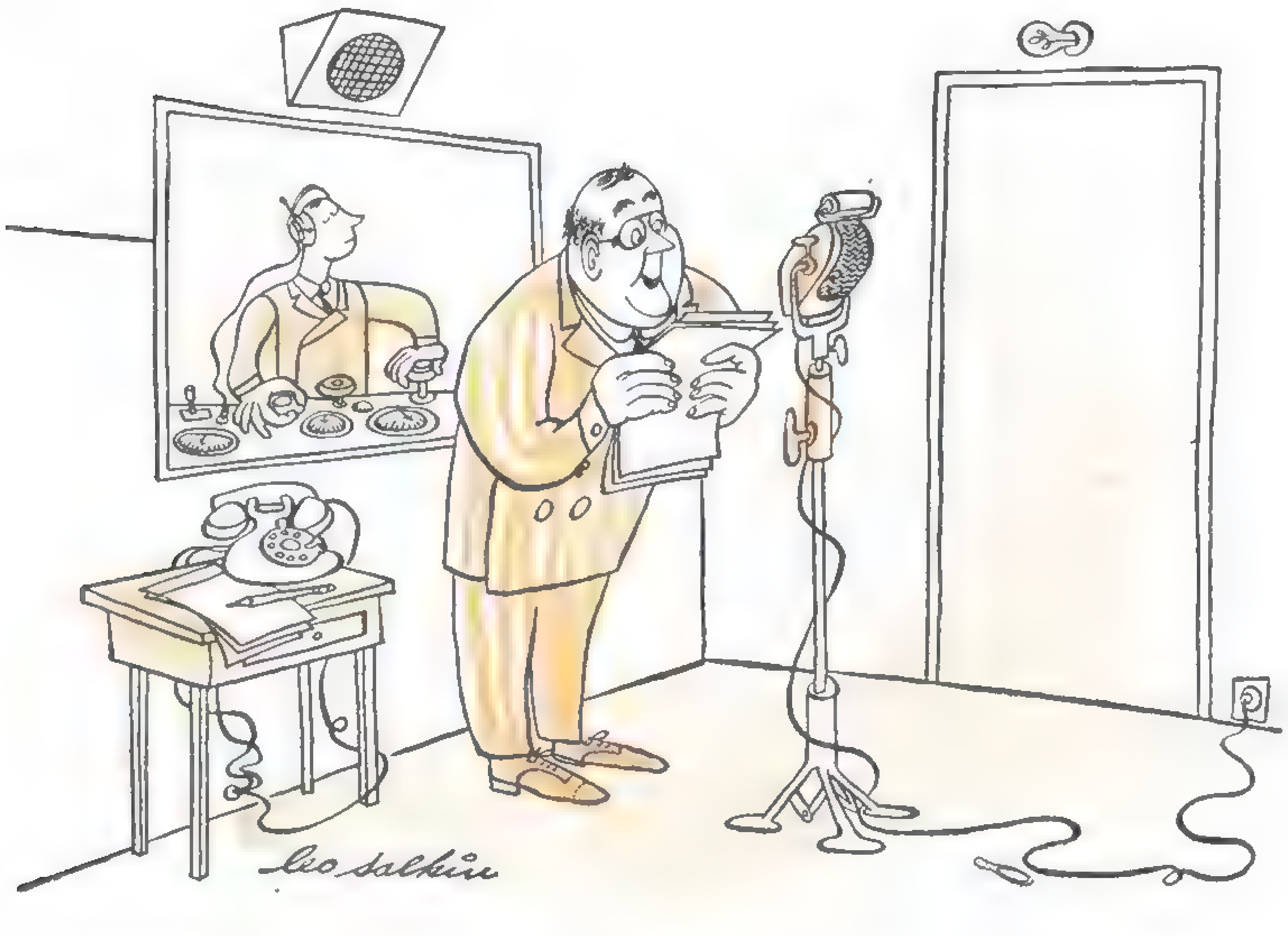
While the director was thus busied in the operating room, it was Major Farrell who received the young courier-captain in the anteroom. Farrell hated these surprise visits of couriers which invariably presaged inspections by the Big Brass, and it always seemed to be his luck to be the one to get them. The old man himself could never be bothered with anything that had no immediate and tangible utility for the advancement of his own career; Tock always managed to have his time completely taken up by the wounded. Farrell had to admit that in Tock's case, at least, the excuse was not bad, but as for everybody else, the director himself included, it seemed to Farrell that they were all very skillful in managing to be unavailable so opportunely as to slide all the burdens of the whole hospital's directorial duties onto him.

And as a major he wasn't too impressed with a captain anyway, so he decided to let the courier cool his heels, after getting a look at him through the little panel that afforded one-way vision into the waiting room. After all, anybody can get to be a captain . . .

Farrell had a lot of forms to fill out that he had rather hoped to finish before dinner. The captain could wait. But something about the cut of the young captain's uniform, its fine fit and its obviously fine material, a rare thing in this fifth year of warfare, made him wonder if it might not be smarter after all to go see what he wanted. He went to the anteroom door and beckoned the captain into his office. The closing of the door kept him from quite catching the captain's name.

"What can I do for you?" he asked just brusquely enough to suggest that whatever it might be it would be well to state it in the fewest words possible.

For response the captain unbuttoned the top two buttons of his tunic and withdrew from his inside pocket a multi-sealed envelope. Farrell started to reach for it, but stopped the motion, his hand remaining as if frozen in mid-air, as he caught sight of *The* decoration suspended necklace-like, below the young captain's shirt collar. The order of merit is given only by the Supreme Leader himself and only for the most exceptional services. And this one was of the Second Class—when every child in the realm knows that only one example exists of the First Class, that being the one worn by the Supreme Leader himself! In these five



"Other than the fact that I'm losing my sponsor, the news is all good tonight"

years, only forty or so of the very highest-ranking military figures, the Chief of Staff, the Field Marshals, a few particularly successful generals of armies, and a few of the Supreme Leader's own personal entourage, had been so honored. But then, every schoolboy knew all these celebrities by sight, and Farrell was sure he had never seen this one in any newsreel or magazine.

The captain read out from the envelope, in a tone used for proclamations, the name of the hospital's director, at the same time looking askance at Farrell's extended hand.

"Are *you* the director of the hospital?"

Confused and awed by the captain's glacial glance, Farrell flustered.

"No, that is I replace him, I am the administrative director . . ." then added, ingratiatingly, "accredited to receive in his stead all official communications of every kind."

"Please call him at once."

"But from a serious operation, surely . . ."

"You will kindly call him at once. In the name of Captain Gudenus, second in command of the Golden Guard."

The full enormity of his error hit Farrell like a thunderbolt. The almost legendary Golden Guard of the Supreme Leader! Now it was clear why the young captain's face was not familiar—the members of the Golden Guard were fused into one unit, and carefully shielded from all individual publicity.

"At once, of course," he said, and couldn't keep his heels from clicking.

* * *

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
BURR SHAFER

"Now don't read it too fast—pronounce your words carefully, give him time to find the ring, but be sure to collect your fee"

The sealed envelope revealed that the Supreme Leader would pay the hospital a visit that same evening at eight o'clock—less than two hours warning. It would be the first time since the Party's coming to power that the director had seen the Supreme Leader face to face. The last time he had met him, he was only a strident orator, the leader of a party that might or might not rule the country; since then he had become the half-mythical master of half the world.

The Supreme Leader liked to pay these impromptu visits. Xanthus, his Propaganda Minister, had in fact likened him, for this fancy, to Harun-al-Raschid. No preparation of any kind, it was officially assumed, could ever be made for any of these visits that were made almost without warning.

However, the next two hours flew by in a wild flurry. The director was given instructions to have all personnel of even slightly dubious political convictions carefully sequestered, all wards containing unsightly cases placarded with signs on their corridor doors reading Highly Contagious, in order to spare the Supreme Leader's well-known aversion to the sight of blood or evidences of extreme suffering, and members of the Golden Guard were placed at vantage points covering all entries and exits to the hospital grounds. The director was even handed a typewritten speech of welcome to commit to memory and address to the Supreme Leader upon his arrival.

As he studied the speech the director felt like the holder of a lottery ticket just before the drawing is made—in a matter of minutes the chance would come that, if lucky, would mean the crowning achievement of his career. The right words spoken, the right impression made, and he could feel secure for life. On the other hand, the slightest flaw in the arrangements, the most trivial contretemps, could ruin him. Lately, in fact ever since the Party's accession to power, there had been frequent and unfortunate instances where the oldest and most loyal members had been tumbled from their high positions—the word had been spread that merit alone mattered, that no matter how close you might once have been to the Leader, nothing availed now but merit.

Fortunately, he reflected, the hospital's record was excellent. Thanks to a policy of quickly shunting the most gravely wounded off to other hospitals, on the ground of lack of space, the mortality rate had been kept well below the average of the other military hospitals. Still he felt a nervous flutter in his stomach at the thought of the ordeal ahead, as he tried to concentrate on learning his speech . . .

The director stood on the hospital steps. Beside him on both sides was the solid line of double rows of Golden Guards. Below him stood the great leader himself, backed by his propaganda minister Xanthus. But of the supreme being, helmeted and wearing the traditional old trenchcoat, the hapless director could see only the mustache and the tip of the famous nose. It seemed to him to be nothing short of blasphemy to talk *down* to the greatest leader of all time, but how to back up, or rearrange, with these guards all around, and with the leader paused expectantly, as if waiting to be greeted. The director was trembling and bathed in sweat, but tongue-tied.

"I was passing this way," said the Supreme Leader suddenly and in a stationmaster's voice, "and I decided to visit my wounded soldiers."

"The Supreme Leader," put in Xanthus smoothly, "despite his great burden of cares, finds time to comfort his wounded heroes."

Primed by this speech, the director found his tongue. "We are deeply sensible of the immense honor . . . the unworthy honor . . . the honor of which we are unworthy . . ." almost before he began he found himself hopelessly muddled, all the carefully rehearsed sentences took wing like frightened birds, flying off in all directions, beyond recall . . . "the honor . . . such an honor . . . we are honored..." he mumbled to a miserable halt, knowing that he should at least stand aside to let his illustrious guest pass by him, but found his legs paralyzed at the same moment as his tongue.

Xanthus saved the situation with a smooth phrase, and the inspection, once under way, went better and better by the minute. Here and there, in the different wards, the Supreme Leader stopped to question a wounded officer, and twice the young Captain Gudenus stepped forward to hand him a little leather box and he pinned a medal on a hospital gown. And every time he left a ward it was to the resounding hails of all the wounded.

The Supreme Leader seemed not even to see those doors that bore the warnings of danger of contagion, never pausing before them, never questioning the signs, but walking right on down the corridors past them.

The kitchen inspection was a triumph. The chef had, as it happened, just finished making the Supreme Leader's favorite dessert, vanilla cream with Corinth raisins, and the happy smile with which he tasted it set the photographers off into a frenzy of picture-taking.

In leaving the kitchen, the Supreme Leader said, "I am truly well satisfied with this hospital. Its management is a reflection of the spirit of our movement, of our Party, of our order."

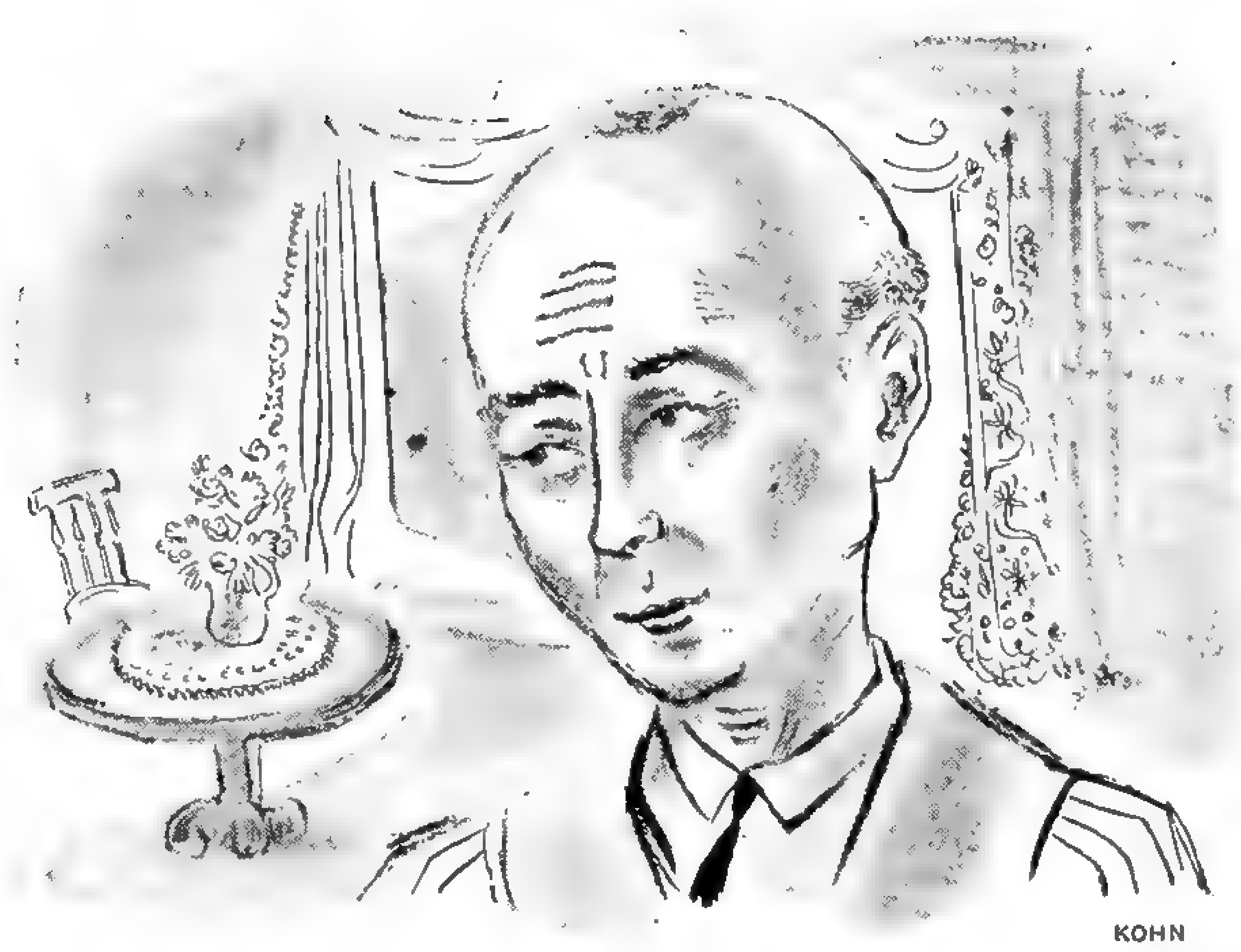
Everybody beamed, and the inspection seemed to be at its end. But on the way back from the kitchen, the illustrious guest paused before a door that bore no placard of warning, nor yet the usual ward designation of the rooms inviting inspection. It had only a small number 8.

"What is this room?" the Supreme Leader asked.

Nobody answered, as Xanthus looked at the young Captain Gudenus, who passed the inquiring glance right on to the director. The director, who had been in a happy daze since the glorious moment in the hospital kitchen, suddenly realized that things had gone awry. This room, of all rooms, should have had the warning placard on the door. He had especially mentioned it to Major Farrell; he had heard Major Farrell tell Fräulein Helga to see to it . . . he had been busy learning his speech, he hadn't thought he'd have to do it himself . . .

"Highly contagious, highly . . ." he stuttered like a phonograph record caught on one phrase, but nobody was paying the least attention to him, as the Supreme Leader had gone on in to see for himself.

Perfect order reigned in the room. The patients were all lying still in the beds ranged on both sides of the entire length of the room. The contrast to the cheerful hails of wel- (*Continued on page 137*)



A wolf in a pantywaist, James P. "Bluebeard" Watson was surely the neatest killer, the worst writer, San Quentin has entertained

Murder Is a Fine Art

by **DEAN JENNINGS**

James P. Watson was such a nice man. He had a voice like a cooing dove and he smiled like a deacon eyeing the collection plate. He never smoked, took a drink or used blasphemy. The last time I saw him he was feeding crumbs to the linnets that flew to the ledge outside his window. He whispered to them softly, stroked their feathers and tamed them. Later, when no one was there, he would slide his long fingers around their soft little necks and twist. When the tiny bone cracked and their heads hung limp, a glow came into his eyes, the phosphorescence of a dark, turgid sea, and the veins in his neck swelled and receded with the tide of his secret. He wrote beautiful poetry in his spare time.

James P. Watson was America's most enthusiastic Bluebeard; he murdered women for the fun of it. If you consider the refinements of his nine known homicides, and another estimated dozen or so, Watson has been grossly neglected in the Who's Who of American killers. In some ways this is his own fault. He distrusted reporters, he vilified more than one magazine writer, and his own prodigious literary efforts behind bars failed dismally. But in the art of murder, Watson had a lovely technique.

Watson, for example, discovered that bodies stay submerged if you weight them with rocks and plunge them into deep, cold water. This knowledge of applied science accounts for the fact that only one of his victims, hastily interred in a California desert, ever popped up to give the gendarmes a *corpus delicti.* Watson said ruefully that he had no time to search for a watery grave and had to knock her off on the spot. Watson merits the degree of *lusus naturae*: he beat the law of averages by maintaining as many as four happy wives in one neighborhood, while bumping off others in the vicinity on week ends. He never suffered the indignity of an ordinary prison cell, and spent the last nineteen years of his life composing amazing poems, phony confessions, erratic letters and other curious documents in his quarters at San Quentin Prison. He used to say that the world misunderstood him.

"I would appreciate it if I could only be let alone," he once said.

"Why don't you quit writing then?" I suggested.

"Though legally dead," he replied stiffly, "I can still pen my thoughts and sell them. I was once offered 15,000 dollars for the life and loves of J. P. 'Bluebeard' Watson."

"Did you take it?"

Watson's eyes were as pale as two oysters. "No, the offer was unfair. My lawyer wanted fifty per cent."

Inasmuch as this fifteen grand offer was no exaggeration, the life and loves of James P. "Bluebeard" Watson are worth careful examination. He was born on July 3, 1871, under the zodiacal sign of Cancer which, the astrologers say, explains why he committed all but two of his crimes on or near bodies of water. He entered the world, alas, in the village of Paris, Arkansas, the first and last child of Mr. and Mrs. George Gillian.

Little James, who later changed his name to Watson, had a psychologically rough childhood. Indeed, through every psychiatric examination he took after his arrest, Watson spoke venomously of his parents and the particular hatred he had for his mother. She never gave him a kiss or a kind word, he said, and prayed for his uncommitted sins even while she struck him with a horsewhip. Further, the boy had a congenital sex deformity which turned him into a shy, inhibited little creature, and subconsciously he blamed his mother for that, too. Thus was born a neurosis which, years later, flowered in a gush of blood and swept over a small army of hapless women.

Watson ran away from home when he was twelve, and he moved so obscurely that little is known of his life for the next three decades. He turned up in Canada about 1912 and went to work as a salesman for the Robin Hood Milling Company in Calgary. Years later his employers told the California authorities that Watson was "rather erratic, a very mild sort of person and an awful bore." Watson also spent some four years with the Canadian Protective Association at Vancouver. He was ushered out of this firm after being arrested at Fernie, B. C., for posing as a director in a Canadian oil corporation.

There the official background ends, and the scene shifts to Los Angeles.

In March, 1919, a middle-aged woman appeared at the Nick Harris Detective Agency and identified herself as a Mrs. Walter Andrew, wife of a government official. She confided that she was (a) afraid of her mysterious husband, (b) suspicious of a black satchel she couldn't unlock, and (c) annoyed because he never explained where he went on frequent trips. J. B. Armstrong, the agency manager, was only mildly interested until he discovered there was no such Federal agent as Walter Andrew, and also that the man's absences from home coincided with a series of safe crackings in San Diego.

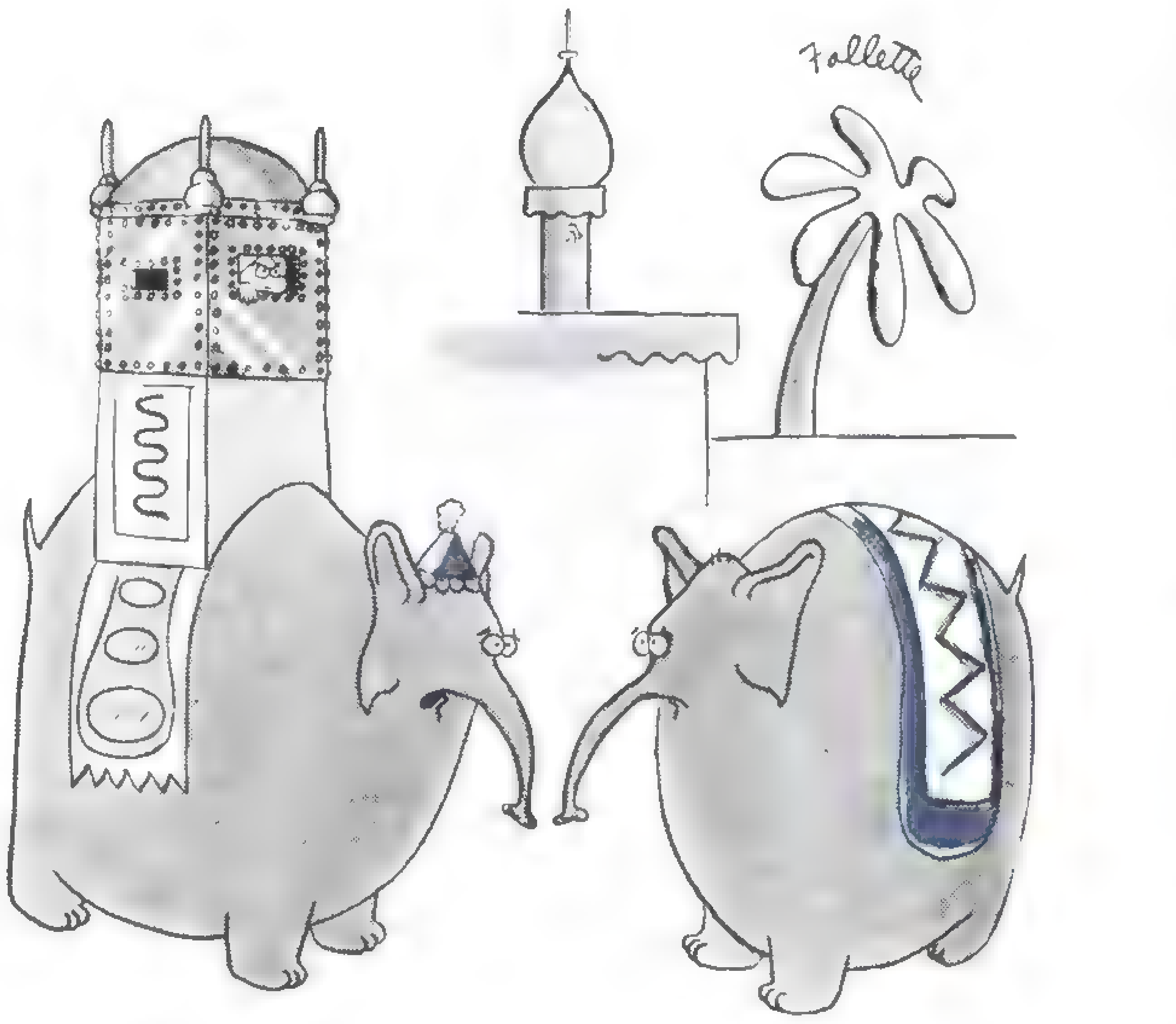
Armstrong took a long chance and called in Lee Couts and Harvey Bell, deputies from the sheriff's office. On the morning of April 9, while the suspect was out taking a walk, the three men popped into the Andrew home and made a hurried inspection of the little black bag. At first glance it was disappointing. There were no shrunken human heads—not even a gun or a knife. But, in the light of subsequent investigation, there were instruments even more deadly. The satchel yielded a handful of wedding rings, a sheaf of marriage licenses, postal savings stamps, love letters good enough for *True Confessions*, telegrams arranging rendezvous with women in half a dozen states, receipts for stored furniture, miscellaneous jewelry and half a dozen wills, some signed and some blank.

Mrs. Andrew's face was a study in storm clouds. "Why, the rat! He never told me he was married."

"Lady," Armstrong said fervently, "I think there's plenty he didn't tell you."

At that point, glancing out of the window, Mrs. Andrew spotted her ever-loving gee. "Here comes the two-timer now," she said. Armstrong, Couts and Bell nervously fingered their rods, anticipating some difficulties with this colossus of cupid. But to their astonishment James P. Watson, alias Walter Andrew, turned out to be a Minnie Mouse.

For those who think great lovers need brains, *(Continued on page 140)*



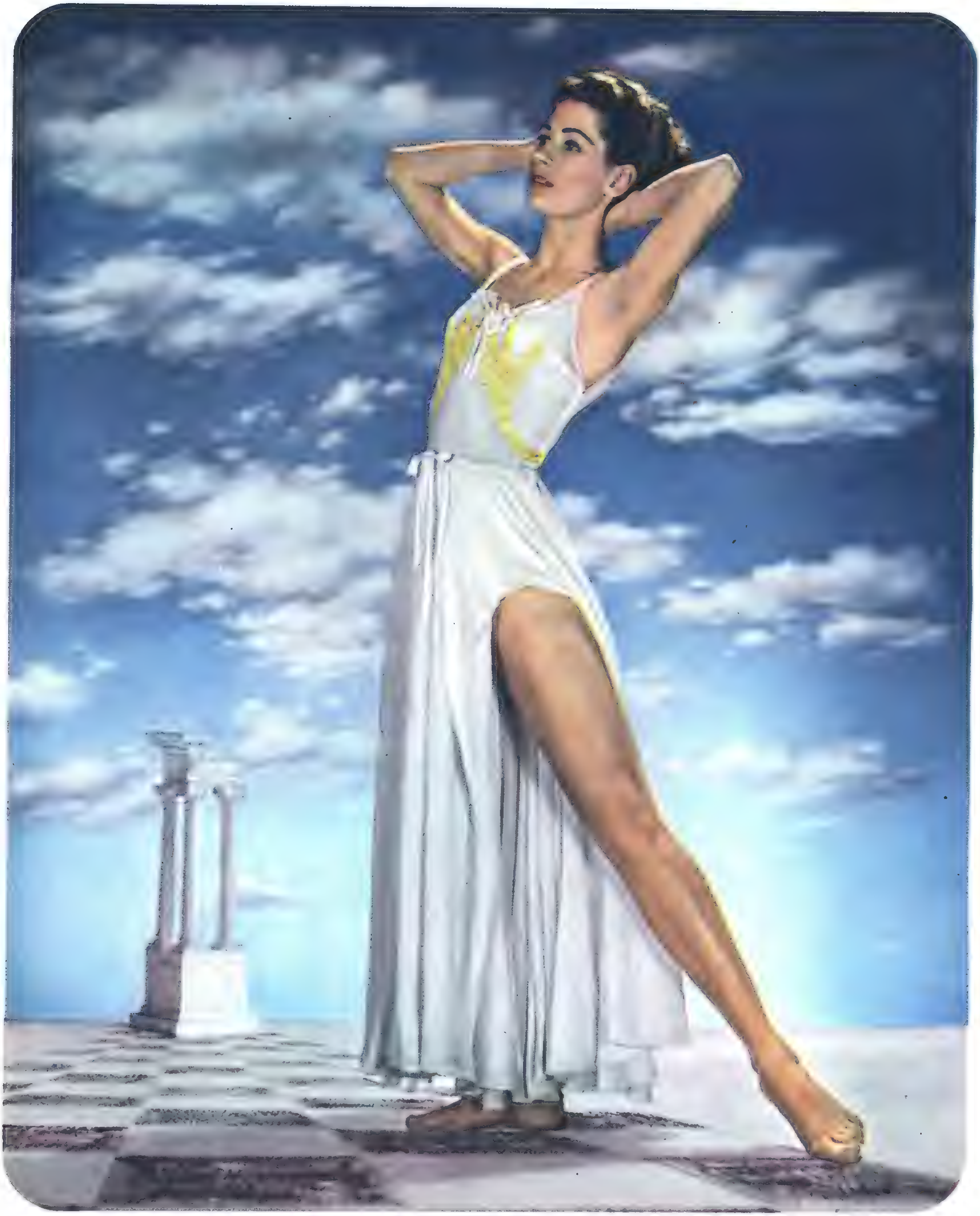
"Somebody sent him a threatening letter, I understand"

AMERICAN BEAUTY

Eileen Coghlan

Photograph by Sydney Ravitz

Miss Eileen has a number of talents besides the obviously invaluable one of being beautiful. This pepper-charged charmer was born in Northampton, Massachusetts, but grew up in Hollywood, where she began her career—as an artist-animator in a cartoon studio (fooledya!). As a matter of fact, she also played a few bit parts in movies, and answering the call of her theatrical family tree, came East for a season in summer stock. She's designed some best-selling rag dolls and nursery decorations, and illustrated children's books. On Men: "I like temperamental people—that is, people with a variety of moods. I'd rather have a man difficult than monotonous." Vital statistics: *Height:* 5′6½″; *Weight:* 116; *Bust:* 34″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 34″.



HELEN OF TROY

Diana Adams

Photograph by Stone-Bauman Greene

The last time she saw Paris . . . it caused a heck of a Trojan war. In this study of perspectives—stretching back to antiquity—Diana Adams, star of the Ballet Theatre's choreographic tale *Helen of Troy*, poses as the lady whose face launched more ships than Kaiser. The nineteen-year-old dancer from Stanton, Virginia, is a former *corps de ballet* girl who rose to leading ballerina roles. Before she joined the Hurok company two years ago, she danced in *Oklahoma!* and *One Touch of Venus*. She wears out a pair of toe shoes in each performance of the humorous ballet version of *Helen*, which is set to Offenbach music. Now completing a U. S. tour of seventy cities, the Ballet Theatre comes back to the Met in New York for the spring season.

The two men agreed that without a melodic voice no woman truly possessed charm

The Frenchman Who Understood Women

by GERALD KERSH

THE woman with banana-colored hair seemed to parade in front of herself banging a drum. When the attention of her companions wandered a little she talked louder. When they ran away she dragged them back.

The great room was full of the mutter of a hundred conversations while, in a hall beyond, fifty couples danced to the music of a fifteen-man band, and a Negress with a voice like warm honey sang the *Basin Street Blues*.

Yet I give you my word of honor; the conversation of that uproarious woman was clearly audible from where I sat, ten yards away. *Kyak-yak-yak-yak!*—It was as penetrating as the voice of a terrified duck in a thunderstorm. She laid about her with punches and coy slaps. Once, with cowish coquetry, she chased a startled youth right round a sofa.

She waddled like a manatee—one of those shapeless sea beasts which showmen keep in tanks and describe as "Genuine Mermaids." I wanted to throttle her, tie her up. She embarrassed me, that blaring brass band of a blonde. It was not as if she had even good looks to recommend her. Pig-eyed, buck-toothed, with a face as red and shiny and a voice as shrill as a penny squeaking balloon.

"Bah!" I said to the gentleman who sat on my right.

"Pardon?"

"I said, 'Bah.' I was referring to that intolerable woman. Listen to that voice!"

"True," he said. "Her voice is appalling. As Houelle so neatly put it: *There are beautiful flowers which are scentless, and beautiful women that are unlovable.* To my mind, the most beautiful woman in the world is unattractive if her voice is not melodious. Shall we walk into the garden?"

"Why not?"

We went out. He carried himself with a kind of precise grace, that pale and interesting old gentleman. There was something about him that reminded me of the late Conrad Veidt. The shattering yellow voice pursued us: the blonde was beating a fat man with a carnation. "Women!" I growled.

He replied: "Pigault-Lebrun says: *Those who always speak well of women do not know them enough; those who always speak ill of them do not know them at all.* I am a Frenchman, sir, and have studied women. Having always had reasonable intelligence and a highly-developed critical faculty, as well as a lot of money and (in my youth) a fair share of good looks, I have not lacked opportunities. Are you married?" he asked suddenly.

"No."

"But you are still young. You are wise not to marry young. I think it is impossible to achieve happy marriage before the age of forty. One must select with infinite care the perfect mate. For, as Petit-Senn says: *Marriage with a good woman is a harbor in a tempest; but with a bad woman it proves a tempest in a harbor.* I was fifty-five when I married, and thank God I have never regretted it."

Over the din of the *Basin Street Blues* came the cackle of the banana-blonde.

"That voice!" he said. "Let us walk a little farther. Yes . . . I have had a wild, irresponsible life, my friend, and know women. I was restless. Having an artistic soul, if you will allow me to say so, I sought perfection. I married when I finally discovered the one woman in the world with whom I could happily share my life and fortune. Mark my words, the woman you really love is she who would have been your friend if she had been born a man. She should be your equal, so that you may enjoy life hand-in-hand with her. The perfect marriage should never be founded on passion, for, as Feuchere says: *Every great passion is but a prolonged hope.*

"But a man who has learned all about women in his youth and maturity, he may marry with his eyes open and be happy, as I am. Commerson says: *Marriage is often but ennui for two.* So it is. But I have found my ideal.

"I traveled the whole world in search of her. The variety is infinite. That is why, in seeking a mate, a man cannot be too careful. It is important to discover the one perfect combination. Just as an infinitesimally slight difference in the shape of a key will render it unfit to open a door, so a tiny variation in character may make a wife impossible to live with.

"I know a man who would have forgiven infidelity, but who attempted to assassinate his wife because, in squeezing toothpaste. she invariably started the tube in the middle and not at the lower end.

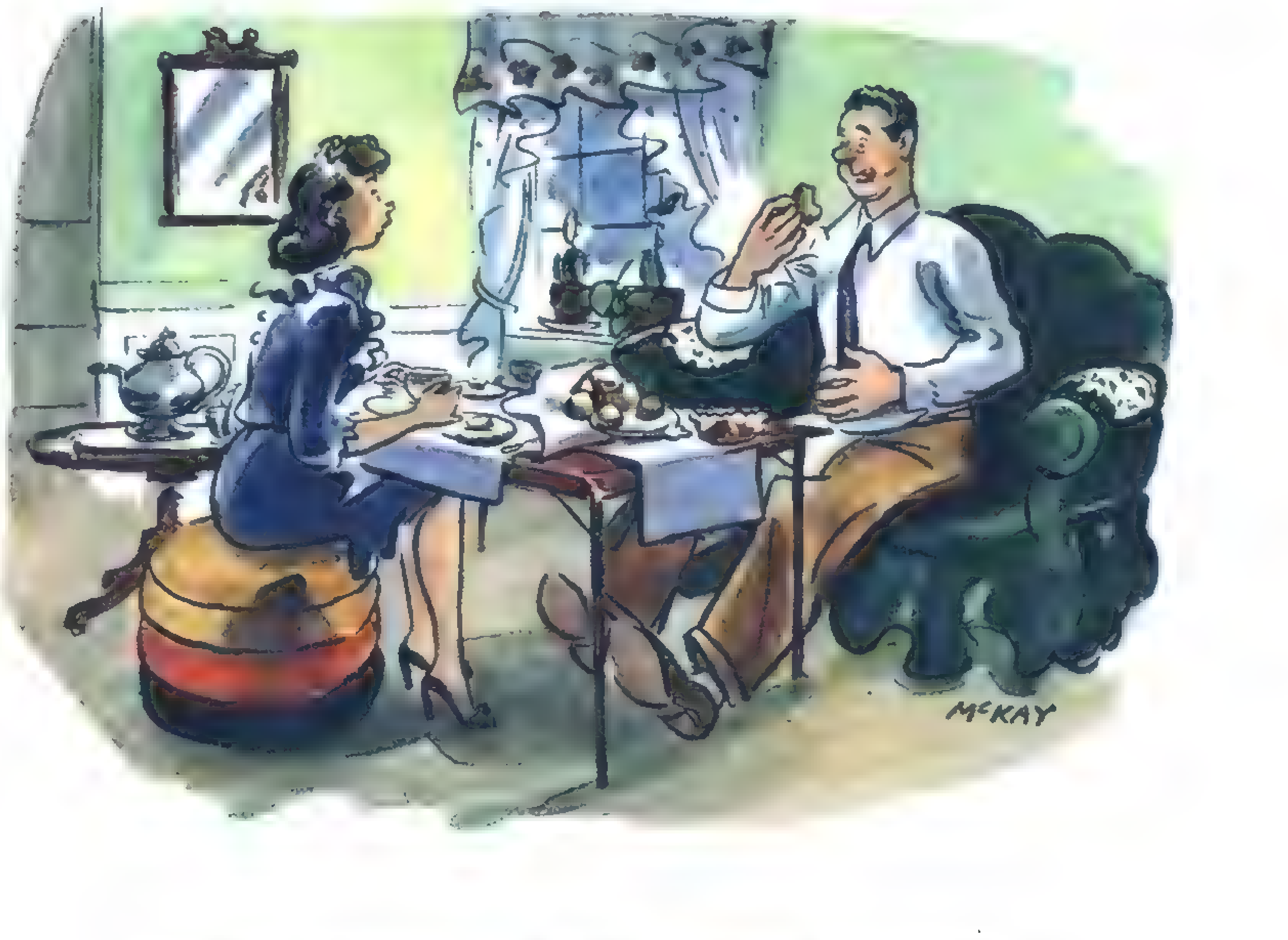
"Pay attention to every detail of the woman you think you love. It is easy to be deceived by a worthless woman. *The destiny of woman is to please, to be amiable, to be loved,* says Rochebrune. But by whom, that is the point.

"Somewhere there is a perfect mate for every man. She may take long to find. As I said, I was fifty-five when I met mine. I had known innumerable women, and found them all wanting. But one evening at a party such as this I realized that, at last, the great thing had happened. I felt a pang of realization as soon as I saw her. A blind understanding warned me that she was sublime. She was an American, but had lived for several years in Europe, traveling much, learning much. She had even written a book.

"And while Karr says: *A woman who writes commits two sins: she increases the number of books, and decreases the number of women,* my love was utterly womanly.

"She had intellect, yet was feminine. She had beauty, and intelligence. She was of a happy temperament, yet calm and sweet. Her manners were gracious and perfect. She was wise and kind. And her personality was as vivid as the dawn.

"I begged her to marry me, and after a long time, succeeded in



"These biscuits hit the spot, dear—with a thud!"

making her my wife. And time, my friend, has improved her sterling qualities. That was five years ago. I have passed five years in Paradise, and love her more and more every day.

"So. Now you, my friend, were speaking bitterly of all womankind on account of the screaming antics of some debased creature inside, there.

"Yet my wife is also a woman. There are women and women. Do not be like Boucicault, who said: *I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.*

"Seek, and you shall find perfection. Now, let us leave the garden. That unpleasant person has stopped her screeching at last, and my wife is waiting for me somewhere inside . . . Shall we go in?"

Kyak-yak-yak-yak came the voice of the woman with banana-colored hair, the woman from whom people were still flying in terror.

"Is that woman never going to shut her mouth?" I said to my companion.

"But the singing has stopped."

"Singing? Singing? I refer," I said, "to that canary-headed hag flopping about the sofa like a filleted hippopotamus."

Something struck my chin. It was my companion's fist.

"Sir," he said, his eyes blazing, "that lady is my wife." #

The latest Crosby-Hope "road" excursion offers the usual cynical brand of hokum neatly threaded with serious overtones

Back to Utopia

by JACK MOFFITT

OPENING nights can be closing dates in history. In 415 B. C., shortly before their disastrous campaign against Syracuse, Athenian audiences rioted at a performance of a pacifistic play, *The Trojan Women.* On the same day the incestuous Emperor, Caligula, was murdered in 41 A. D., his killers attended the opening of *Cinyras and Myrrha* (folo) which dealt with incest in high places. Followers of the Earl of Essex in 1601 ordered a revival of Shakespeare's drama of revolution, *Richard II*, a few days before they made their fatal effort to seize the throne of Queen Elizabeth. A few months prior to the execution of King Louis XVI, Chénier's badly-written *Charles IX* became the smash hit at the Comédie Française because it presented a French king as a tyrant. In 1945 pickets before Warner Brothers' Theatre in Hollywood quoted anti-capitalistic dialogue from *The Pride of the Marines* in an effort to persuade real Marines from seeing *The Pride of the Marines* which was being offered inside the theatre.

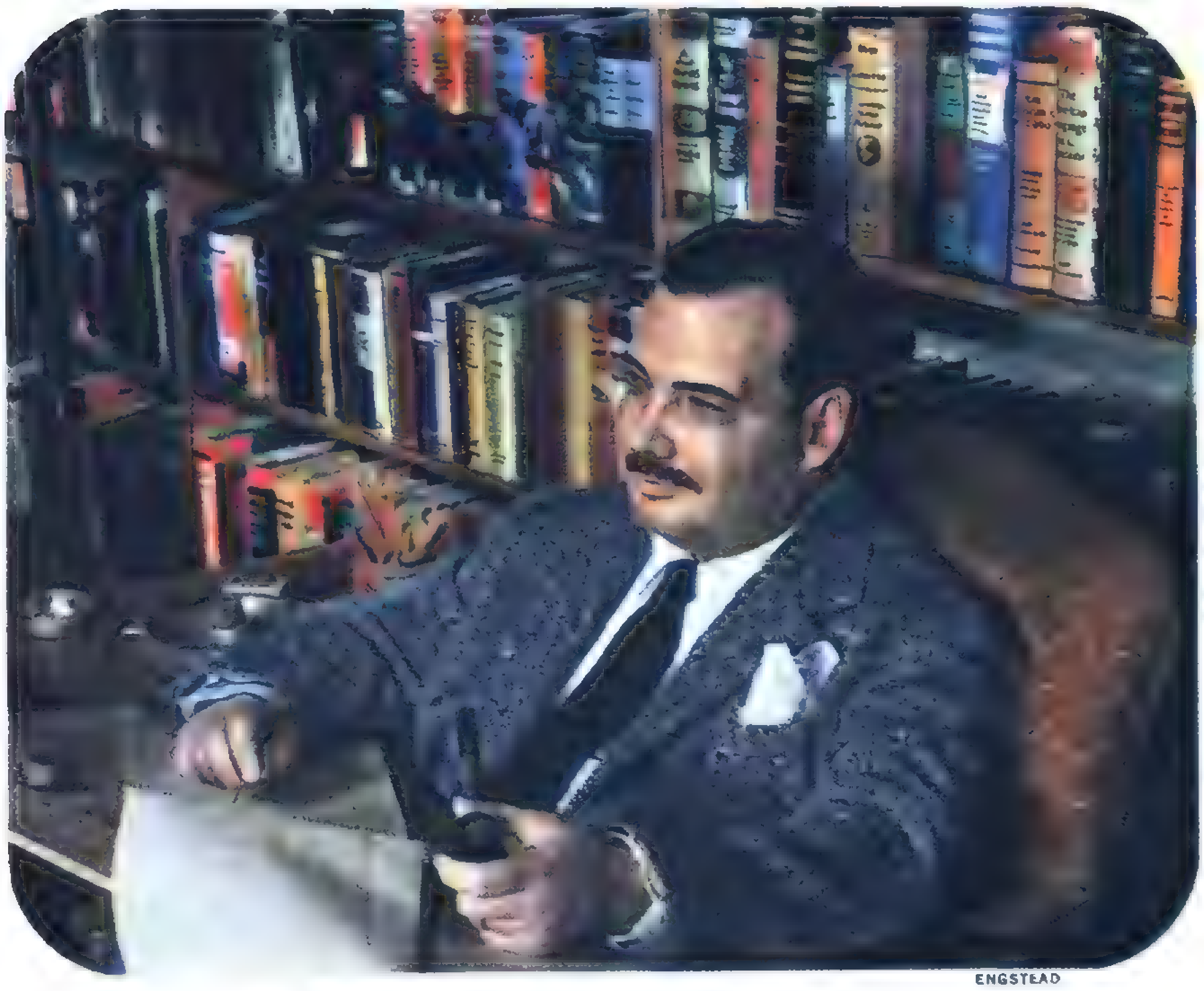
And in 1946 A.D., Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope appeared in the *Road to Utopia.*

The film originally was titled *Road to Moscow.* After observing the scant profits of *North Star* and *Mission to Moscow*, Paramount hastily shifted the title from Muscovy to mythology. But because several sets depicting snow and ice already had been constructed by the scenic artists, an arctic setting had to be retained. Paramount met this crisis by transferring the story's background from the Soviet Union to Alaska in the period of 1898. Red ice looks just as bleak as white ice in black and white photography.

Because of all this, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby propound the most sobering social comment of the season. We'll never get to Utopia if we've already passed it. Utopia lies back in 1898—in the idyllic era of salted gold mines, Mickey Finns and starvation along the Yukon. Maybe they're right. Compared to the class war and the atom bomb, such goings on do seem pastoral. But it's a gloomy omen for the first year of the United Nations.

For Bob Hope, it goes without saying, Utopia is doubly ominous. All "road" pictures deal with Faith, Hope and Crosby—with Crosby inevitably winding up on top. Bing has taken more liberties with Bob than Maurice Evans has inflicted upon *Hamlet.* The groaner now hoards the best of his instincts for his Father O'Malley roles in such films as *Going My Way* and *Bells of St. Mary's.* Any kindness he has left over is used to smother his rival, Frank Sinatra. In the hands of a shrewd adversary even love can be a menace. By the time Crosby gets around to Hope, he has only a couple of ruthless emotions left. These are a casual and murderous callousness, coupled with an amiable dishonesty. Hope finds few hints of the brotherhood of man in the Crosby version of Utopia.

All this is very cynical, and the audiences find it hilarious. The *Road to Utopia* is like all the other "road" pictures in that it is founded upon the gypping of the trustful Hope by the suave and unscrupulous Crosby. When Bing exploits Bob, all Nature conspires to assist his larceny. Kodiak bears burst into dialogue, making Hope the butt of their jests. Fish raise their heads from icy pools to take Bing's side in con games. Dottie Lamour wears a sarong while plodding through the snow until Hope doubts even the evidence of his own senses. Even Dottie's screen child joins in the



ENGSTEAD

Scriptist and Pic Crick

Jack Moffitt, Esquire's movie critic, is also Esquire's Jekyll-Hyde. Mr. Moffitt, the villainous screen critic by night, also happens to be Dr. Moffitt, respected and successful writer of screen plays by day. Used to be a reporter on the New York Sun *and ex-movie critic of the Kansas City* Star. *Also collaborated with Sinclair Lewis on the stage version of* It Can't Happen Here, *for the Federal Theatre. But Moffitt made his biggest splash when he reported the Senate investigation of Hollywood for that Bible of Bagdad, the* Hollywood Reporter. *Here the good doctor established himself as an impartial observer with a keen eye, an open mind, a point to his pen. Now that he's calling the tintypes for Esquire, Moffitt becomes the only one of the lousy-fortune boys who lets his right hand write 'em, his left hand smite 'em.*

conniving. If heredity means anything, this child should wear a flowered diaper. But it doesn't. It shows up warbling, "Boo-boo-be-do" and looking like Crosby.

For reasons that are as old as the human race, all of this is very funny. Ever since Aristophanes made an affable chiseler the hero of *The Acharnians*, a mundane public has shown a willingness to laugh at idealists and to applaud the tricks of bunk artists.

We love our rogues and are ever willing to think well of them. Even the Legion of Decency would object if Crosby showed the slightest twinge of conscience in the "road" pictures. And I think his skill as a scoundrel has done much to make his priestly characterization successful. The public eagerness to be impressed by contrasts forms the basis for most sure-fire hokum. Iturbi becomes a friend of the common man by playing boogie-woogie badly. A million tone-deaf citizens concede that Melchior has a great voice after he has sung *Please Don't Say No, Say Maybe*. And who has forgotten those art-packed moments when Harpo Marx ceased his lustful pursuit of the chorus girls to twang his harp with a dignity that would have seemed a little overboard for St. Cecilia? Half the people of the United States believe that Charlie Chaplin was a great and sensitive Hamlet, despite the fact he never played it. Every time some woman sues him, they become more sure of it.

Only an unjust Fate would exempt Bob Hope from this rule that sanctifies comedians. Nobody calls him "the little man," no matter how hard he gets hit with a slapstick. And nobody suggests that he should play Hamlet. However, I do have an encouraging word concerning him. Jack Benny tells me Eddie "Rochester" Anderson is planning a production of *Othello* with an all-Negro cast—except for the part of the Moor which he intends to offer to Hope. Being a perfectionist, Eddie says the greatest sucker in literature should be played by the greatest fall guy in the movies. He thinks Hope should have the role, even though such casting may invite some prejudices in the deep North. The more liberal element in Harlem, Eddie feels sure, will admit that Hope's sucker would make even Stepin Fetchit look brilliant.

That's logical. Hope's face was built for trustful optimism. No matter what happens, he'll continue to look up as long as he follows his nose. That makes him doubly lovable, since the dumbest members of the audience feel superior to him. Theatre ushers report that spectators all laugh at Hope and identify themselves with Crosby. Throughout history, the rascals who are willing to let the public in on their villainy have all died loaded with honors. It is only when they admit that they consider all mankind a herd of dopes that the world mobilizes to destroy them. Both Hitler and Hirohito did all right as long as they allowed large bodies of "good citizens" to consider themselves partners.

Behind the half-parenthesis which Hope uses as a profile, there lurks a noble character. This keeps him pathetic despite the fact that he has an amazing mind. The tireless good nature with which he entertained millions of servicemen puts us all in debt to him. He was always willing to be the butt of a G.I.'s joke and never tried to be smarter than his audience. As an actor he has atoned for the unfortunate impression which John Wilkes Booth left upon American history. The non-theatrical world admires him for his wit. The theatrical world marvels at his memory, which is even more formidable. He has a keen and active humor. But, as a wholesaler of comedy, he doesn't depend on it. He is the only man living who can remember ten thousand clean jokes.

At first glance, this seems a depressing talent—something like a jolly conversation with Bernarr MacFadden prolonged to the end of time. But Mr. Hope not only remembers clean jokes, he knows how to artfully ad lib them into any situation. At a moment's notice, he can give the gag a "Haircut" so that it seems topical, spontaneous and unpremeditated. Compared to such mental agility, mere native wit seems amateurish. Hope's personality gives the oldest wheeze a mint-new flavor. You will notice in the *Road to Utopia* that he makes his best lines seem accidental. He appears as surprised as his fellow players when he says something funny. By this technique, the best gagsmith in the business keeps from looking like a smart aleck. That's the secret of Hope's technique and that's why his shows are so much better than his column.

Except for one under-par Morgenthau joke, there's scarcely a line in the *Road to Utopia* that can be considered deliberately topical. But by repeating the age-old farce of the exploiter and the exploited, the picture makes some claim to a sort of timeless immortality. By sounding a note of cynical and world weary common sense in the midst of an era that is desperately and uneasily optimistic, it may be even historic. Bob Benchley supplies another element of importance. Bob appears, every now and then, to "explain" the action. He's not one of the characters—just a prologue without portfolio. But his cheerfully inane ad libs do more than merely compound the confusion. They give the idiotic events on the screen a certain relation to reality.

BULL

Audrey Totter, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

Audrey Totter hit Hollywood from the air . . . like a bomb! And the general effect has not been dissimilar. Two years ago she was queen of New York's radio soap operas. An M-G-M talent scout heard her throaty voice one day and he checked to see if the face matched the larynx. It did. "Just luck," says the green-eyed, blonde starlet. But it's been hard, conscientious work backed by looks, ability and intelligence which led to Audrey's climb from amateur dramatic roles in Joliet, Illinois, to parts in eight movies. Her last was playing Lana Turner's rival in The Postman Always Rings Twice. *On the subject of men, Audrey says that intelligence is her first requisite; a sense of humor her second. And she likes men who enjoy hiking, hunting and fishing, as she does. Vital Statistics*: height: *5′ 3″*; weight: *105*; bust: *36″*; waist: *23″*; hips: *34″*.

As I watched his antics, I felt that Benchley's comments might have been much the same had they been cut into a newsreel dealing with the events of the past twenty years. I felt that Benchley was forging non-comprehension into a weapon with which a mildly sane man can face a wildly lunatic world. All plots become idyllic when viewed through the mist that rises from the glass of Scotch in his hand. Almost anything can be cheerfully adjusted to—so long as it is only half understood.

Benchley, with his highball and his beaming reactions to the Donnybrook Fair around him, was the real "boy next door"—a thousand times more typical than Van Johnson. Paramount didn't write his lines for this production. Neither did Benchley. "I'll just stand around," he said, "and make such explanations as might occur to any drunk of good will. They won't be profound. Just the sort of thing serious people are always saying to each other."

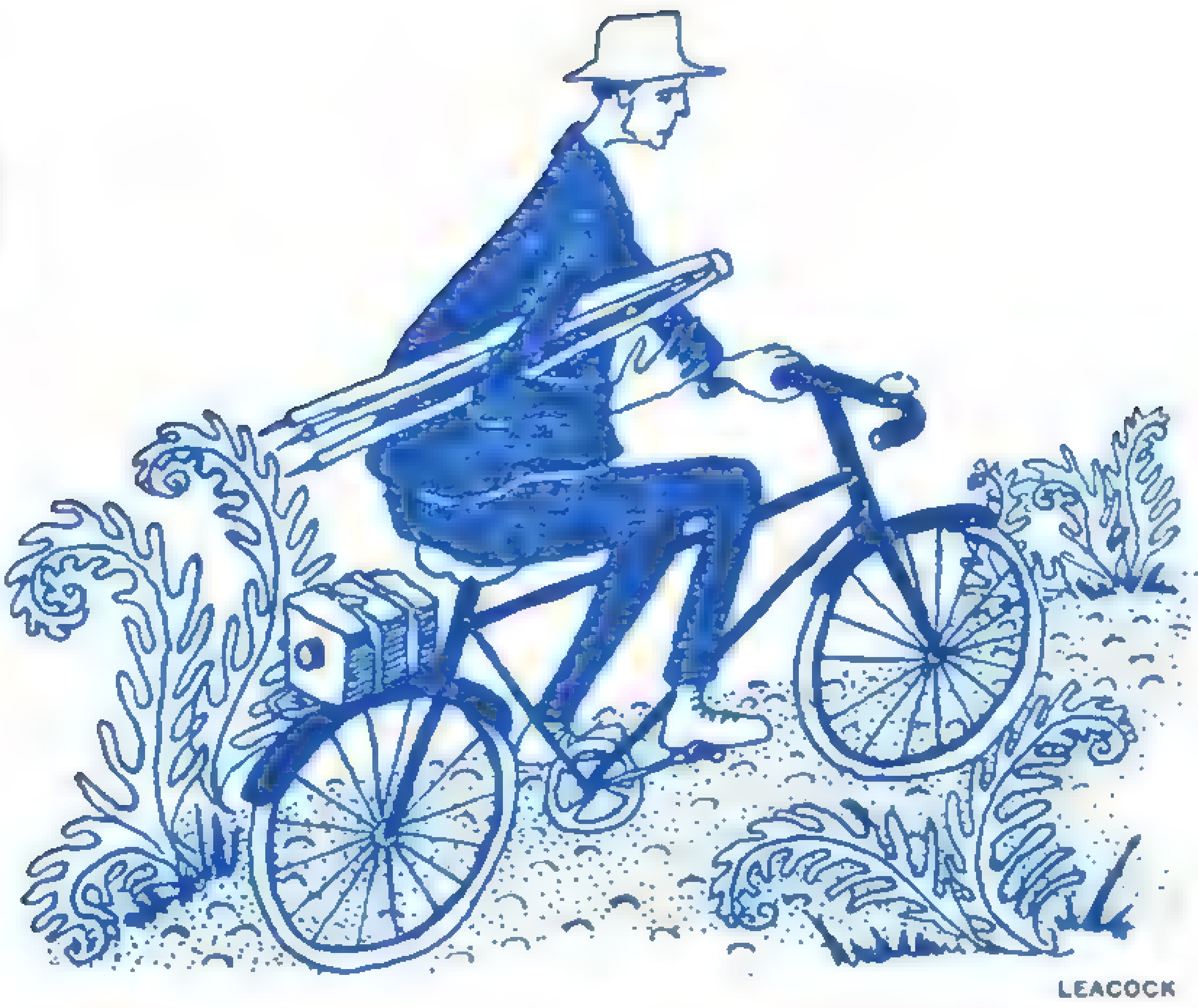
So they took pictures of him doing it. These give the *Road to Utopia* a wistful overtone of deep humor beyond its glittering tundras of timeless and glacial gags.

So, with no cue more obvious than its title, the *Road to Utopia*, like many another great comedy, offers its concealed but perhaps profound commentary upon the world we live in. As though avoiding the obligation of noticing the perplexing present, other movies follow the example of placing their Utopias in past periods.

Dore Schary sets *The Spiral Staircase*, a super whodunit with a mute as its heroine, amid the wrought-iron fences and whale-ribbed corsets of the American-Gothic era of 1910. Miss Ethel Barrymore appears as an authentic relic in these surroundings. It is the period when the robber barons first felt premonitions that someday there might be boarders in Mama's conservatory and that interior decorators would invade the attic to dye the family skeletons a gay chartreuse. It makes an excellent background for a superior picture.

This mood of a tarnished golden age is established by a few flashes from *The Sands of Dee*, an antique silent movie starring Robert Harron, Spottiswood Aiken and Florence Lawrence. This filled me with bittersweet memories. Miss Lawrence was the first movie actress to refuse my hand in marriage. She (*Continued on page 152*)

Mr. Simpson of Tahiti



LEACOCK

Among the fabulous colony of expatriots who find refuge on that South Pacific island, his history leads all the rest

by SIDNEY CARROLL

BACK in the days when I had left one battlefield of the war and was making my way, as slowly as possible, towards another, I stopped off at the island of Tahiti. In the two weeks of blessed respite I had on Tahiti, I would spend my mornings in a place called Quinn's.

Quinn's is about the only place in Tahiti that can properly be called a saloon. The other places in Tahiti which dispense pretzels and beer are merely cafés or restaurants. Quinn's is a saloon, absolute and inviolate, the one sample of the true species on all of Tahiti. Even its name will testify to that. It is in the center of the main street of Papeete, a store with a wide-open front, a ramshackle bar just inside the entrance, booths along the walls, and a small stage at the rear. I spent a good part of my two weeks in and around the place, and I never saw that stage of Quinn's used for anything but storage space. It was always littered with mops and buckets. Just what purpose these utensils served in Quinn's is an enigma, for Quinn's is not a tidy place. It has a run-down and dingy air and I doubt if the floors have felt the caress of those mops for many a Tahitian moon. But Quinn's had what you might call Charm. It boasted a Sonora victrola, whose arteries had hardened, and a collection of records which were warped and moulting, but which still managed to produce music. The little boys and girls of the Papeetian streets used to wander into Quinn's at all hours of the day and crank the victrola and play the records.

It was part of the pattern of Quinn's to hear the honky-tonk tunes of the early twenties come wheezing out from one of the dusty corners, music which featured lots of traps and drums, music which had bounce and lots of brass.

All this was in Papeete, in Tahiti, in a rusty old saloon where most of the customers padded around in bare feet, and most of the talk was a jumble of all the Polynesian patois, but that kind of music seemed, somehow, just right. Quinn's had Charm. It was not too clean, but neither is the inside of an organ grinder's box.

You couldn't buy beer in Quinn's until the noon hour. That was the local law. You could get a kind of sweet-smelling yellow soft drink which went by the name of "punch," but you resisted that because you had too much respect for Quinn's beer. It was made in a brewery out in one of the country districts, and it was poured into any old kind of bottle which the native brewers could reclaim from the junk piles, but it was magnificent beer. Quinn's punch was terrible, so you waited until twelve o'clock for the beer. The thing to do, if you came down to Quinn's too early in the morning, was to wander in and out of the booths, listen to the Polynesian chatter, watch the natives and the Frenchmen playing a card game called Pique—or put records, whose labels had long since been obliterated, on the victrola, and wait to see what kind of music would come out.

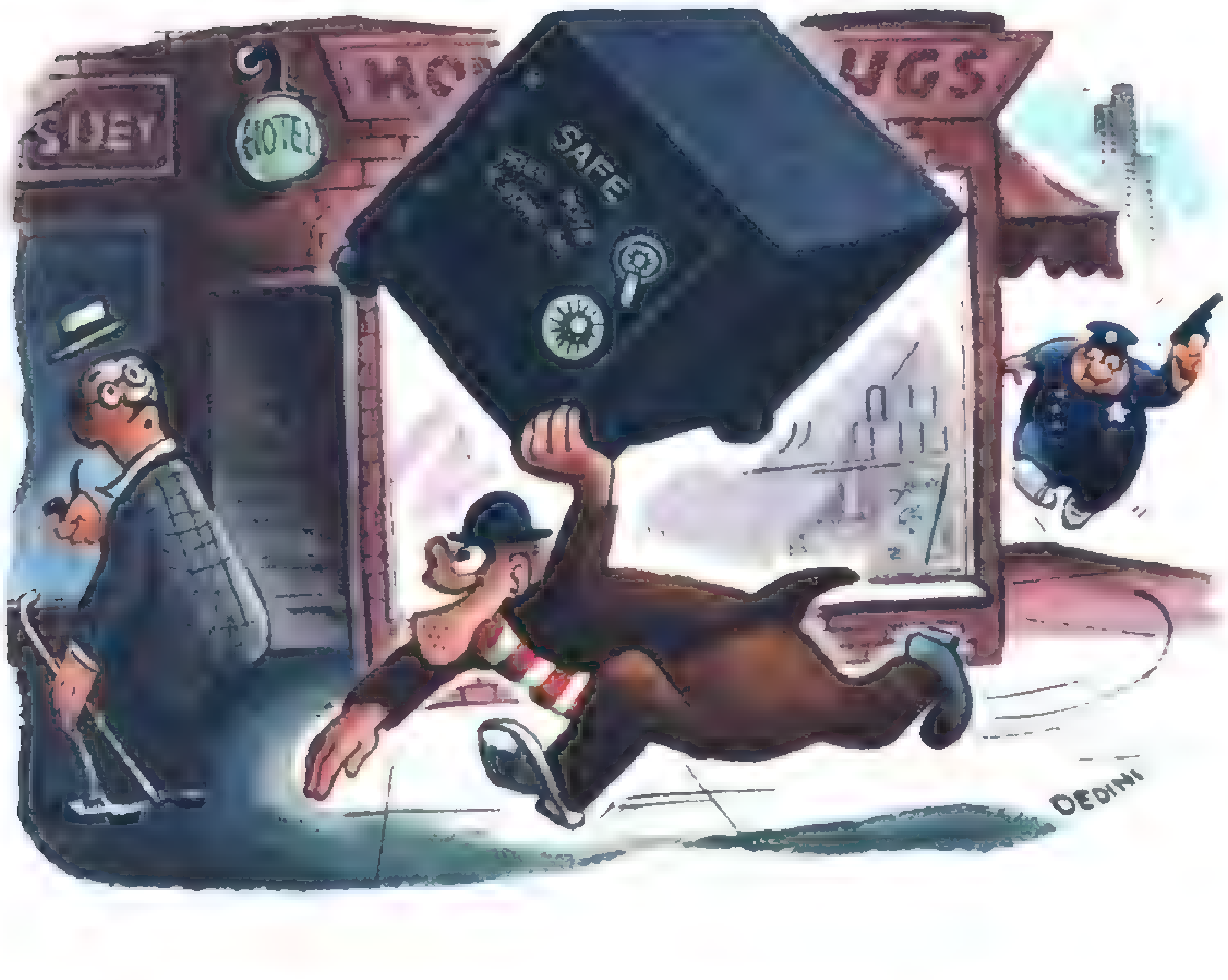
The idea, in any case, was to waste time until twelve o'clock.

Another way to do it was to sit outside Quinn's on the sidewalk. There was a bench there, a battered relic placed right out on the street. You could sit on it, with your back to the bar, and watch the people of Papeete go by. That was quite the best way to waste the hours until twelve o'clock, because the pedestrian world of Papeete was always full of surprises. There were always plenty of Chinese children rolling in the gutter, and old native women in Mother Hubbard dresses walking by barefooted. There was occasional vehicular traffic in the street too . . . a few automobiles to break the monotony of the long, sunny mornings, and some horse-drawn traffic. One old French woman always drove by at eleven o'clock in the morning in a creaking old sulky. She had one black horse to pull her along. She kept snapping a whip over his head to keep him stepping briskly, and she kept jerking his head back with the reins. You could see she was trying to give the tired old nag the air of a spanking bay. The woman would have looked proud and pathetic in the little carriage behind the tired old horse if it weren't for the fact that her face was a caricature of a face behind a clown's make-up. She wore a low-cut evening gown even in the forenoon, and her flat breasts would flap in rhythm to her horse's clip-clop when she drove by every morning precisely at eleven o'clock. In that getup she radiated neither pride nor pathos. She was simply a monstrosity.

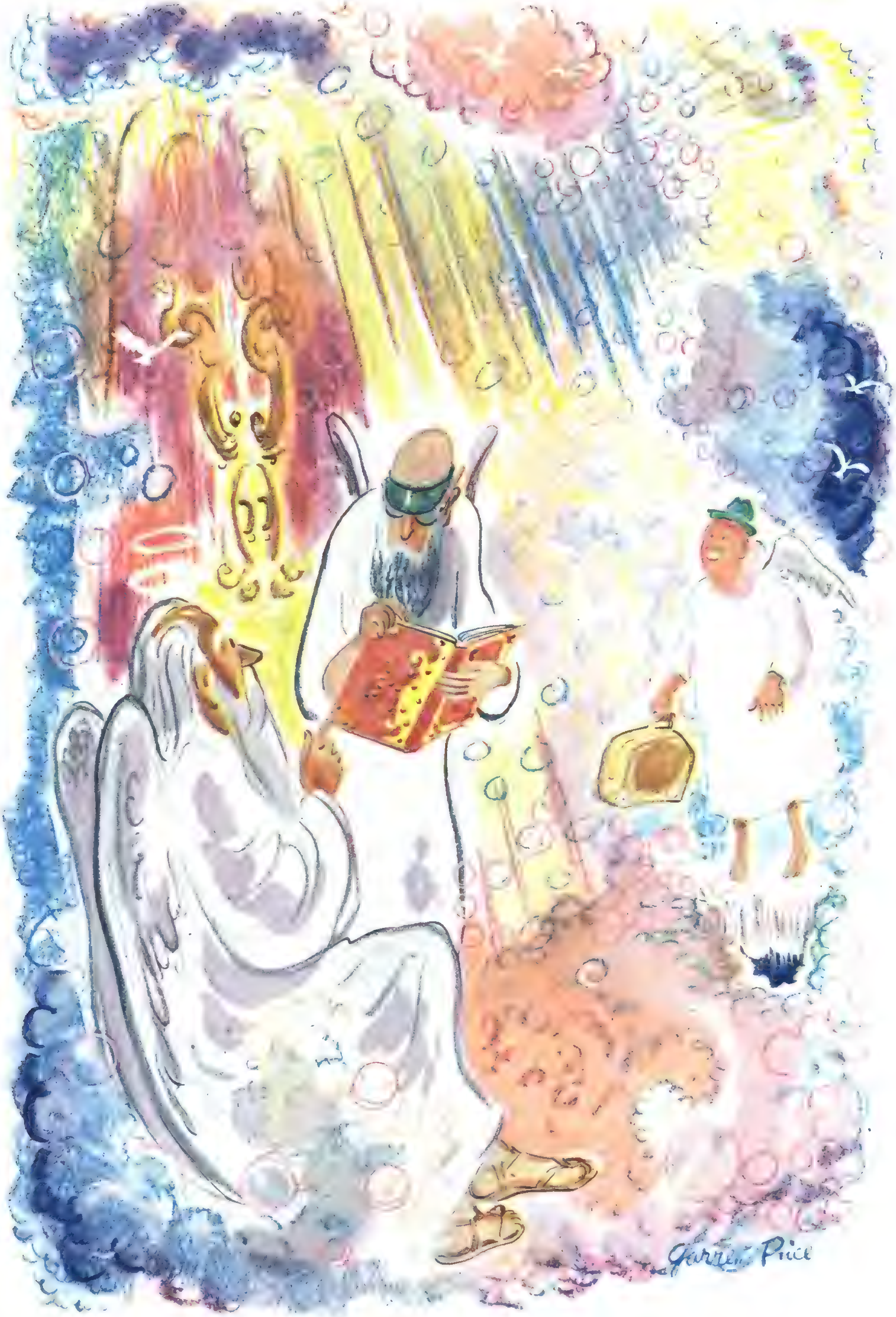
There was also a great deal of bicycle traffic in that street in the mornings. The French and the Tahitians would pedal leisurely by with their market baskets on the handlebars. The soldiers of the Free French garrison stationed in Papeete would go by Quinn's on bicycles, and when they'd pass they'd wave, not to anybody in particular, but to the saloon itself. Some of the natives even had bicycles. Each passerby insisted on being a personality, an individual. He refused to let himself melt into the mass. He sang as he drove by, or shouted, or fell off his bicycle with a great clatter simply to draw attention to himself. All these people were gay and festive, and good to see early in the morning. But, of all of them, the most remarkable by far was one man who was a white man, an old man, the most distinguished-looking human being on a bicycle in all of Papeete.

Even when he was pedaling by you could guess that this old man was well over six feet tall. He was one of the skinniest men I have ever seen. He pedaled slowly and deliberately, always with his two long hands on the grips. Behind his bicycle seat there was a thing of straps and boards which carried a big box camera and a tripod. He wasn't one of the everyday crowd that passed me by. He'd come by Quinn's every other morning or so. To me, he was always the star attraction of the parade. After he passed by I felt as if the show were finally over and it was time to go inside and get that beer. I suppose

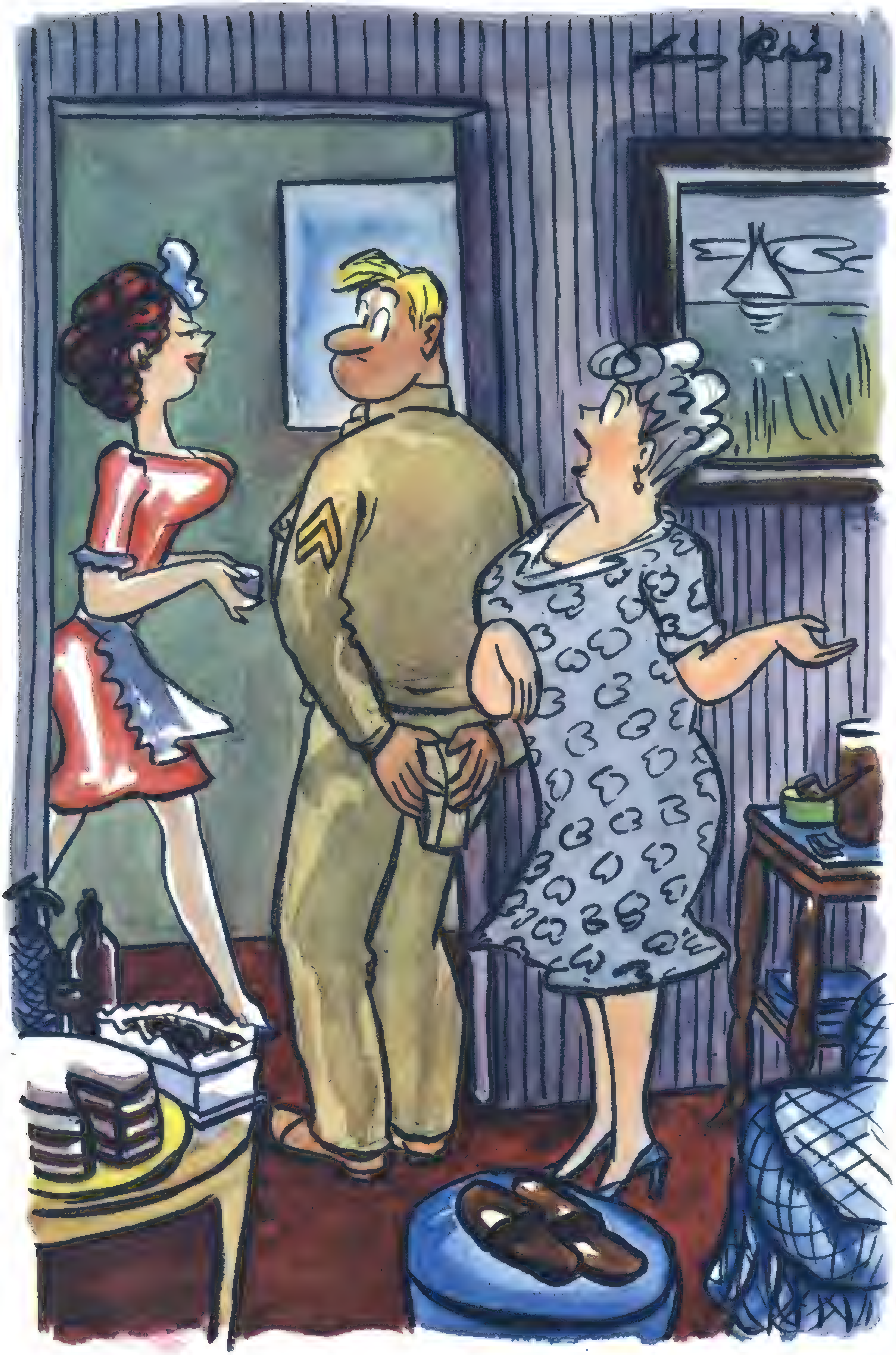
(*Continued on page 161*)



"It's made of that new, light postwar metal—great, eh?"


Garrett Price

"We usually give each newcomer a harp, but to an American we give a radio"



"But, Son—all those things you said you longed for are in here!"

Chance realized his mother was watching him for signs of emotional battle scars

Chocolate and Chewing Gum

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

Chance's mother stopped as she was about to break the eggs into the skillet where the bacon already sizzled. He had been home a week now and every morning of it he'd stood in the kitchen and watched the ritual of the breaking of the eggs.

"Stupendous," he would exclaim, "eggs that come in shells!"

She went to the kitchen door to call him. He was sitting on the garage stoop. She looked thoughtfully at him for a moment before she shouted, in keeping with the simulated comedy that had been played since he had returned, "Chow Down!"

Chance rose and came into the kitchen. He watched her as she cracked the eggs and then he sat down at the table and heavily buttered a slice of bread, smearing the whole slice at once.

His mother brought the eggs and bacon over on a large Dutch-patterned plate. It was a plate that a fellow dreams of when he has to be away for a long time. A fragment flashed in his mind. Yes, that was it, he actually had dreamed one night of his mother's Dutch blue plates. Here, strangely, seeing the gay blue figures on the plate again, he found himself dreaming open-eyed of the jungle. If he had seen a jeep, he could have understood why the green montage would roll like well-edited splices of motion pictures through his memory. But the plates. He wondered if the plates would always fetch back the mud and melancholy.

Chance's mother sensed his detachment. She had worried long before he had come home from the tropics that he might be strange. She had read the many simplified articles describing psychological changes veterans suffer. She feared Chance would be affected, but except for his shifting the subject each time the war was mentioned and his far-off gazes, he was the same boy who had gone away.

Chance tore off a crusted corner of bread and jammed it into the yellow, then quickly wolfed the dripping bread. He tried to be fully absorbed in eating, but he felt the pressure of unasked questions . . . "I'll get a cup of tea and have it with you," his mother said. She poured herself a cup and sat back and watched Chance.

"I guess you want to know about the war, Mom," Chance said.

"Yes," she replied. "It would be better for you, Chance, if you talked with me about it and then we could forget the whole thing."

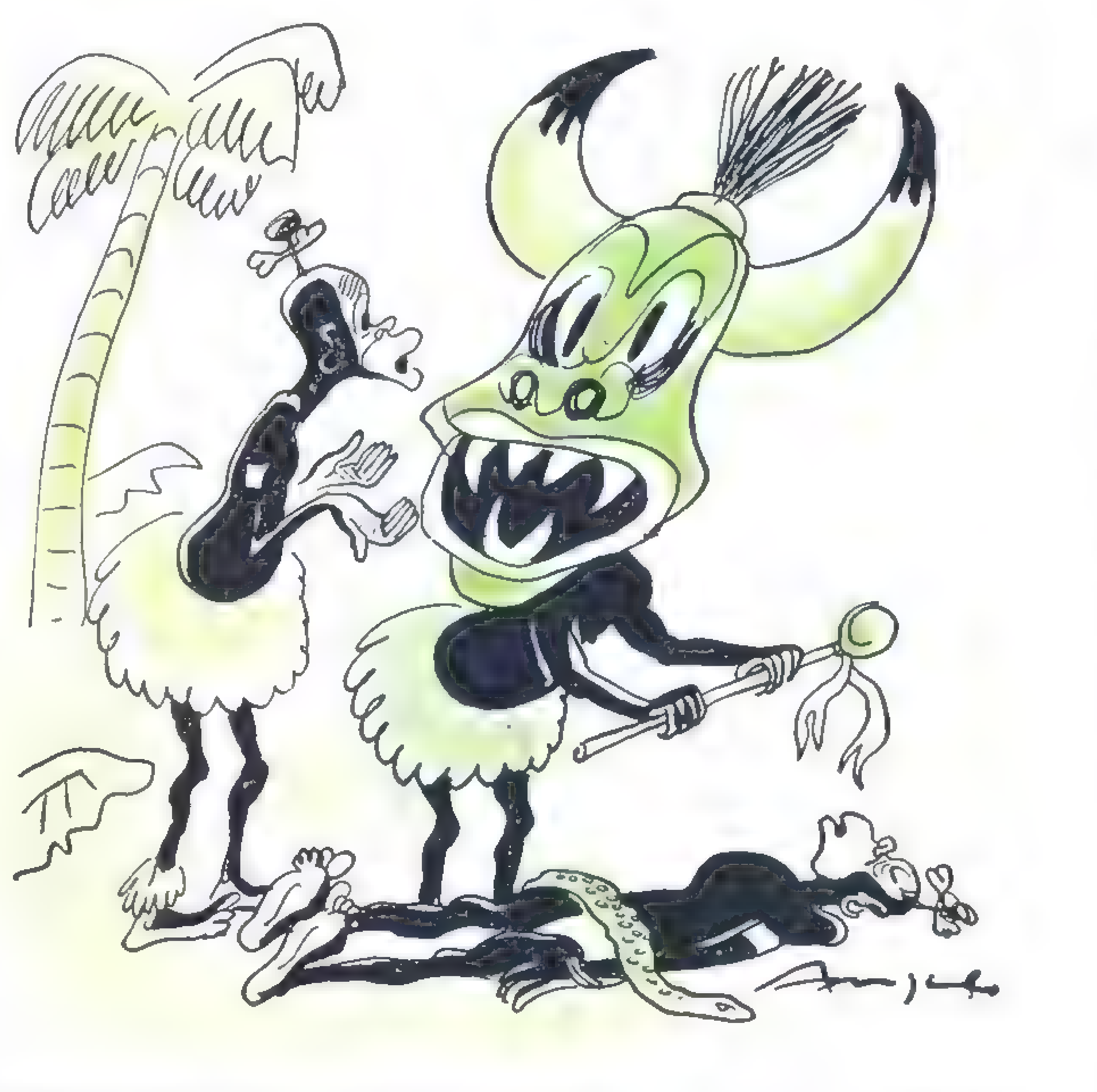
Chance picked up a teaspoon and began drawing figure eights on the tablecloth with it. He kept his head down.

"Really not much to tell, Mom," he said with a shrug.

She sat quietly. She had decided months ago not to prod him. She knew he would continue in a while, because Chance had always shared with her his boyhood secrets.

"You see, Mom, I was in the back areas." It was like a confessional. Chance struggled for the words he wanted.

"Back where I was, there was nothing doing but just waiting. It was very boring. We used to sit around and talk a lot and I'd tell the boys about you. Or they'd talk about their homes or their girls or the big times they had had in the States before we went overseas. We'd build tents and take them down again and move someplace else and we'd laugh like hell at the officers running their legs off after the Red Cross girls and nurses and Wacs. That's about all there was to it, Mom."



"If this doesn't work, then will you try penicillin?"

She raised the cup and looked over the rim at him. Chance began to feel caught. He had never been able to hold out on his mother.

"I wrote all about everything in my letters," he said.

That wasn't enough either.

"Mom," he began again, "it was the craziest war of all the wars in history. I never even got to see a Jap until I passed a stockade one day in a jeep. I saw some Jap planes but I couldn't see the pilots. They were lousy shots, too, Mom, and there never was anything landed within a mile of me. The other doggies and Marines and the sailors that went into the beaches could tell lots of good stories, but I can't because by the time I got anyplace everything was secured. Why, Mom, I didn't even get as near to the front as the Wacs. As I live and breathe."

Chance looked straight at his mother's eyes. They seemed less troubled. He was sure she had been losing sleep over any mental battle scars he might have had.

Like a fighter who has found an opening, Chance pounced in. "I guess I should have told you about Chewing Gum and Chocolate, but I was holding out because you might feel badly about what happened," he related. "You remember that time I wrote you from the Philippines about the two little Filipino boys who used to hang around our tent and scrounge stuff?"

His mother nodded.

"Well, we used to call them Chewing Gum and Chocolate. That was because one of them always asked for chewing gum and the other one wanted chocolate. Their real names were Rudy and Carlos. We used to ask them their names and they'd give out with six or seven names in a row. It was part of the act. We always asked them their names before we'd give them anything. Then we'd give them something to eat and they'd say, "thunk you," and run away.

"Those two kids were sure good for us. They were always around. We used to get them to jitterbug. One kid, Chewing Gum, was about six years old. Chocolate was four. They usually wore only an undershirt that didn't quite cover what most certainly should have been covered. It sure was funny watching them dance."

Chance saw that the situation was well in hand. He didn't like to tell the remainder of the story. His mother was a trifle maudlin at times, but he went ahead, unconsciously sticking to a winning military stratagem to push on when you're doing well.

"After a couple of months in that town," Chance continued, "I was sent up to Luzon. It was quieter there than it had been on Leyte. I was there five months before I was sent back to Leyte to get ready to come home again. I went round to the house where Chewing Gum and Chocolate lived and found their mother. She could speak fairly good English, and I saw Chewing Gum in the yard with her. I gave Chewing Gum some chewing gum. He didn't recognize me at first, but when he did he wanted to crawl into my arms. It felt funny to hold a jasper with no pants on, Mom!

"I asked where Chocolate was. The kid's mother looked at me for a second and then without any plaintiveness she said Chocolate was dead. Of course, I wanted to know all about it, because Chocolate was one of the cutest kids I'd ever seen. She didn't cry at all, Mom. 'Just sudden one day he was sick and he died that night,' she said. 'It is strange nobody tole you.'

"I explained that I had been up in Luzon. She said, 'Oh!' and then told me the rest of it. She said the Filipino hospital sent a doctor to the house and he stayed for hours but couldn't save him. The next day Chewing Gum must have told the gang about it. They went up and took charge and, Mom, I was sure proud of my old bunch for what they did.

"They got together and collected dough for the burial lot and the funeral mass. Then they got some plywood, which was pretty tough to get, Mom, unless you were an officer building a club, and one of the guys who was a good carpenter made the coffin. She said they made him a little soldier's suit and an overseas cap out of clothes of their own. They gave him a corporal's stripes. She said they brought over canned meat and potatoes and a lot of stuff to the house and sat up with the body at night and were on hand for the funeral. Mom, you could get yourself in Dutch, and plenty, for handing out food like that, but those guys didn't care.

"Know what else they did? They managed to scrounge a couple of jeeps and they put the coffin in one jeep and carried the close relatives in the others to the cemetery. Now that may sound easy, but at that time the MP's would take you in for hauling civilians. Mom, those were swell guys. Sure wish I could see them again."

Chance stopped. There was a forecast of tears in his mother's eyes. The rest would be easy, he thought.

"Well," he said, "think I'll go down the street and see what's doing this fine morning."

Chance rose and put on his hat. He saw his mother was crying.

"See you about noon," he called. Once outside, he felt better. "Load off my mind," he said to himself.

At the drugstore, he turned in to buy a morning paper. Sam Rafferty was having a coke. Sam had been overseas twenty-six months and was back to greasing cars again.

Chance picked up a copy of the *Tribune* when Sam asked:

"What's doing? Going back to work soon?"

"Yea, soon," Chance said.

There was a pause. "How is it at home?" Sam asked.

"Good, good," said Chance, "thanks to you. Told her your story about the Flip kid and she got to crying. Like you said, once they have a good cry, they'll probably feel better. I hope she lays off me now and lets me be myself. I sure hope so."

"She'll lay off," said Sam, "Don't worry any more about it. She'll lay off." ⵌ

Inside look at the technique of radio gagmen whose special patois includes "credits," "coolie wages" and "yaks"

Some Call It Humor

by JULES KLEINMAN

GAG or comedy writing is an art, a trade, or a business which, on Broadway, may be carried on in simple restaurants like the Theatrical Pharmacy on West 46th Street, in plush double rooms of the St. Moritz Hotel, or in office-to-office peddling.

A gag writer is a guy with a pad, pencil, a pair of sharp ears, and, if he's lucky, a witty friend. A single gag can be sold for as high as thirty-five dollars, if the comedian who is in the market has not heard the laugh line. A routine, which is a gag ornamented by word-carpentry, written for a top-ranking vaudeville or night-club comedian may be sold for as high as five hundred dollars.

Gag writers require a gag file, a typewriter and the use of a room. A gag file is a case of three-by-five index cards on which are typed the jokes of the comedy program on the air last night or some previous night, and witticisms from old issues of humorous magazines. The file may be, and often is, a compilation of gags used by every comedian in the business, each prepared with an identifying code, as a safeguard against presenting it to a performer who has already used it.

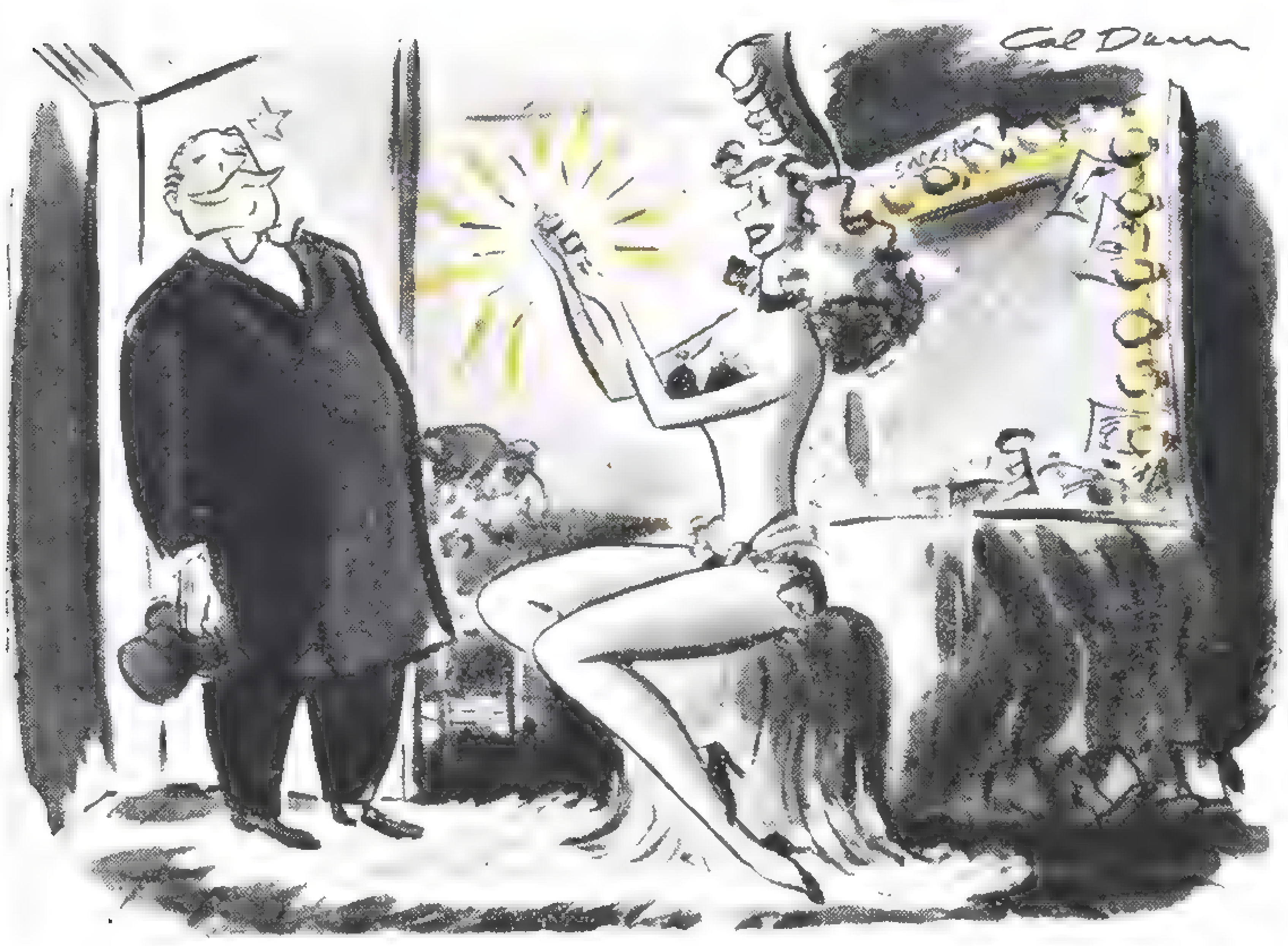
As original humor is scarce, gag writers employ what is known as a "switch"—this means changing a situation, but using an identical laugh line. This, of course, often gives a listener the impression that the joke sounds like one he heard before, but gives the comedian who uttered it a clear conscience.

Radio has made a tremendous challenge to comedy writers. Whereas an act written for vaudeville or night-club performance would require little change during the course of a year, the radio comedian requires a new set of situations and gags for each program. With numerous comedy shows crowding the radio, gag files are practically worn out in one season.

Ulcers and blood pressure have become occupational diseases with writers trying to make switches on old jokes.

A staff of writers for a comedy show can be put together in a few minutes through two talent agencies which are strong factors in the preparation and booking of radio shows. The William Morris Agency, Inc. and The Music Corporation of America hold contracts with nearly every comedy writer who can put a switch on "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" When a writer is handled by a talent agency, he is promoted from his stool and the adjoining "telephone-booth office" in the Theatrical Pharmacy.

Radio writers can make little use of back issues of humorous magazines and the scripts of the other guy's comedy show. The files of every writer contain identical jokes. This forces the birth of the



"In a way it's a shame to have gone to so much expense, with my birthday coming up next month"

"invented" gag or situation. Excellent comedy sometimes originates with, say, a salesman relating an incident that occurred at the store. The salesman will never receive a credit line for his spine tickler, nor will he benefit financially, but some attentive writer will have an "invented" gag.

The head writer of a program is usually the Idea Construction Man. He is extremely valuable to a program and is sometimes sold for as high as 1,500 dollars per week. This genius can take an old burlesque skit, give it a dry cleaning and pressing and stretch it into a half hour of belly laughs. The Idea Construction Man doesn't concern himself with the incidental jokes. These are supplied by staff gag men, who belabor their gag files to the tune of some 200 dollars per week.

Radio producers range from characters who married into the right family, to the guy with the new, shiny college diploma. All pride themselves with a thorough knowledge of the humor business. Their sole ambition is to lift the show higher on the Radio Popularity Meter—the Hooper and Crossley ratings. Comedy shows all sound alike because they rarely get a chance. A new idea in comedy never gets past the audition stage—there is never enough time to "fool" with it.

Radio writers work for producers, and radio producers work for the advertiser. All are afraid of any kind of criticism that may mean a show cancelation. They stick to the accepted successful pattern for radio shows—"make a sucker out of the comedian."

Comedy writing carries trends. The boys who write for Fred Allen, Jack Benny and Eddie Cantor cut the pattern and all of the craft follow suit. Currently, "Character Construction" is the watchword. This is a process for developing a character with sufficient humorous attachments to lift a sagging show. Some evening you may hear a postman, who is so busy he can't even read the post cards, relate all the tribulations of his duties in a slow drawl. Although he tries to impress his victim with over activity, you know he's slow enough to be run over by a hearse. He will not read funny lines—the mental picture of the character tickles the audience. There is also a trend toward "Visualization." If the straight man asks the comedian: "Are you nervous?" The comedian replies: "I'm perfectly calm." The straight man will say: "If you must walk up and down—then please get off the window sill." This type of "visualization" nearly always gets laughs.

Until television can bring scenes into the living room, top writers must develop tricks. There is a dearth of writers who can develop successful molds for character construction and visualization schemes. The formula used is the selection of any normal human behavior and changing it to its opposite.

"I like the apartment—but what will we do with the Victorian sofa?"

This is no secret process. Sigmund Freud disclosed the technique years ago. Every comedy writer should be compelled to study his time-proved method. Another authority on the psychology of humor was Max Eastman in his *Enjoyment of Laughter.*

Most comedy scribblers are free lances. It is usually bad policy to tie in with an advertising agency on a full-time basis. This is known as working for "coolie wages." Radio writers do not flourish on rice. An agency man gives Uncle Sam's Internal Revenue Department far less concern than a free-lance writer assigned to one show a week.

The names of writers are sometimes mentioned at the conclusion of a program. This is a late fad and will probably remain until the advertising agency determines that the seven or seventeen seconds required for names would have sold four hundred and seventy-four more carloads of toothpaste—then we will have longer commercials.

Newcomers in the gag business are told by the agencies to get "credits." Radio credits are invisible points acquired by writing on the staff of a top-flight show. Few producers will give an opportunity to a writer without credits. A new scribbler, therefore, must be an excellent liar with a strong element of luck in his makeup. The producer may be too busy to check a writer's background.

Special comedy material prepared for vaudeville and night-club performers is not regarded as credit for radio. If a writer tells a radio producer he has written for entertainers in vaudeville who earn 100,000 dollars a year, the producer pretends he never heard of the performer. Some do not pretend.

The ladder of success in comedy writing starts with vaudeville and ends with the movies. Traditional development is vaudeville to night club, radio and then movies. Few writers are assigned to Hollywood without first feeling the pangs of night-club and radio script writing.

The current success story is one that took an unknown vaudeville writer and dropped him in the Hollywood movie lap in one leap. This commands marked attention in the craft. The writer was visiting a friend of his on the set in Hollywood. A picture was in the process of completion, and a comedy scene was being shot. The scene did not have the punch sought by the director. A story conference was called and the vaudeville writer happened to be seated near by. He casually asked the director why he didn't use "Two Eggs." The director looked foggy and asked what "Two Eggs" were. The writer didn't tell him it was a famous old burlesque skit. He did relate some of the dialogue. The director laughed and as a natural consequence the entire set laughed. The writer is now doing the first year of a seven-year writer's contract. He will never know the tribulations of radio writing. Ninety per cent of radio writers will never know the heartaches of movie writing.

Variety, the theatrical bible, says there are one hundred radio writers in New York. Of these, about twenty-five are on regular payrolls.

The remaining seventy-five take their chances with some one hundred other writers who do comedy as a sideline.

The requirements for lower paid performers are usually met by prepared comedy material which is advertised in the trade publications and sold to all buyers at from one to twenty-five dollars for complete collections.

Writers who don't make a fast connection in radio have the odds against them. Some hope to gain recognition by submitting free gags to Broadway columnists. The gags will carry the writers' names, but that will mean nothing in radio circles. Broadway press agents will place a writer's gag in a gossip column at the rate of twenty-five dollars per week. The writer is wiser if he converts his bankroll to coffee and cake. A meal at Lindy's may cost three dollars and fifty cents. Most comedy writers who have not hit the higher brackets will confine their eating habits to the less lavish Kellogg's Cafeteria, off Broadway. Here, for less money, some nourishing food may be had and the diners may hear an occasional bit of gossip which is an indication of some performer's need for new material. This may mean a ten-dollar job for one of the gag writers in attendance.

There are many psychological reasons why a person who could find other uses for a pencil wants to write comedy. The technique used in comedy construction differs considerably from that of playwrighting. Some writers feel that comedy does not require the deep insight of character understanding that is the usual underlying feature of a good play.

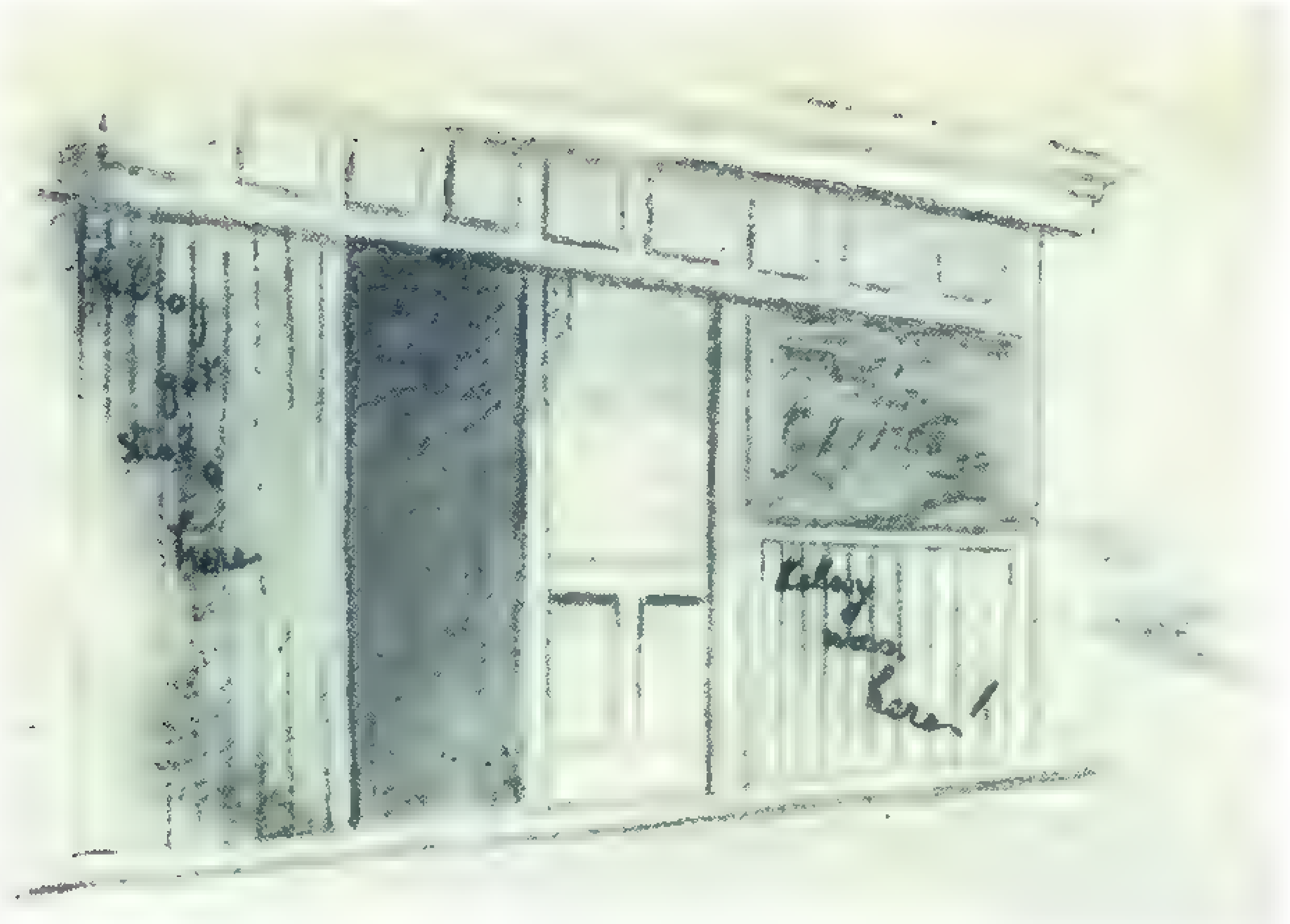
Other writers may lean toward comedy because they think they can do better or just as well. However, good comedy is the toughest material to create.

Another reason is the too frequent effect of a parlor audience on the brilliant wit of a member. If the witty person can make the home-town lads laugh at his remarks, he won't rest until he acquires world-wide recognition. Trade statistics may indicate one hundred comedy writers in New York City, but there may be thousands more, thumbing old joke books, lingering in dingy hall rooms throughout the country. All are trying to get off something like this: "He's in the meat packing business; he makes girdles." If a gag like this brings a good laugh, that gag is currently called a "yak." ###

Paul Bunyan and John Henry have met their peer in the ubiquitous pilot of the U. S. Air Transport Command

The Kilroy Story

by DAVID SCHEYER



GREENE

Kilroy is a legend-in-growth. The fragments of his history have been found all over the world—on bases used by the Air Transport Command. These may have been relatively palatial quarters on some long-established base, or mud-walled hostels in Kunming, or tents on some baked coral island. But they had one thing in common—each had a map because maps are the nervous system of the Air Transport Command. And on virtually every map was neatly penciled some episode of the Kilroy story.

Kilroy himself is elusive. From his habits one might assume him to be an ex-mustache artist on tooth paste ads, a fugitive from New York's subway stations. It may even be (although it's highly dubious) that Kilroy actually exists. But one prefers to think of him as a composite creation, descendant of the ancient folk heroes. He is Kilroy, the Pilot's Pilot; Kilroy the Dauntless; Kilroy, the Far-Traveled; Kilroy, the Intrepid Birdman.

The origins of Kilroy, like those of fabled Homer, are obscure. Local patriotism sometimes makes him a boy from South Boston or Brooklyn. He is also attributed to Texas, and indeed there is something Texan about Kilroy's far-ranging, his bravura, and, especially, his love for a tall tale. Another penciled tale has Kilroy born in the interior of China. One can picture the hardy stripling, son of an earnest medical missionary, defying wild-eyed Mongolian brigands as he rescues the kidnapped heiress. But all this is sheer speculation. Let us turn to the documented areas of the Kilroy story.

One of Kilroy's most important contributions was the discovery of Kilroy Island in October, 1944. Kilroy Island is going to give cartographers a little trouble since it appears in different spots on different maps. A rough average would show it somewhere between Hawaii and Kamchatka—pedantic accuracy is not for Kilroy. Let his be the unadulterated and not too specific glory that was Balboa's on a peak in Darien.

Kilroy is a fighter, too. Pilots of the lumbering, vulnerable, unarmed ATC sky-freighters were always allergic to Focke-Wulfs and Zeroes, especially in the early days when there were few escort pursuits to fly cover. But not Kilroy! Armed only with a .45 he was attacked by four Zeroes while flying the Hump to China. A quick maneuver, since known as the "Kilroy Spin," put him in a strategic position . . . one Zero was downed by two shots from Kilroy's pistol. Another quick twist and the C-47 was on top of the second Zero . . . it went down on the first shot. The terrified Jap pilots remaining, realizing Kilroy had six more shots, fled. After that no enemies ever bothered a Kilroy-piloted transport. The story is true, for it is written on a map in Kunming, China, proving Kilroy came through.

Kilroy is also a serious annotater, an answerer of rhetorical questions. When G.I. posters ask, "Are YOU Preparing For The Future?" (in big black letters) there is always the answer, "Kilroy is—he buys bonds." Kilroy has also, on his own admission, been educated for the postwar world by the U.S. Armed Forces Institute; he fully subscribes (and says so) to the Army's campaign against V-D.

Not that Kilroy is all work and no play. His fine camaraderie has been noted in many Officers' Clubs . . . "Kilroy got tight here," and even on a couple of exuberant occasions, "Kilroy got Stinko here." He has his romantic side, too, although it is handled with fine literary restraint, told by innuendo rather than bald statement. There are vague hints of a princess in India who loved Kilroy . . . some even say that the Taj Mahal was erected as her tomb when she pined away in hopeless devotion to Kilroy, the elusive pilot who soared over her pavilioned gardens. Then there is a tantalizing story written over a map of Arabia (the spot had better be nameless for fear of international repercussions). It tells of a Sultan's wife who deserted the harem to pursue Kilroy. Exactly what happened to her is unknown; doubtless Kilroy turned her down since his heart is given to a fine clean specimen of American girlhood. His heart, to be exact, is rather well subdivided over American girlhood; one of the most frequent inscriptions is "Kilroy's girl lives here." It is variously written on about half the cities and towns over 25,000 pop. in the United States. More Kilroyiana:

Kilroy bore the brunt of the supply job to Merrill's Marauders on their epic trek into the jungles of Burma. This was the even greater achievement since, at the same time, he was flying most of the supplies over the Hump to embattled China.

Kilroy has flown the North Atlantic route oftener than any other pilot. Frequently he did it with one engine.

Kilroy ferried most of the B-29's to the Pacific.

Kilroy was the first ATC pilot to land in Japan.

There is only one serious gap in the Kilroy story—where, in the out-of-the-way corners he frequented, did Kilroy get all the pencils?

* * *

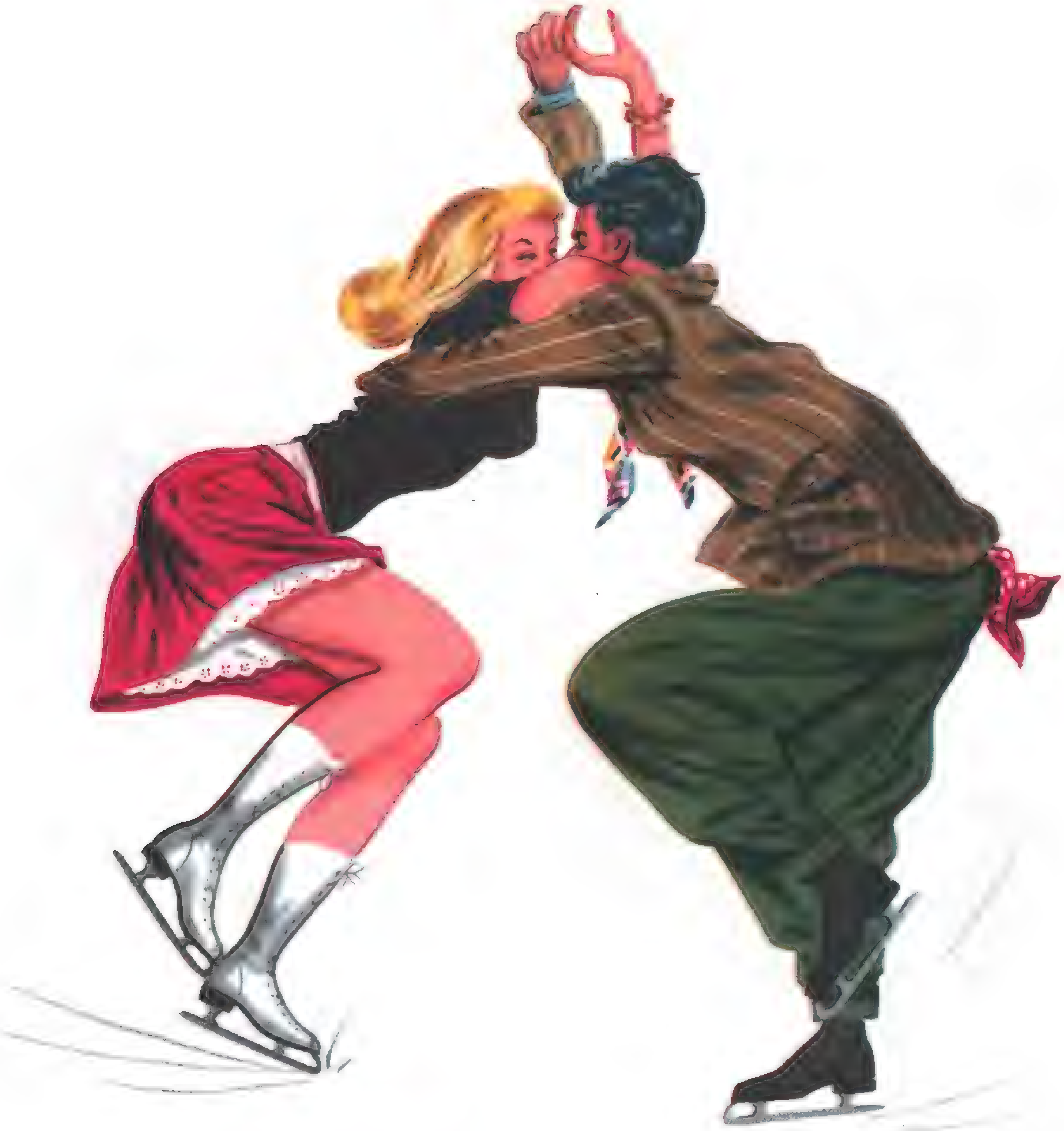
Kilroy is a good legend for America.

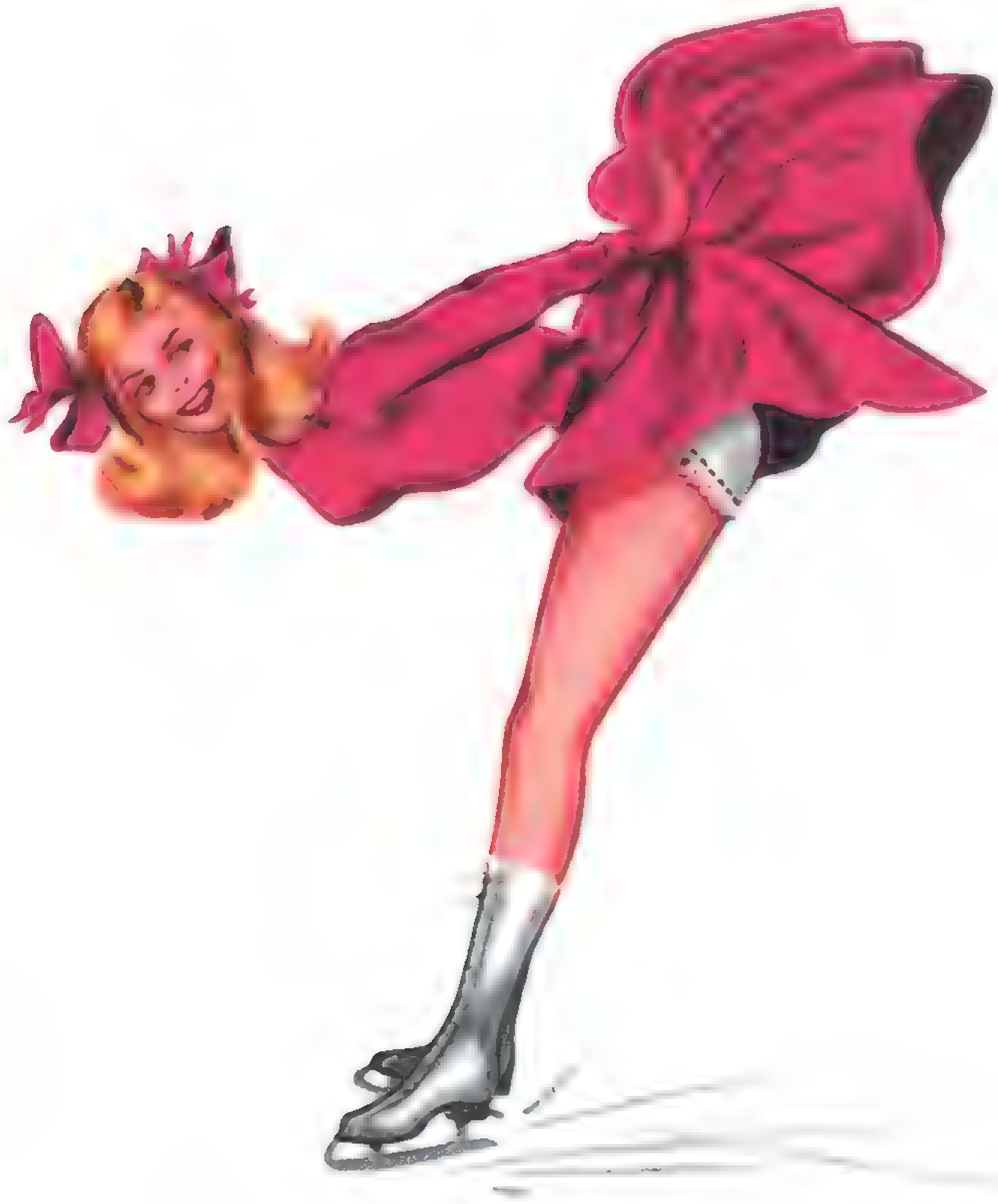
He is the spirit of the serious-gay lads who have air-lifted America's fighting men and fighting equipment on magic carpets to global war. It was a job of monotonous routine, a job with its own dangers (and its own casualty lists) a job with little glory and few medals, a job magnificently done. These flyers know the streets of Cairo, Algiers, Delhi, and Auckland as they know their own home towns. They are familiars of the Himalayas, and the Atlas Mountains, and the peaks of New Guinea; they have seen the broad brown Amazon, and the blue-green ribbon of the Nile, and the ancient Tiber, and the twisting many-channeled Brahmaputra. They know the oceans and the islands—lonely Ascension, the Azores, Kwajalein, Guam, Biak, Morotai, Okinawa.

Their enthusiasm for alien lands is more than a little dulled. But they have girdled the world and that is something that will stick. The memory of loneliness and frustration will go; will be left a light in the eye as they see a news story datelined Casablanca or Johannesburg or Rio de Janeiro or Melbourne. "Yeah, that's where a bunch of us had that big party with those Aussie girls. Let's see . . . what was that little blonde's name . . . ?" They are among the millions of Americans who know the world a little better . . . who can never again believe that everything beyond New York and San Francisco is Terra Incognita. Each is something of a Kilroy . . . Kilroy, the Man Who Has Been Everywhere. Bravo, Kilroy! ⫩

Bill O'Malley

"But Mrs. Gleason went home yesterday"

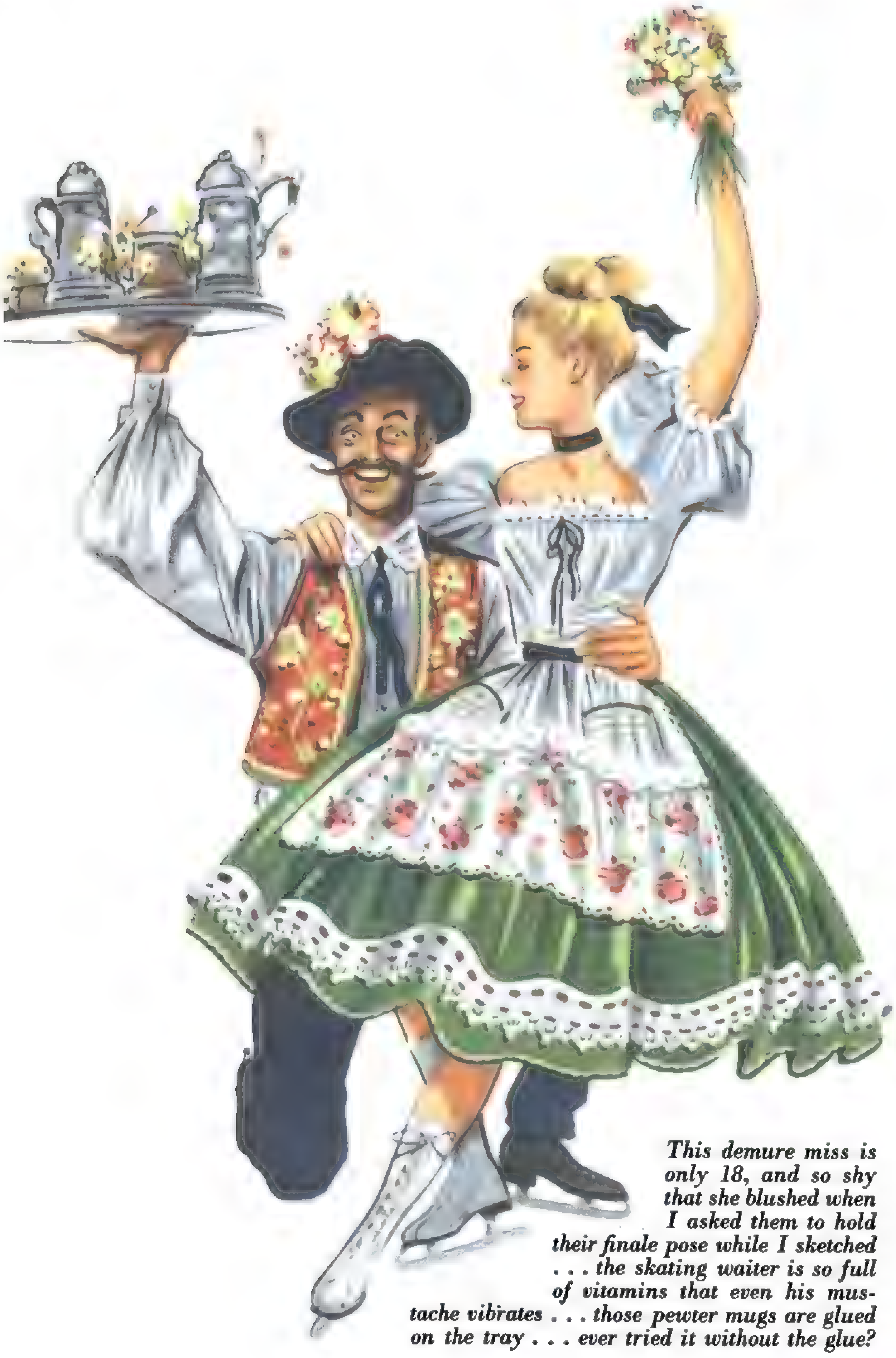




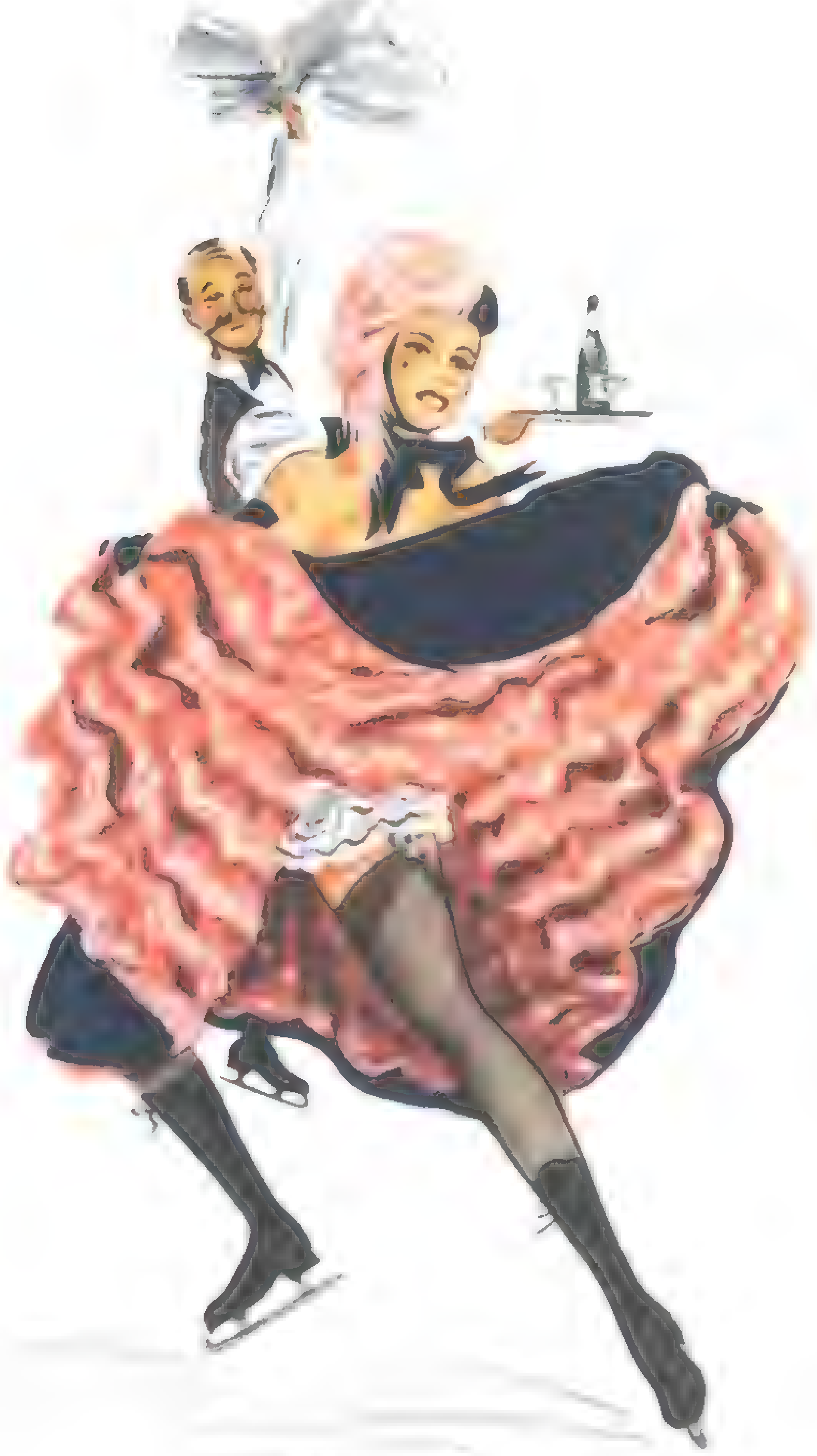
Kal-ICE-de-scope

by J. FREDERICK SMITH

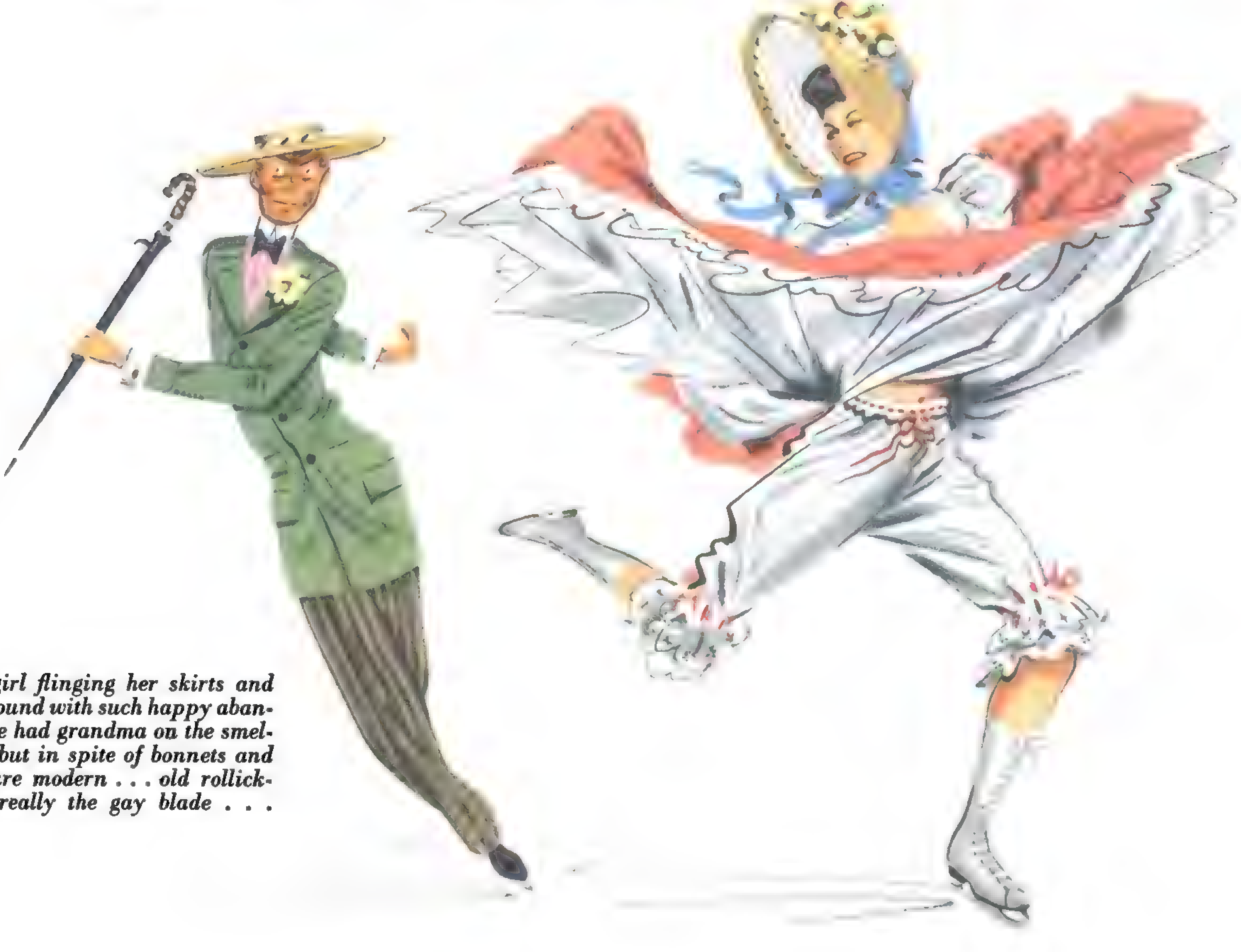
It's easier to catch a girl on a Victorian sofa than on ice. I mean "catch" in the artist's sense of capturing with a paintbrush on drawing board that super-elusive appeal of dolls like these. Their charms are a changing, by-the-moment thing, in any case. And on ice, they move so fast that they're here and gone again by the time you look up from your sketch pad. My kaleidoscopic impressions are from several ice shows that are around these days—in hotel night-club rooms where a tiny ice rink rolls out miraculously from under the bandstand, from regular productions on the road. The refreshing kids you find in these shows are like a mint julep in the dog days. They're real American Girl types—young, not too long-stemmed, compactly put together, and they move with a wonderful lithe grace. I've got to admit they almost scared the camel's hair out of my hand when they zipped by, kicking up a spray of diamond chips. They're so agile, so dexterous in their blade work that they acquire a supreme self-confidence that's a bit unnerving to a guy like me who went flat on his fantail the once he tried skating—but they're nonetheless intriguing (understatement). They almost burst with a vitality that makes them sparkle like the ice. Take the jitterbug pair above. They made me think of a pair of leopard cubs, playful but knowing, as they maneuver in an explosive way that threatens to send them flying into little bits. Looks like the skirt of that gorgeous child will be the first to go. At the left, Miss Boomps-a-daisy hasn't been out of pigtails too long . . . I had a hell of a time getting this mischievous filly to stand still for two seconds while I sketched . . . what an imp!



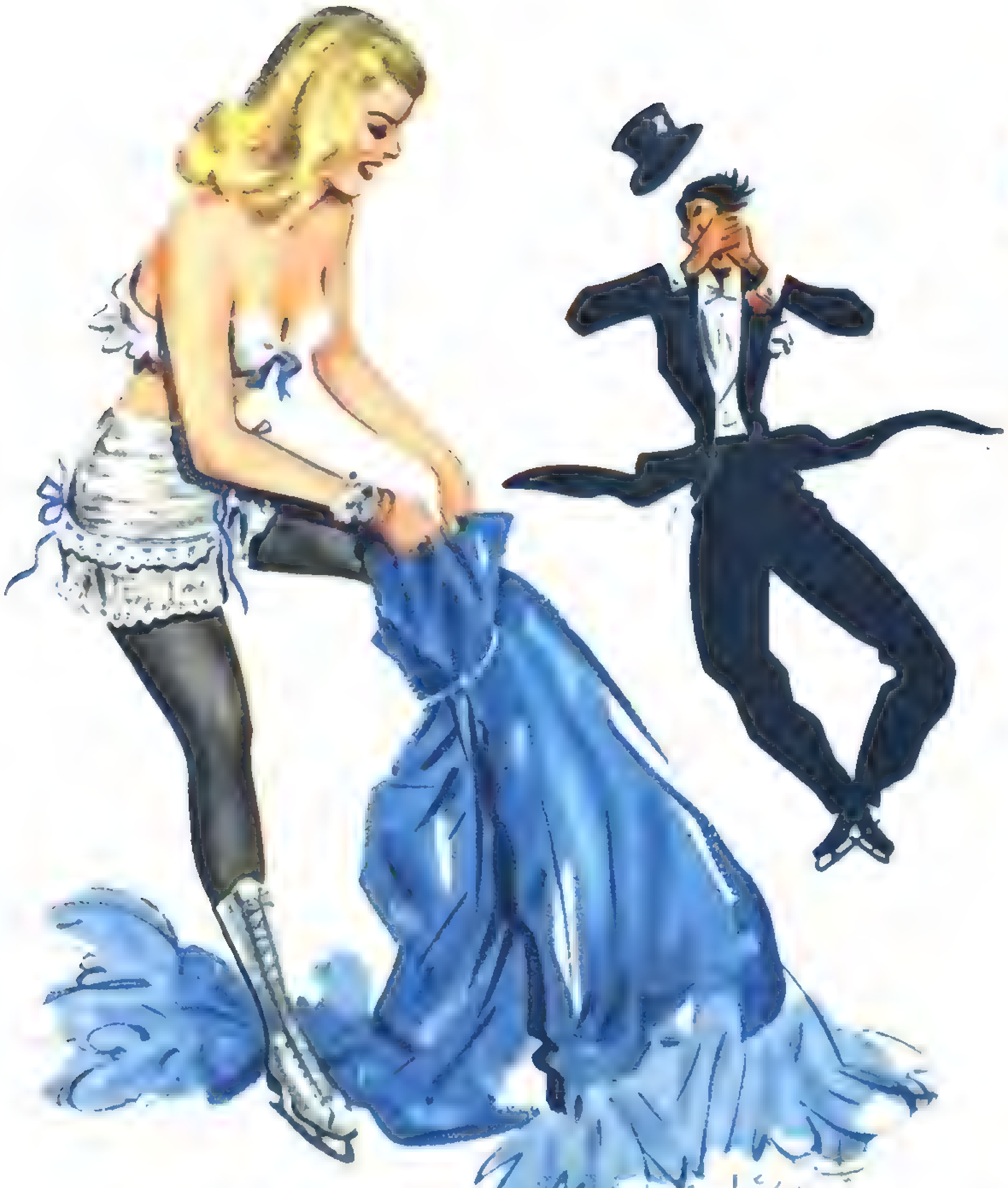
This demure miss is only 18, and so shy that she blushed when I asked them to hold their finale pose while I sketched . . . the skating waiter is so full of vitamins that even his mustache vibrates . . . those pewter mugs are glued on the tray . . . ever tried it without the glue?



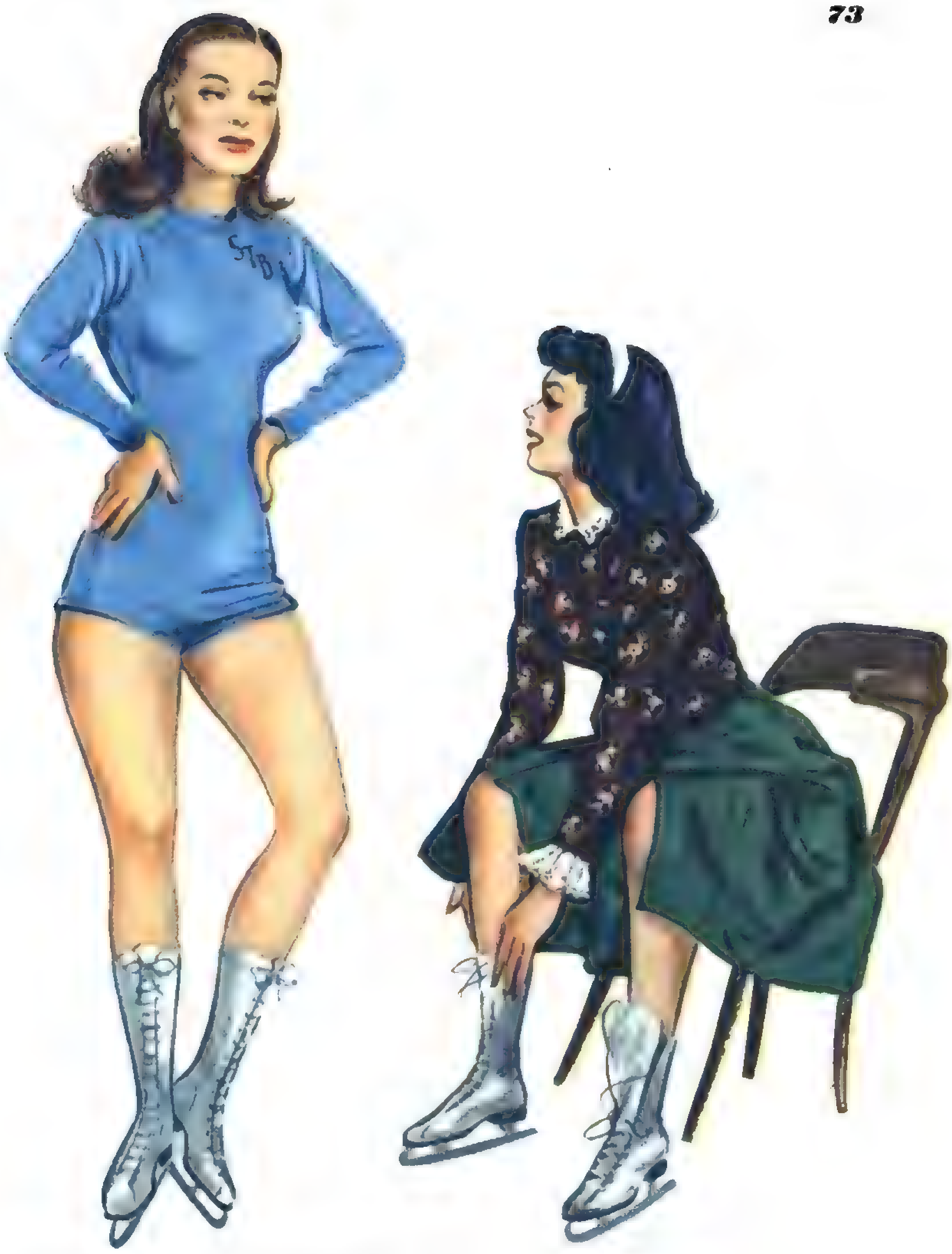
They haven't found anything to replace the Can-Can, thanks be . . . this chi-chi number with her swooshing pink ruffles and black beauty mark is as exciting as any high stepper at Maxim's . . . actually she's from Idaho.



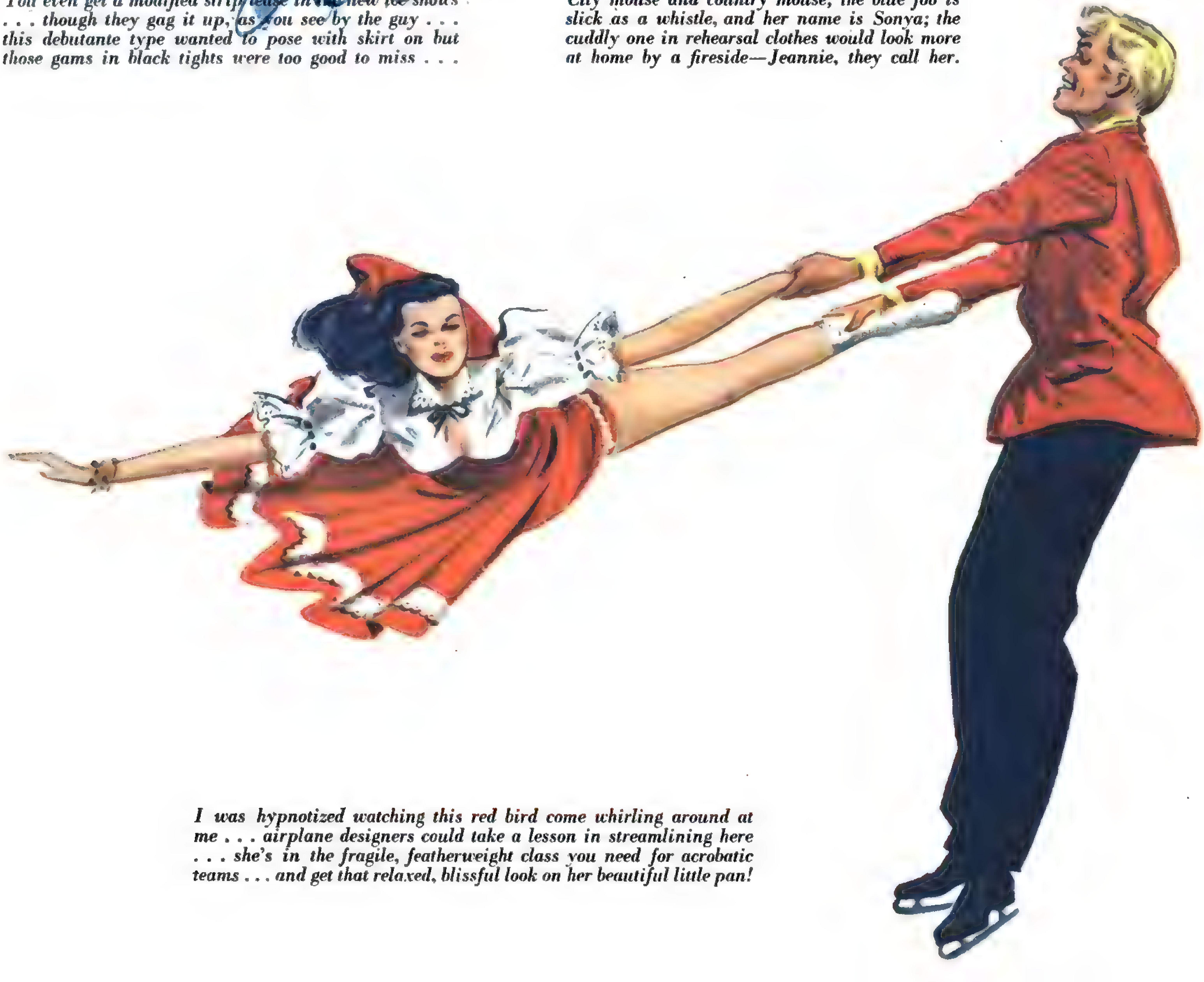
Our bloomer girl flinging her skirts and her whatnot around with such happy abandon would have had grandma on the smelling salts . . . but in spite of bonnets and ruffles she's pure modern . . . old rollicking Roger is really the gay blade . . .



You even get a modified strip tease in the new ice shows . . . though they gag it up, as you see by the guy . . . this debutante type wanted to pose with skirt on but those gams in black tights were too good to miss . . .



City mouse and country mouse; the blue job is slick as a whistle, and her name is Sonya; the cuddly one in rehearsal clothes would look more at home by a fireside—Jeannie, they call her.



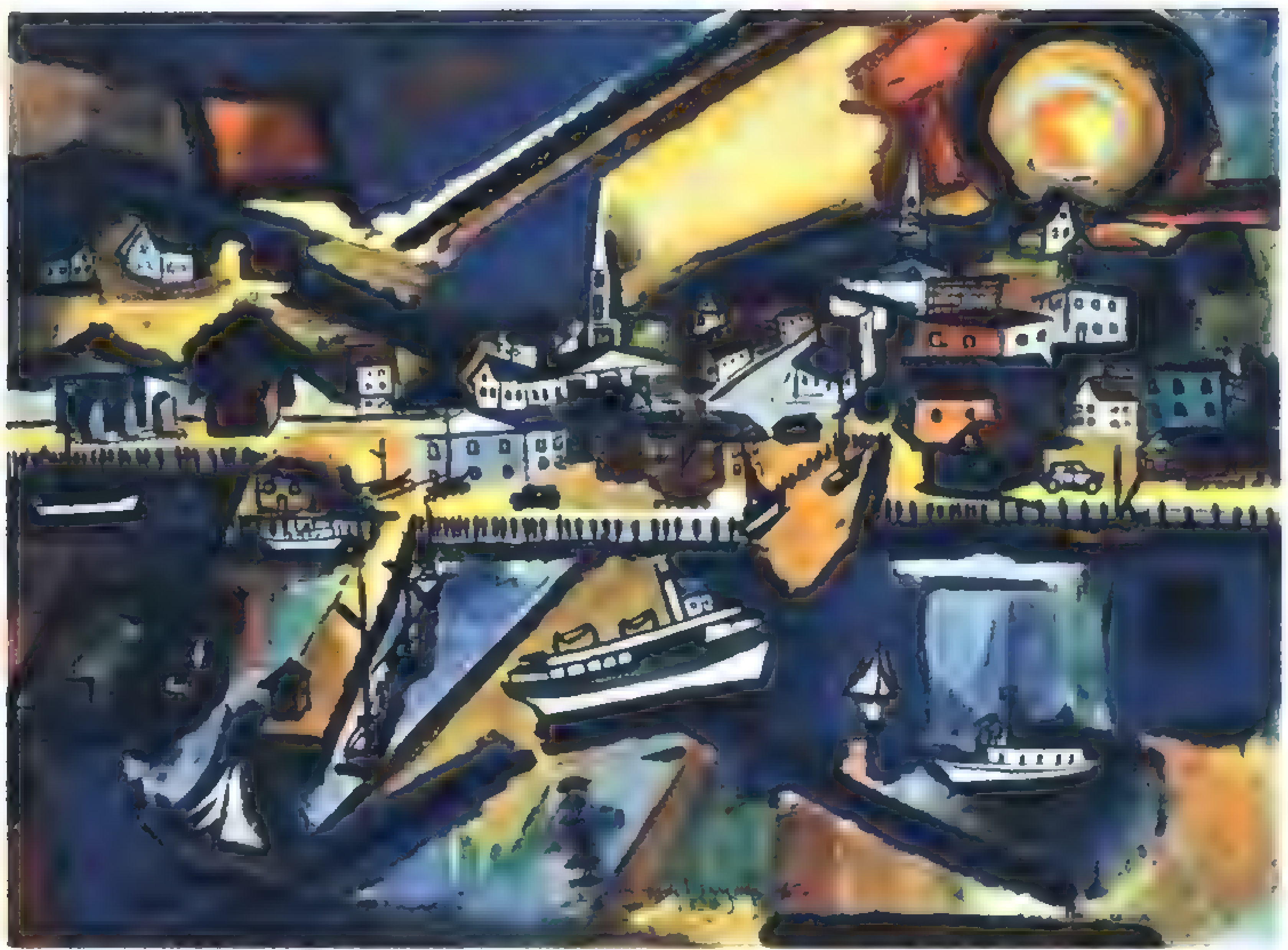
I was hypnotized watching this red bird come whirling around at me . . . airplane designers could take a lesson in streamlining here . . . she's in the fragile, featherweight class you need for acrobatic teams . . . and get that relaxed, blissful look on her beautiful little pan!

A Group of Water Colors

by

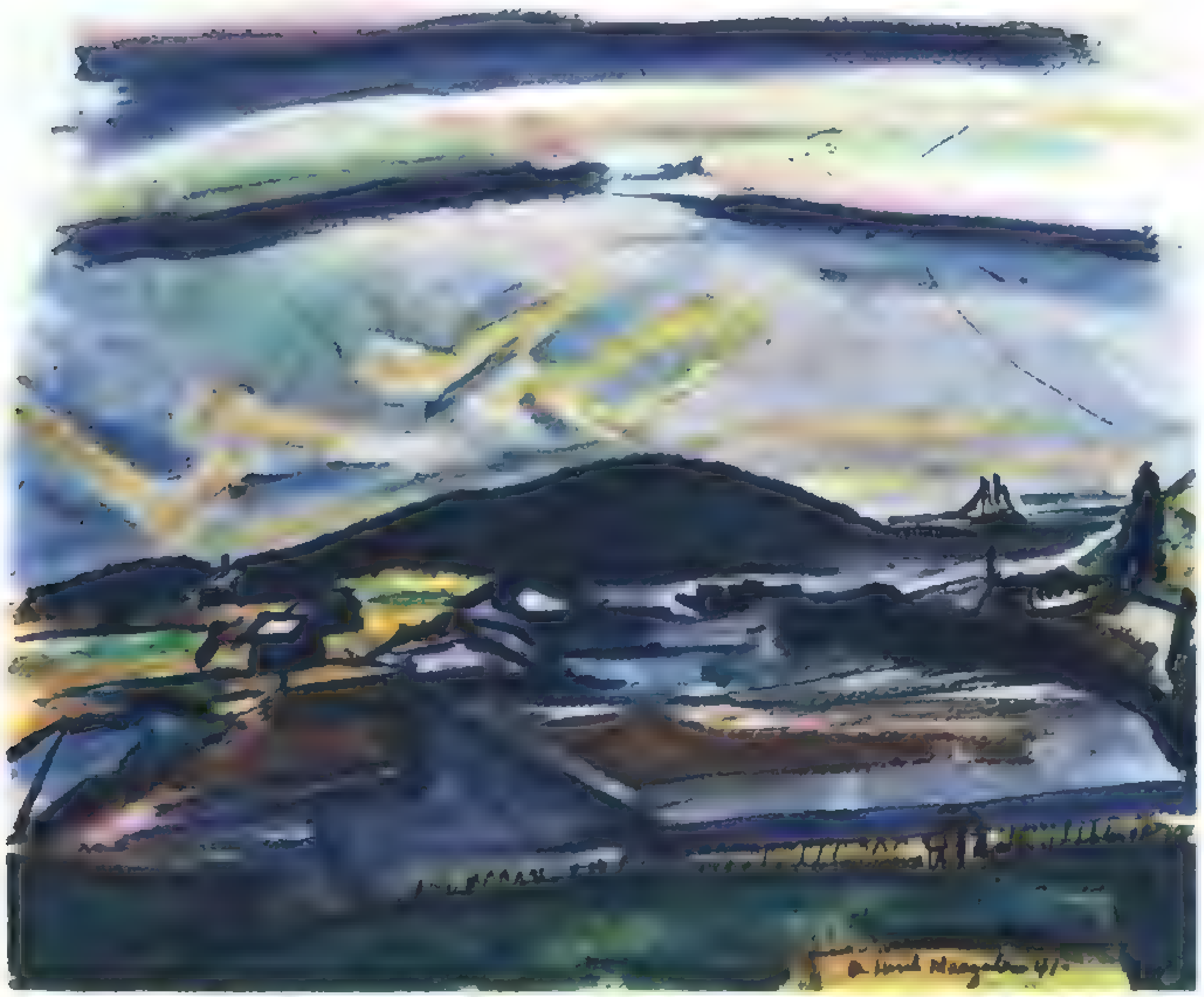
De HIRSH MARGULES

Reproduced through the courtesy of the Feigl Gallery, New York City



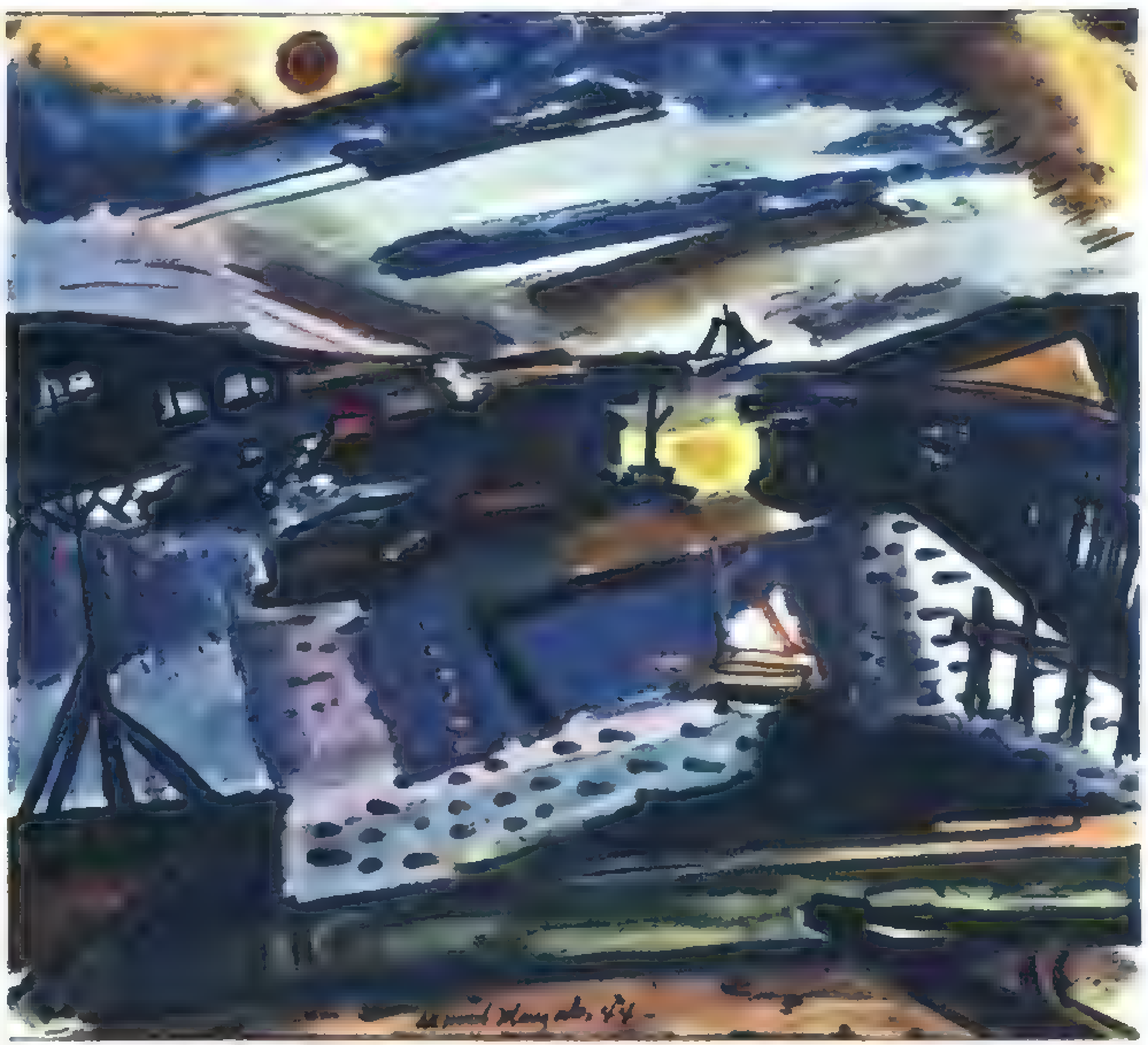
WATER COLOR (23" x 30½") **WATERSIDE SUBURB**

The brown sun tells that rainy days are finished and the fog has started to burn off. Salt-box houses and small craft emphasize the summer aspect of the resort.



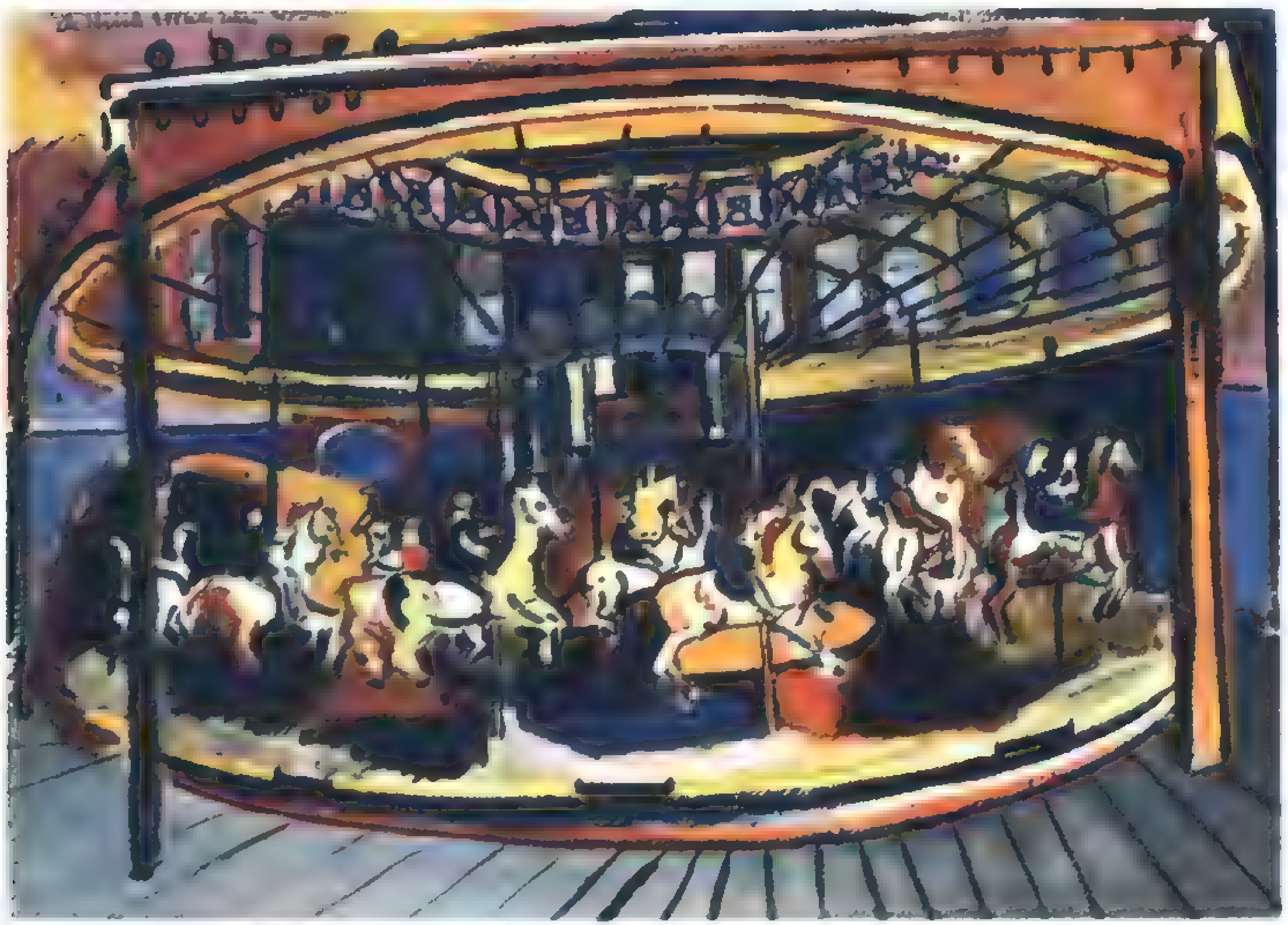
WATER COLOR (18" x 22") **EVENING, ISLE AU HAUT, MAINE**

This was painted from a hill on the east end of the isle. From the right a fishing schooner is sailing in; at the left are shacks of the fishermen.



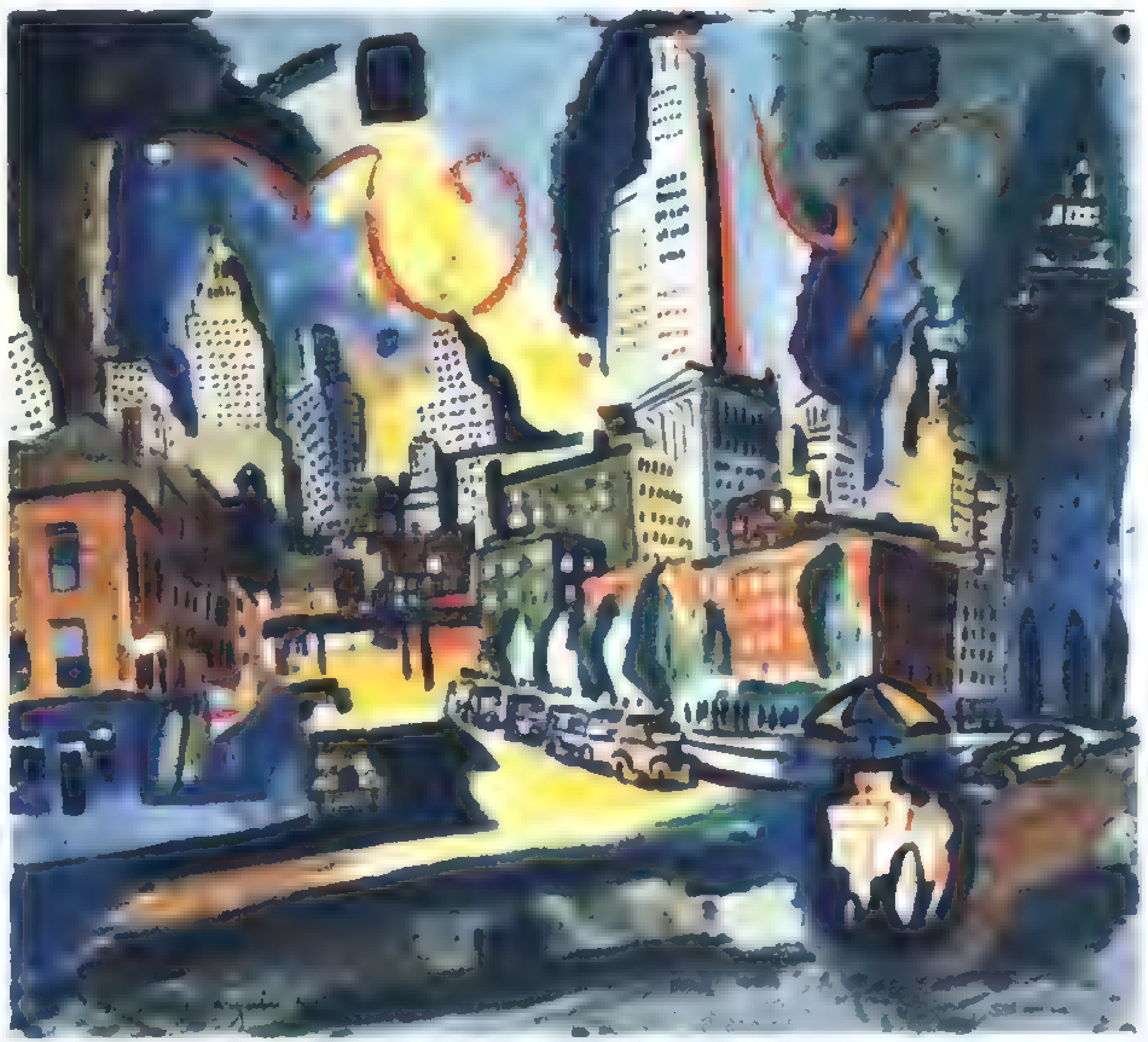
WATER COLOR (21½" x 24") **SUNSET**

Margules has chosen a dramatic contrast for this painting of Port Jefferson: the romanticism of pleasure craft against an industrial seascape. The artist was looking toward what he called a terrific *sunset.*



WATER COLOR (21" x 31") **CAROUSEL**

Margules painted this one summer day at Coney Island. He was particularly concerned with capturing color and space in movement, which accounts for the blurred figures. Interested in the painting being created right under their eyes were several fellow artists, including Myron Lechay and Beauford De Laney, as well as a group of spectators which rapidly grew into a crowd of several hundred.



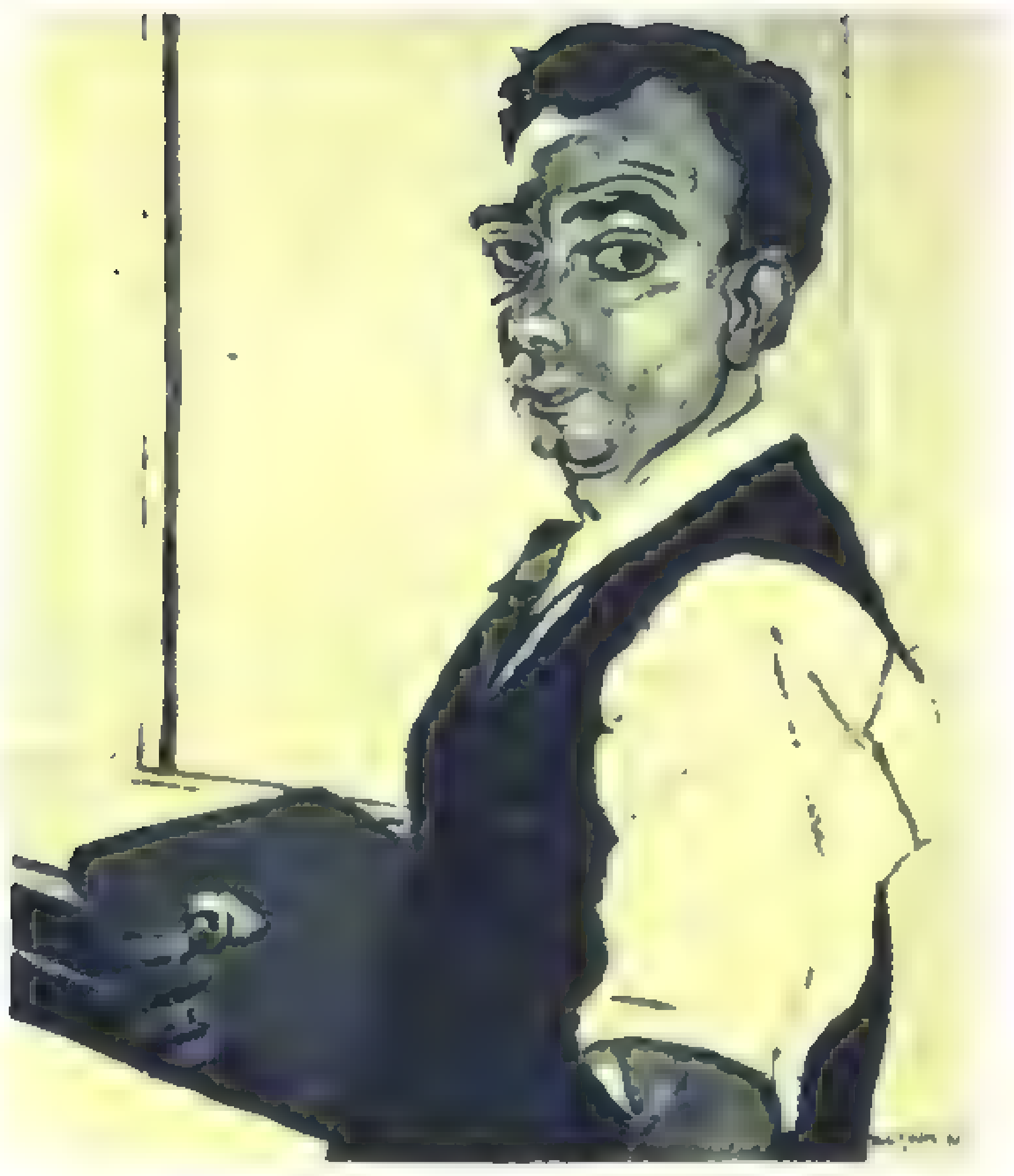
WATER COLOR (22" x 24½") **DOWNTOWN SKYLINE**

Here the artist has chosen a vantage point from which he could see at the same time the oldest and newest sections of New York. It is on South Street looking westward to the curve of the Pearl Street el, with downtown skyscrapers on either side. The Seaman's Institute is on the right, and the Cities Service Building is pictured.

Though his energies have been somewhat scattered, Margules' water colors show brilliant promise, genuine spontaneity

The Talking Artist

by HARRY SALPETER



SELF-PORTRAIT

The very sound of his name—De Hirsh Edward Gilmont Margules—is a romantic drum roll straight out of the costume theatre. Today De Hirsh Margules is the signature on some of the most vigorous, brilliant and expressive water colors being painted in America. Yet, although he belongs to the chronicle of contemporary art, there is something slightly incredible, as of the theatre, about him. The private atmosphere in which he breathes seems surcharged with oxygen so that he appears to talk, even about the weather, in capital letters and exclamation marks without exhausting any but his helpless listeners. He talks art morning, noon and night, and he talks it as if he were demonstrating gymnastic exercises and in a voice which invades the privacy of neighbors on all sides.

Like an actor, he is pure extrovert, pure exhibitionist, without reservation. A full generation's experience of the hazards and uncertainties of life in Greenwich Village has not soured his optimism or dulled his zest. He is perhaps—and this is one of his more passive claims to distinction—the most authentic survivor of the more or less golden age of Greenwich Village.

He may have suffered a little from too much vitality and the consequent scattering of energies. For more than twenty years during which he made his living as a reporter, literally covering New York, full-time painters were inclined to regard him condescendingly as a Sunday artist, although his output exceeded theirs, certainly in bulk. As a wide-eyed Greenwich Villager, in those days when to be young was very Heaven, he spilled bad poetry which no one would publish and spun café philosophy and aesthetics until one day, criticizing a practicing painter's performance, he was stung into action with paint and brushes. He has been a traveling salesman and even in a buyer's market was not to be denied. He was a repair man and engine tester in a roundhouse. He worked as an interior decorator and in a grenade factory. He has traveled abroad. He has been a rolling stone and gathered no moss. The first three-syllable word that entered his vocabulary was "exploring," in a biography of Stanley written for children, and he declares that he has been insatiably curious ever since. His parents were of the theatre and while still in infant's dresses he appeared with them, in walk-on parts. Their son's penchant for collecting stray animals and treating their wounds gave his parents the false hope that he might grow up to become a doctor. Then he devoted himself to constructing plane models that flew—this was before the first World War. He was not much more than ten when a crayon sketch won a prize at a children's art show—the only art prize he has won to date. There were so many interesting things to do in the world! "There he goes *phoolosophizing* again," his sister Annette used to say, calling him "the half-baked *phoolosopher*." (It was she who originated the character of Tondoleyo in the stage success, *White Cargo.*) As a result of this division of himself, partly caused by temperament, partly by necessity, De Hirsh Margules has not enjoyed five consecutive and unbroken years devoted to painting, and he has delayed, to that degree, his recognition, if not his coming of age, as an artist.

He started life as a New York wharf rat. The phrase is his. Even in his debut upon this earth, the artist hints, there was an extraordinary circumstance. Appearing a few months ahead of schedule, he was already an infant in arms when he was brought from Romania to this country in 1899, thus defeating his parents' fond plan that he be born an American. He experienced a typical East Side childhood at the beginning of this century, except that his early years were a triple-distilled adventure.

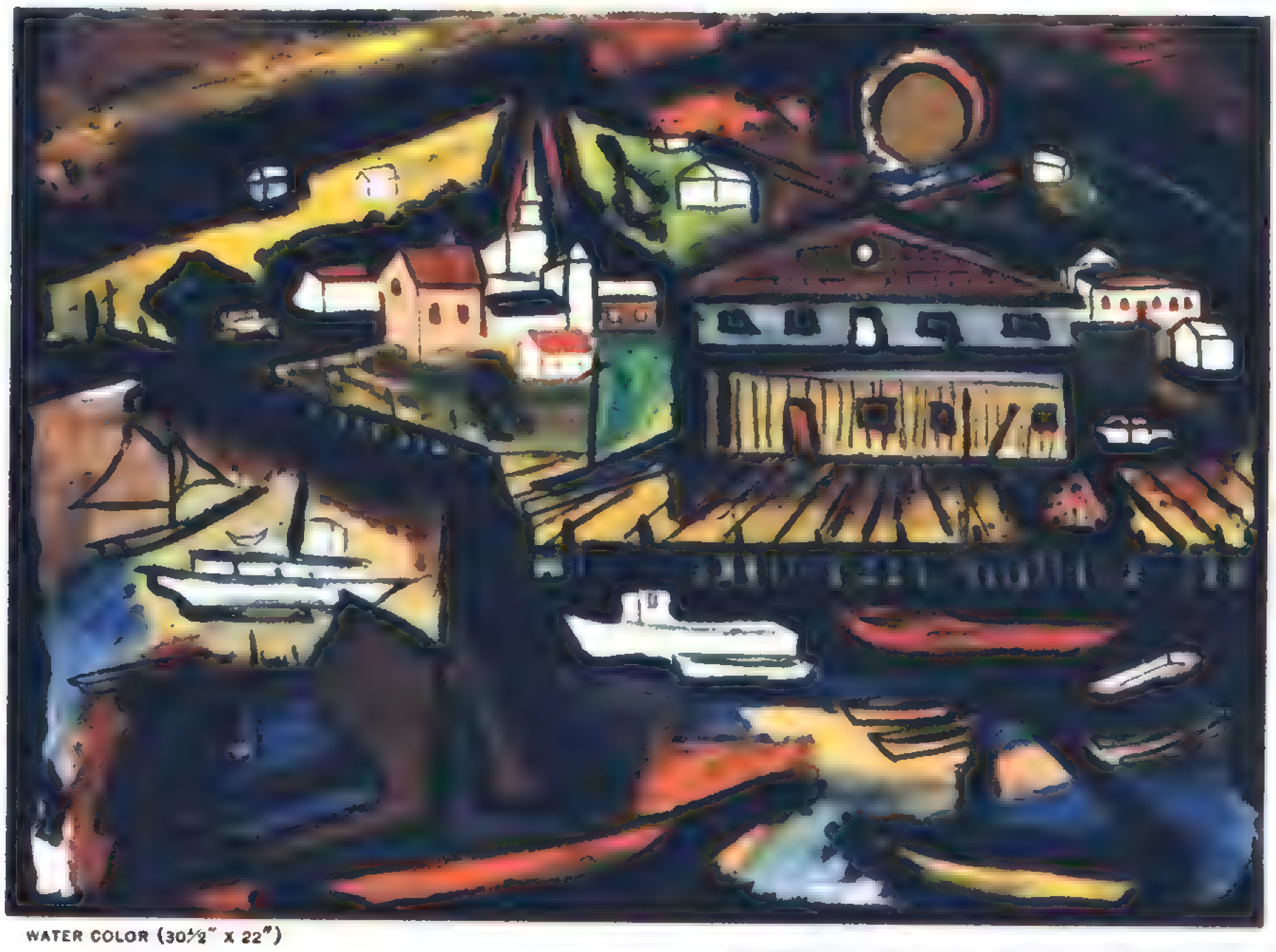
He fulfilled an innate longing for travel by exploring every out-of-the-way corner on Manhattan Island by the time he was ten years old. He found the smell of docks and old ships irresistible and repeated visits to what he calls "the sailor margins" around Manhattan gave him the substitute thrills of visiting foreign places. Today he knows the location of every strange street and blind alley, of every park and pier, and has introduced artists to aspects of the city which they had never known. Beginning around 1922, when he became relief man on the City News Association, he made a weekly foot-trolley-subway-el-taxi survey of the island from the Battery through Harlem. Not in twenty lifetimes, says he, would it be possible for an artist to exhaust the city.

During his boyhood, New York was a continuous and never-failing adventure. At Washington Market he picked up a few pennies running errands, and in the summertime at Madison Square Park received his cut for giving the alarm when the cops appeared, from the more daring kids who dived for coins in the park fountain. He wandered way up to 42nd Street when ladies and gentlemen drove in horse carriages instead of automobiles and the Hell's Kitchen kids on the West Side bought apples and potatoes in big bag loads from the upstate barges which unloaded on the Hudson River wharves.

His senses collected those special sights and sounds and smells which marked even then those aspects of a great city which were vanishing—the small print shop, the veneer works, the grind of the circular saws in carpentry lofts, the clang of blacksmith's hammer on anvil and the smells from restaurant kitchens. Young De Hirsh made it a point to establish friendly relations with the children of these craftsmen so that he would be invited inside and could slake his curiosity.

It was in Greenwich Village that he con-

(*Continued on page 173*)



WATER COLOR (30½" x 22")

APPROACH TO PORT JEFFERSON

Here the artist has attempted to recapture the fresh and simple quality of a farming and fishing community as it might have appeared a lifetime ago before it turned into a summer resort. This water color was based on a sketch made on the spot and later changed, but it conveys the basic character of Port Jefferson and the dominant nostalgic mood of the artist.

Gerasim wanted everyone to enjoy the Homeland Society celebration, and he assumed even ambassadors were human

REISMAN

Gala by the Waldorf

by GEORGE *and* HELEN PAPASHVILY

Always and always our friend Gerasim was telling us about his Homeland Society. How they buying propitty so their poors have a place to go and how they collecting money for sending their childrens in college and how they giving such fine parties to do all this and what honorable peoples belonged in the Society and so on. Now one day he telephoned us up by long distance:

"Come on over in New York," he said. "My Homeland Society gonna give biggest celebration ever and I invite you. A real gala."

"Can't come," I told him.

"In Waldorf-Astoria."

"Still can't. I'm busy on a farm."

"But I taked a box. I counted on you gonna be my ghosts and we sit all together in the box and enjoy ourselves."

"Can't."

"Wait a minute. Listen first what our society gonna do with moneys we make."

"What?"

"Buy nice farm for old peoples. Place where all a grampas and grammas can have cottages and finish up their lives nice way."

Well, naturally I can't refuse after that, so I agreed we come over in New York.

"Quite a honor happened while you was out," I told Helena Gerbertovna soon she came home. "Gerasim invites us to his Home Society Benefit Ball at Waldorf-Astoria. Means he's proud to show us off before his countryman."

"Waldorf-Astoria," Helena said. "I'd like to go there. Only yesterday I was reading book all about it. Forty-seven stories high. Thirty-one elevators. Three basements—one under the other. Ten thousand miles of pipes—"

"Three basements is as impossibility," I said. "I only accept one for real basement. The bottom one."

"Buy eighty thousand napkins every year; polish hundred thousand silvers every day; sixty refrigerators—," Helena knows whole story.

So finally came day of the Gala. We sat down in our automobile and went in New York to Gerasim's house. Seems we be quite a nice party. Beside us and Gerasim and his wife all the Vallodias was coming too—Fat Vallodia, House Paint Vallodia, Young Vallodia and, how we call him, the Other Vallodia because he came last in our life after we had a way to tell the first three apart.

"I'm very pleased," Helena said to Gerasim, "we're going in Waldorf-Astoria. Biggest hotel in New York. Maybe even in the world. Eight dining rooms, one hundred fifty cooks, icebox they drive trucks in—"

Gerasim was busy pouring us little starting drinks of Zubrovka, but soon he heard this he stopped to listen.

"—three hundred feet of kitchen range," Helena went on. "Automatic dishwashers, when they opened banquets were reserved two years in advance—"

"Giorgi," Gerasim said, "I like to speak to you just a minute."

Me and the Vallodias all went out in the kitchen. Gerasim closed the door.

"You hear that?" he asked us. "Two years in advance have to arrange your supper! Stoves runs from here to Thirteenth St.? What kind of pleace we getting into? What kind of interest owner takes in us? Does he got time to please his customers? Does he—"

"Excuse me for suggestion, Giorgi," House Paint Vallodia said, "but maybe your wife could be mistaken about this hotel?"

"Certainly she can't be mistaken," Gerasim said. "Helena Gerbertovna reads those things."

"Out of books," Fat Vallodia told him. "Printed books."

"Icebox you can walk around in," Gerasim said to himself. "One hundred fifty cooks. Means thousands of waiters. What they care for us? We gonna get there—all ready to enjoy ourselfs happy way and then be nothing to eat—until two years pass. We show up for real greenhorns if we even order and expect to get same day."

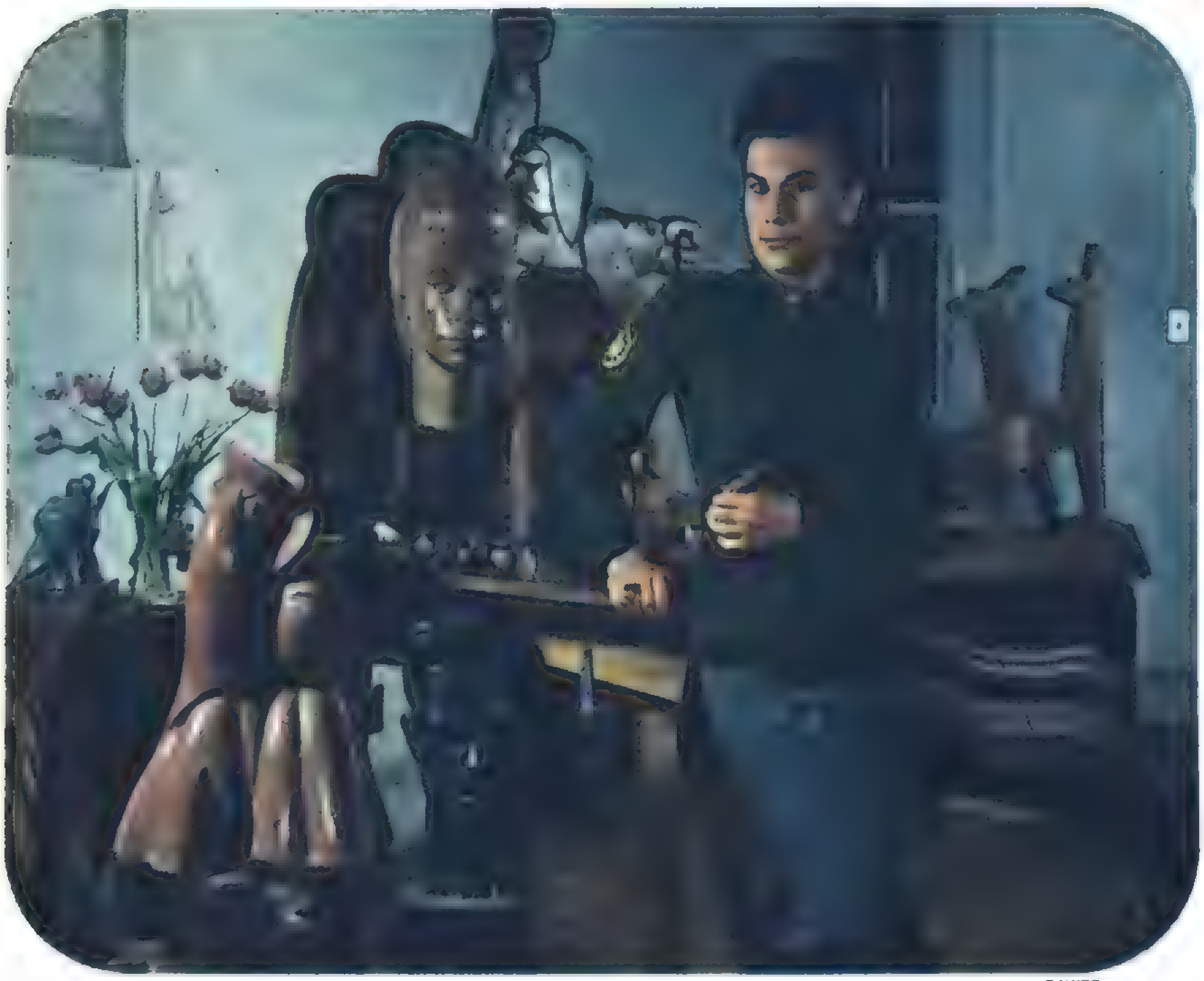
The Vallodias were all looking at each other.

"Well," I said, "size doesn't mean anything. Take Automat. Can't be bigger than that. But still Automat has interest enough to keep coffee hot for me any hour day or night in their pipes."

"Exactly my point," Gerasim shaked his head at me. "Perfectly all right the Automat for nickel-in-a-slot-corn muffin-cup-a-coffee-catch-a-train life. But did you ever go in Automat to enjoy yourself for an evening? Certainly not!"

He got a chair and climbed up and reached big basket down from the shelf. "Hand me horseradish," he said to Fat Vallodia. "I gonna pack lunch to take with us."

So when he got everything in to suit himself we


RAVITZ

Her Art Is Lambent

Mariña Núñez del Prado, Bolivian sculptress, photographed in her New York studio, surrounded by some of her work, including her well-known head of Henry Wallace. At her elbow the portrait of herself is in wood, the medium she favors . . . rosewood, walnut and mahogany, in that order. Other pieces attest her artistic purpose "to interpret in modern fashion my ancient country and its long generations of Indians." Daughter of a Bolivian general (who is also a talented musician), Señorita del Prado as a child studied the violin and piano and the classic techniques of painting, drawing and sculpture at the Fine Arts Academy at La Paz. Her innate love of music is shown in the flowing movement and highly stylized figures of her native land. Mariña del Prado's fine work has won for her the acclaim of both the Americas.

called a taxi and drove uptown to Waldorf-Astoria and went in. Nice clean place inside with lights burning all over. I don't know what fault Gerasim could find with this. Looked okay to me.

While we was waiting for elevator Helena Gerbertovna noticed for first time basket which doorman was so kind to set down by our feet.

"What's that?"

"Little refreshment," Fat Vallodia said. "Small bite. Cutlets, salt fish, fresh lobster—nothing heavy."

"George," Helena said very desperate. "Do something! Push it with your foot. Behind that sofa. Take it away. You can't do this."

"Do what?" Young Vallodia said.

"Bring food in here."

"First place," I pointed out, "nobody knows is food. You can see for yourself. Gerasim covered basket with nice clean red checkered napkin specially just so he don't hurt Waldorf-Astoria's feelings."

Elevator came for us in this minute and we went up and found out our box and settled ourselves nicely. Best seat in front for seeing everything Gerasim saves specially for Helena. But this time Helena, usually so curious, prefers to sit in back almost behind the curtain.

Now began program. First Big Ambassador was brought on stage and introduced to everybody with very flowery words. Clap. Clap. Clap. Clap. After Chargé D'Affaires from neighboring country. Clap. Clap. Clap. Two Ministers. Clap. Clap. Few odds and ends of Consuls, Generals, and a book writer. Clap.

Then was entertainment—nice musics—lady singing—after some dancers—more music—singing again, a chorus.

Gerasim was getting restless. I saw him open corner of our basket, peek his eye in—Everything still okay?—and put napkin back again.

Then came a comedian who took a big pleasure in himself and every time he told a joke he laughed before us audience had a chance to.

More singing and finally program was over; orchestra tuned up and dancing began.

Gerasim signaled a waiter. "Be so kind," he said, "to bring us menu." Waiter handed him a card.

"What you suggest?" Gerasim asked.

"Wine, sir? White wine? Chablis? Champagne?"

"See," Gerasim told us in Russian. "He don't even mention eat."

"You was right, Gerasim," Fat Vallodia said. "Absolutely right. I shake your hand."

"In that case," Gerasim said to waiter, "bring us few bottles of champagne, a small table; tablecloth and knives and forks."

"That be all?" waiter asked.

Gerasim looked in basket. "Most important thing I forgot." He turned to waiter. "Bring us salt and pepper if doesn't take too long. And I prefer white pepper to black pepper. Fresh ground."

So now began our party and we was eating and drinking with full pleasure to be in such nice surroundings—soft lights, shining mirrors to give us back to ourselves, rich carpets, nice perfumery air, sweet musics and people dancing in ballroom below.

Only Helena Gerbertovna wouldn't enjoy herself to eat anything. She said she didn't feel hungry.

"One small piece spiced herring?" House Paint Vallodia urged. No, she's not in appetite.

"Mushrooms," Gerasim said. "Try pickled mushrooms. One bite."

"No."

One of the consuls had been watching us from next box and now when he heard pickeled mushrooms he leaned over. "Excuse me," he asked Gerasim. "Don't I have pleasure of your acquaintance. Wasn't we meeting in Homeland Society Hall last Celebration of Independence Day?"

So pretty soon Gerasim remembered him and introduced us all around and Consul moved over to our side and waiter bringed another glass. "And another bottle champagne," Gerasim said. "While you're up."

But looked like the Vallodias didn't appreciate such honorable company when they had chance to meet it, because soon we all arranged and the extra chairs is in place I noticed they were all disappeared.

Well, next thing Charge d'Affaires started to take walk up and down; down and up; in corridor back of our box so nothing to do but ask him to sit down, too, and after him came three more gentlemens with their ladies, very beautiful ladies in real classic style.

And now Helena Gerbertovna began to come out from behind curtain. But still she sits like statue and won't eat.

Then the Consul went and bringed back a General all trimmed up medals and now we overflowed our box and took up the hall. And my only worry in this world besides why Helena lost appetite was if we gonna have enough supplies in our basket.

Now all this time Ambassador was sitting in Grand Box with his family—no eat—no drink—just sitting.

"What kind of a gala is this for him?" Gerasim said. "Be a shame. We sitting all here enjoying ourselfs and First Ghost sits alone. How that looks? Who knows him?"

"I do," General said.

"Then, please," Gerasim told, "do me favor. Go in his box and tell him I like to have pleasure of his company and his family's, if he be so kind to join us. Still," Gerasim said to us, "still left the deviled shrimps and some smoked lamb and plenty olives."

So now came Ambassador all tied up with red ribbon and a good thing that he chose such a profession for himself I decided when he began to eat because with his appetite he would have starved to death in private life.

And then just when Gerasim was urging last stuffed eggplant to Ambassador and my heart was sinking that such good started party has to die from starvation, elevator door clanged open and down the corridor came the Vallodias and each one was carrying a full-packed basket.

"Really, Vallodias," I said, "you're a full geniuses."

"Gerasim sent us," House Paint Vallodia said.

"How you knew?" I asked Gerasim.

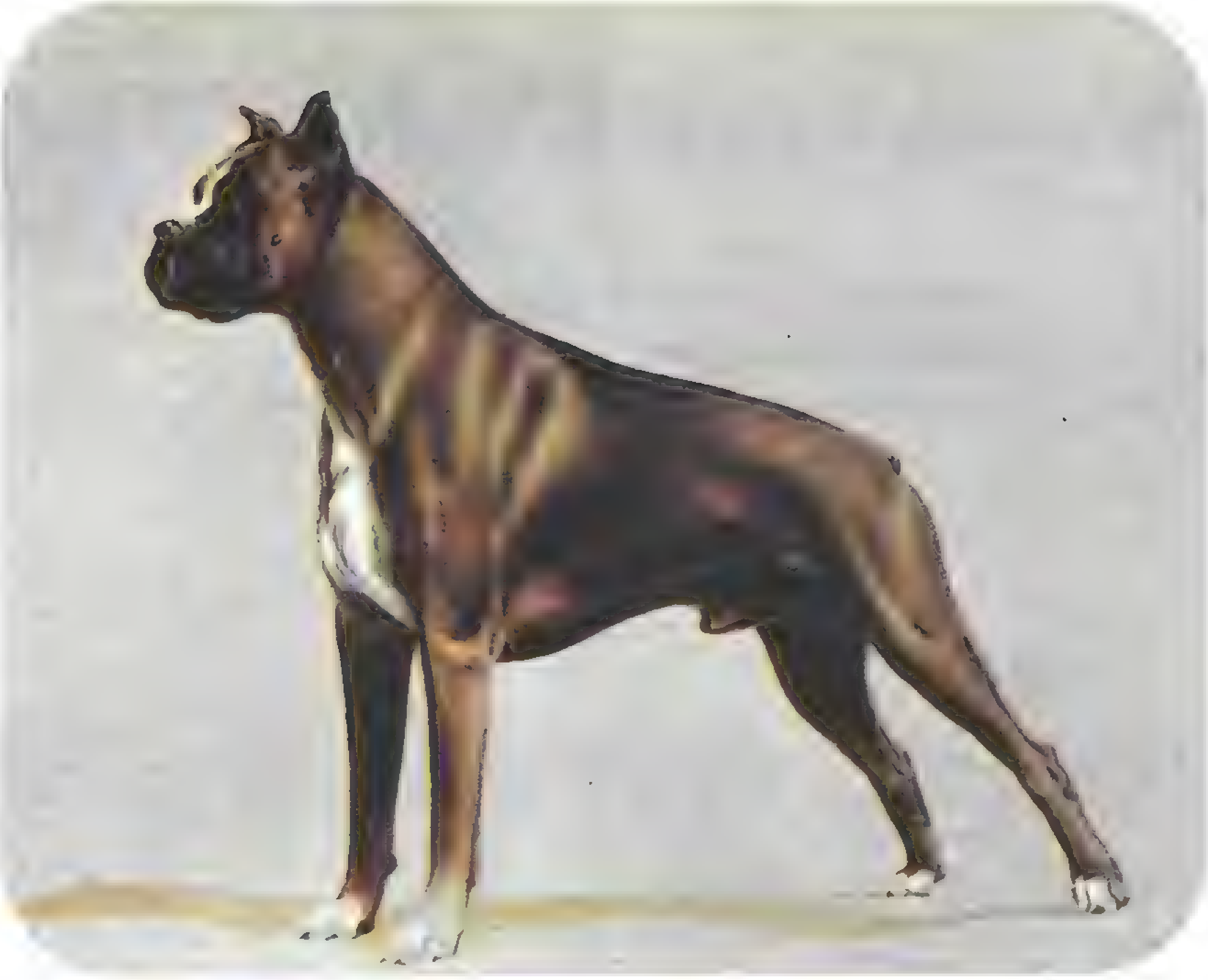
"Soon as Consul came, I guessed gonna end this way. I had experience before. Have an olive?"

So now we really enjoyed ourself. Who wouldn't? Sweet music playing and down below us we could watch peoples dancing. Lovely sight. Gentlemens in evening clothes all looking as smoothy shiny black as pool full of seals while the ladies in shimmery dresses floated around them like rainbow fish.

I persuaded Helena into front seat. "Look down," I said. "Reminds me of time we took trip in the glass-bottomed boat at Catalina Island. What reminds you of?"

"Nothing," Helena said. "Nothing in the whole wide world that I ever saw or read or heard, or even dreamed. But I think I'll eat something now."

"Good." I fixed her nice thick sandwich from caviar. "Never too late," I said, "for person to enjoy themself. You prefer with onions or without?" #



Champion Lustig von Dom of Tulgey Wood

Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Erwin O. Freund

The Boxer is an aristocrat of sound character, known for his courage and his unshakable devotion to his master. His inherent good sense and tractability make him the best of companions, and when a watchdog is needed he is agile, fearless and strong. Though he has been most widely bred in Germany he somehow acquired an English name. "Boxer" stems from his fighting technique; if aroused to anger he goes in with his front paws, in the Queensberry tradition. Some four hundred years ago he took part in the bloody sport of bullbaiting and his lineage is traced to the fighting dog of Tibet. This medium-sized, sturdy fellow has a smooth, shiny coat, shading from fawn to brindle. His upturned nose and his elegant carriage give him an arrogant mien that belies his docile and warmly affectionate nature.

Slaughter Under Water

Aside from having to kayo sharks and octopuses undersea, you need a peculiar temperament to be a Bottom Scratcher

by KEITH MONROE

If you're the kind of maniac who enjoys wrestling with sharks forty feet under water, or who likes nothing better than to curl up with a good octopus, then you're a prospect for membership in a gentlemen's club which meets the first Sunday of every month on a certain beach near San Diego.

This club is called the Bottom Scratchers. It is one of the most exclusive men's clubs in this country—more exclusive than the Williams After-Shave Club or the U.S. Senate. In fact, it has admitted only nine members in the eleven years of its existence, though dozens of brawny young waterdogs have sought to join.

If you desire to become a Bottom Scratcher, there are three feats which the membership rules require you to accomplish. First, you must swim down to a depth of thirty feet and bring up three abalones in a single trip. This has to be accomplished without swim fins, diving helmet or any paraphernalia except an abalone knife. And just to make sure you don't cheat, the Bottom Scratchers will swim out with you and point out the spot at which to go down. It's a patch of green water a half-mile offshore from the Casa de Mañana, at La Jolla, California, and the boys know the depth is thirty feet because it's one of their favorite spots for undersea romps.

If you pass this test without breaking an eardrum, you go on to the other requirements. You capture a lobster barehanded. And you bring in a shark barehanded. This last isn't the daredevil feat that it sounds, because most of the sharks in San Diego waters are small varieties no longer than your leg. If they bit you they couldn't take more than a few fingers.

Passing these three tests—which any strong, experienced, masochistic swimmer can easily accomplish after approximately two years of practice—still doesn't make you a Bottom Scratcher. You also have to be geared to get along joyously with the type of characters who enjoy fighting sharks; and you have to convince the members that you find this kind of recreation so delightful that you want to spend your Sunday afternoons and spare evenings at it all year round. A man who swims in the ocean just during summers is a dilettante in the eyes of Bottom Scratchers.

Once welcomed into this eccentric brotherhood, you'll join the other members in monthly expeditions off the San Diego coast-line in search of sharks, seals, groupers, octopuses, giant lobsters and other assorted sea food. You'll embark on a paddle board or inner tube, or propel yourself with swim fins. You'll carry some strong cord plus a knife or spear, and for night hunts a waterproof flashlight. You'll have no protection except a glass face mask, swim fins and a pair of earplugs.

If the ten-year experience of the members is any guide, you'll get bitten and scratched frequently, and you'll have some bad scares, but you'll never get seriously hurt.

The worst injury any member has incurred fell to the lot of the founder and Grand Exalted Walrus, thirty-eight-year-old Glenn Orr. One afternoon a winter ago, Orr was going about his business at a depth of thirty feet, peaceably plucking abalones from an undersea ledge about a mile offshore, when he had the sensation of being hit by a submarine. Something had crashed into him from behind, knocking the breath out of him and sending a blaze of pain into the small of his back. Through a welter of bubbles and blood Orr saw a black shape thrash past him and disappear. He swam to the surface, but continued the day's activities, not aware that several inches of ligaments were dangling from his torn back until he reached shore sometime later.

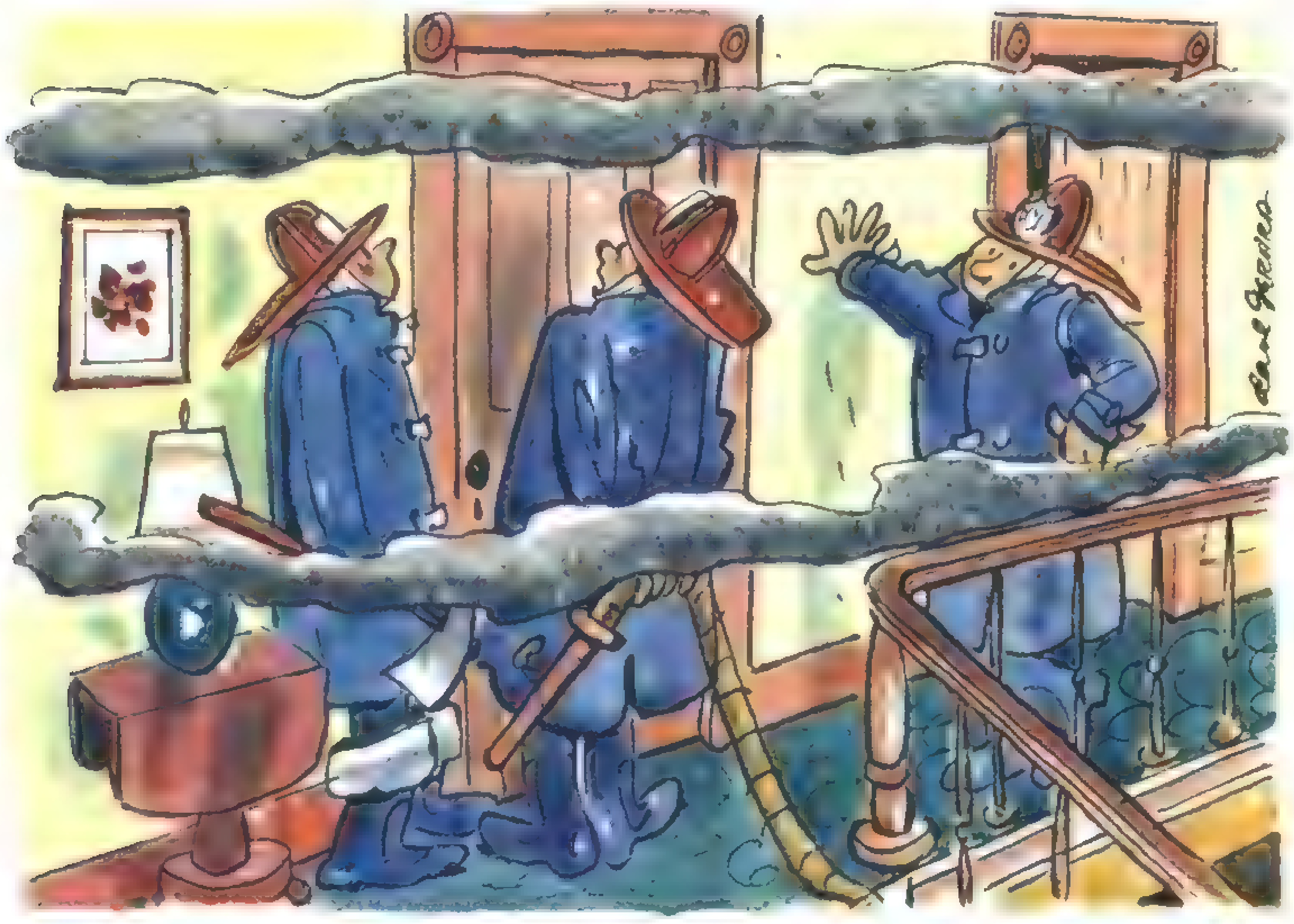
What had happened was that a bull seal had been cavorting at a little distance from Orr with a gaggle of lady seals. Feeling an impulse to show off before his feminine admirers, the seal had swum over and fixed his teeth in Orr's back, given him an angry shake, and swam away again. "He happened to hit me in the spine, where there wasn't much he could get his teeth into," Orr recalls. "He found he couldn't rip out my backbone, so he let go. If he'd caught me in front, instead of in back, I might have had some trouble."

This is the only time on record when a seal has annoyed a Bottom Scratcher, except for an occurrence late at night when one bit a flashlight out of Wally Pott's hand. This was scarcely considered worthy of comment in the club, as members lose flashlights frequently. "Any big fish will run a mile to bite a light underwater," the boys say. "It's a good idea to hold your light at arm's length, or better yet put it on the end of your spear."

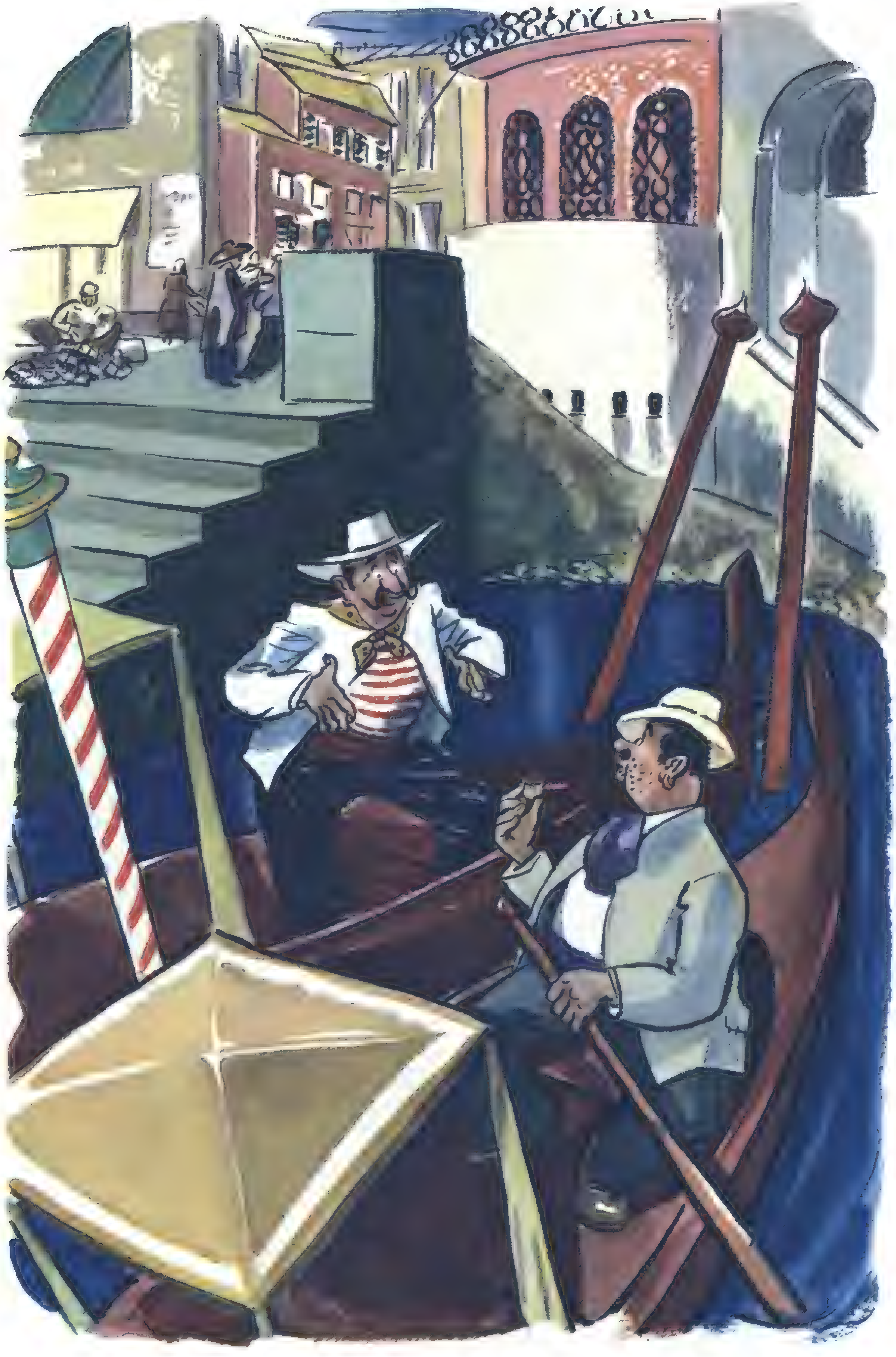
Night hunts are favored by the Bottom Scratchers because the depths are more eerie and frightening at night. (These chaps, like the addicts of horror movies, seem to enjoy being thoroughly scared. They'll announce, "Boy, I had the screaming meemies!" in tones of reminiscent rapture.) About three a.m. the water is at its blackest and iciest. You can see nothing when you're under, except a pale shaft of light from your paraffin-coated flashlight, or a glimmer from the stars if you look toward the surface. The fish can't see you either. Smelt will slap blindly across your face. The tentacle of an octopus or the feelers of a lobster may tickle your foot. A passing sea lion may collide with you. Under such conditions, obviously, the hunting is good.

If you feel some claws fasten onto your legs with a grip like a bear trap, don't be frightened. It's probably a fellow Bottom Scratcher having his joke. These boys love to scare each other by swimming up from behind and digging in the victim's flesh with their fingernails to simulate the feel of a giant crab. They play other tricks on each other, too, like imitating a corpse on the bottom. There is nothing quite so amusing, they find, as to fool a friend into believing that he has stepped on a dead man.

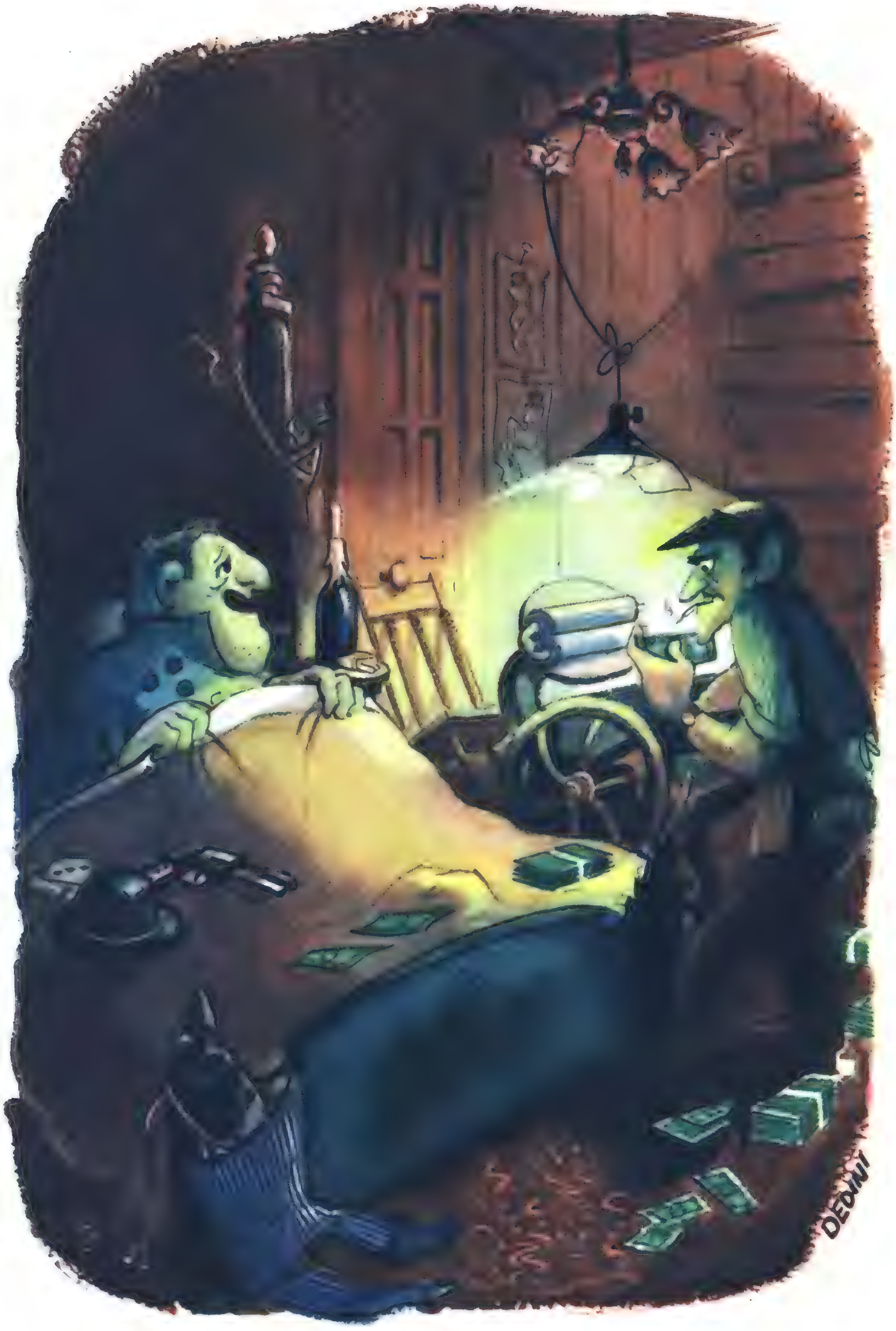
Seekers after new sensations should certainly apply for membership in *(Continued on page 185)*



"Just put on anything, lady! It's just us firemen —and a few neighbors!"



"In another year or so I suppose we'll be getting those American school teachers again"



"Don't work too late, Max—money isn't everything"

Leaf from a Notebook

These are the relics of the war years: the blank of a desert, a holy picture, the cat in the Colosseum, Joe and Joe

by CHESTER MORRISON

They don't come clanking chains—these ancients whom we used to know—but they are ghosts, and they come back to haunt us comfortingly now that the Great Foolishness is over. They are the people we knew while the Foolishness was on. Everybody must have some of them. I have them in a vague, haphazard way because I used to keep notebooks. It was part of my business.

It says here, in my notebook: "*The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club* by Dorothy Sayers." . . . "Cat in Colosseum for Peg." . . . "Sid—500; Betty—1200; Rupert—1500." . . . "Trouble at Fréjus, paratroops contacted at Le Muys, gliders not yet contacted." . . . "Pine fragrance; grapes not quite ripe." There are crude sketches of things—Vesuvius, Monte Cristo, Bastia, Pentelleria, the Louvre, Bastogne, the bridge across the ravine in Luxembourg, the cafés of Brussels, the estaminet at St. Maxime. A sketch of a rocket ship; a blank, which is a sketch of a desert.

There are hundreds of notes. One reads: "I have a tame lizard that goes forward in the night and chews up maps of the enemy Intelligence. Auchinleck knows this." Frightening things like that. Lovely things like: "Hotel du Rhône—Gutenberg 5900." Or: "Sally Thursday Officers' Club." Things like the peacetime addresses of old soldiers whom I will never see again.

These hardly legible notes, these hazy memories, these knowledges of men and women—good and bad—are what remain to lots of people from the war that is most fortunately done.

Men are paving the streets of London now with gravel, and running steam rollers over the gravel, but they will never bury the recollections of the streets when the streets were open and vulnerable. And all the steam rollers and gravel of time cannot, I hope, bury the memory of why I wrote down in a notebook the name of a Whodunit by Dorothy Sayers. That was in an iron canoe that went and conquered Elba.

And I can't forget having seen an ordinary tabby cat asleep in the broken, weed-grown Colosseum of Rome and having thought at the time that Peg likes cats. Moreover, so I am told, a gentleman doesn't forget that he owes Rupert 1500 lira and Sid 500 francs.

The people who took me to the Colosseum were South Africans. They took me in a jeep, to see what I hope will never again be called a VIP—a Very Important Person. It is military slang that has become detestable. We were on the way to see the Pope. My notebook reads: "Some of these days."

Even people who are not communicants of the Church have deep respect for the Pope. The only time I ever had seen him before was when he came to America as Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, and on that visit he showed that he has—among his other attainments—a sense of humor.

His Holiness is a grave, but not stern, figure in a white gown and accoutrements which are noticed but not really observed by people other than women and possibly by men versed in the uniform of the clergy. There are deep lines in his face—which is understandable—a grace in his walk and his conversation. He is a wise man. He was doing a broadcast from the Vatican to the South African Union.

To reach the Vatican you drive through the cobblestoned streets of Rome, past ancient ruins and old buildings, including the Piazza di Venezia where Mussolini used to make his bombastic speeches from the balcony, and you come at last to St. Peter's.

We did St. Peter's—me and the South Africans. St. Peter's is full of a number of things which I am not able to appreciate. One of the most interesting of them all, on that day, was a party of uniformed black African soldiers being led about by one of their own officers who halted them at the proper places and lectured them—in Swahili, probably.

But what I liked—as you will when you go to see it—was something tucked away in a niche on the right of the entrance to St. Peter's. The light is bad, and there are hordes of sight-seers about. You walk in without noticing it, and when you walk out you're tired, but it is just then that the piece of statuary grips your attention in a way that amounts to hypnotism.

Mesmerized by the overpowering beauty of the thing, you move closer and discover that it is Mary with her dead Son in her lap. I can't describe its loveliness. But I can say that the ignorant, looking upon its beauty, realize that they are in the presence of a masterpiece. Eventually someone explains that it is Michelangelo.

So we had St. Peter's—me and the Springboks, which is what people call South Africans—and we rolled into the courtyard of Vatican City. And there, sure enough, were the Swiss Guards in their antiquated uniforms. We were in two jeeps and a sound truck, and the engineers on the job were both named Joe.

Joe stayed in the sound truck to make sure the recording would be right, and Joe staggered up four flights of stairs to the broadcasting room with a great coil of electric cable over his shoulder. We came to the broadcasting room and looked about in respectful awe, and Joe discovered that he would have to prop up the microphone, because the desk is high and His Holiness is not tall. Joe found a Bible, discarded that idea, and finally set his microphone on top of two Rome telephone directories.

Then he went out to talk to Joe in the courtyard. He threw a leg over the window sill and called down four flights. "Joe," he hollered, "you want the cable?" And Joe hollered back, "Let her come."

And Joe, over the window sill, began paying out the cable, hand-over-hand. I was helping—unwinding the cable from the coil—and the cable passed from my hands through Joe's down to Joe.

All this was just a job of work to Joe. He straddled the window sill and paid out the cable, not noticing anything else, and as he paid out the cable from a fourth-floor window of the Vatican, he sang softly: "Some of these days you're gonna miss me, Honey."

Some of these days, it says in my notebook. Some of these ancient ghosts.

There was a grove of gaunt fig trees in a place I know, where there is nothing but sand and a beautiful blue ocean and these fig trees. And there was a man I know. A man of considerable attainments, of some years and a great deal of learning, taste and dignity. He came to the desert from the Greece he loved. He hated the desert more than he hated bad manners, but he attained a tolerance and later, perhaps, almost an affec-

tion for it. He is middle-aged, and so I have a kinship with him. But on the day I remember, he was a "new boy" in the desert. I had come to think of myself as an Old Hand. We were both reporters and, like most of the people working for the paper that employed him, he knew much more about what was going on than I knew. On the day I remember, he was preparing to write a piece about what he knew. He was wearing a topee—probably the only topee in the whole desert—and a fly whisk. Nothing else. A fly whisk is a piece of horsetail on the end of a stick. It is the only weapon Egypt has devised in thousands of years against its horribly irritating plague. He was barefoot.

But he was not one of those clownish people who believe in roughing it unnecessarily. He carried things with him. He unfolded his unfolding chair in that scrubby fig grove, and unfolded his unfolding table. He took the lid off his unfolding typewriter and began stuffing paper and carbon into the maw of the typewriter.

In those days you made copies for the military censor, the naval censor, the air censor, the American censor and for that great joker, the Egyptian political censor, and you saved a copy, just in case.

While he was cramming all that into his typewriter, a gust of wind came through the lazy dry leaves of the fig trees and blew the whole works out of his hands. My friend went about in his bare feet through the warm sand and collected the sheets of paper and carbon. He put them together again and began crowding them into his typewriter, and the wind came back.

It happened three times. The last time he let his paper slither across the sand and wrap itself around the twisted grey trunks of the fig trees and slip away to slide into the lovely blue ocean. He stamped his bare foot in the sand, bringing up his knobby knee and stamping in anger. "Oh, pshaw," he cried. "Oh, Double Pshaw!"

These imperishable ancients. These treasures of the memory. They are what sometimes make war seem noble—what make people seem human and memorable.

Yet, what I remember about Bastogne is that a general would not let anybody ride in a jeep with the top up, although it was snowing like a Currier & Ives engraving. You just don't think of world-shaking events when you're riding in a jeep through a blizzard—you think of how cold and miserable you are.

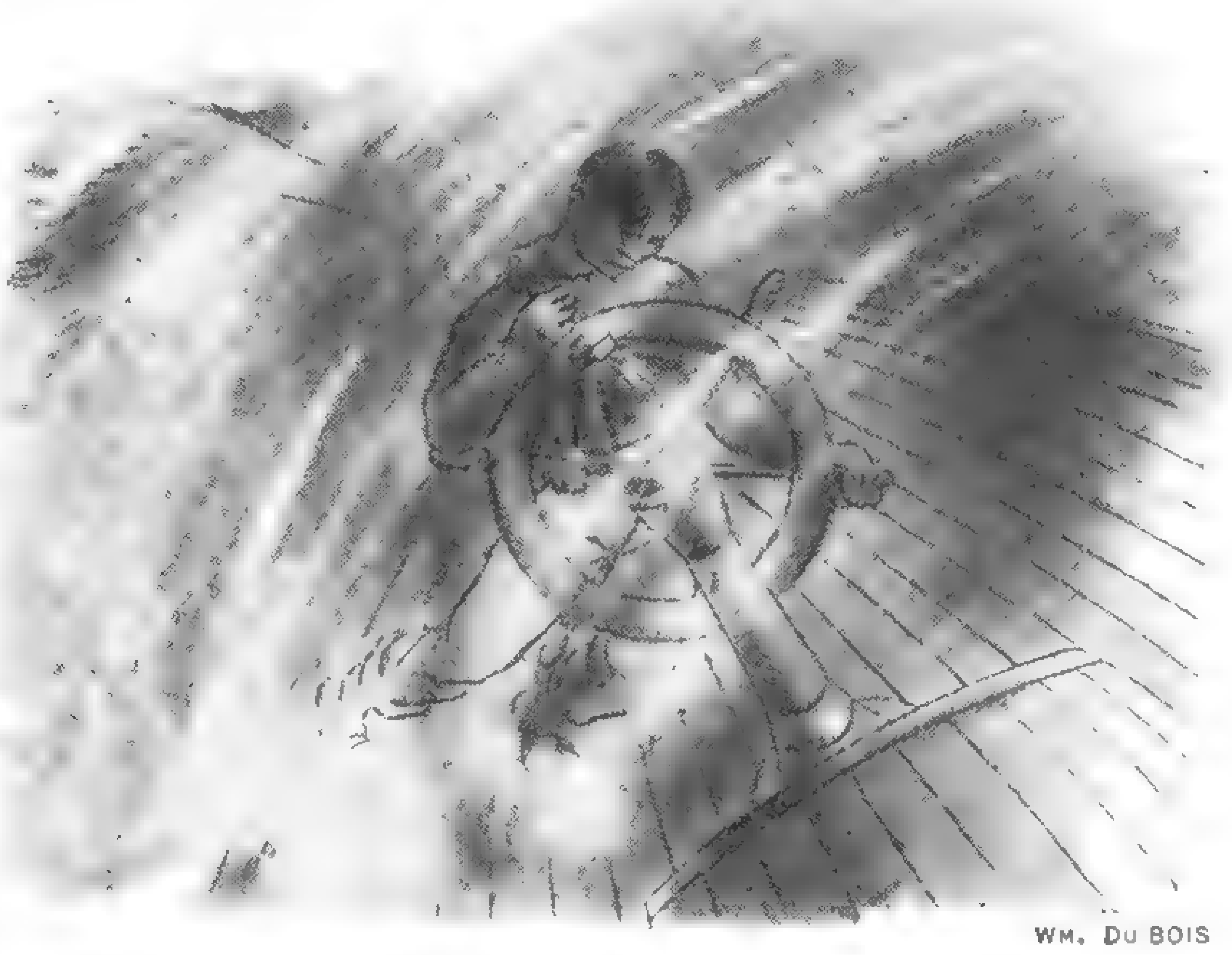
Yet, while the military and the blizzard and the Foolishness were our lives, they were important. They are in the notebooks with the rest of the ghosts. But I can't think now of anything less important. They have served their purposes. I think of real things:

Of "Hotel du Rhône—Gutenberg 5900." Of "Sally Thursday, Officers' Club." Maybe all of us are human beings after all. ⌗

He was miles out at sea when he heard the radio shrilling the warning that a hurricane was heading for that area

No Turning Back

by EGBERT N. BOWYER



WM. DU BOIS

The land was a faint blue line on the horizon. Shalimar dipped her bow to the chocks as she breasted mounting seas. Her lee rail hissed through sea-green crests. Her jib, mainsail and jigger bellied out to leeward, and the sheets were straining in their blocks.

Don Way, wearing shorts, lounged on the port seat in the cockpit. Every kick of the wheel against his hand, every skittering sheet of spray tossed by Shalimar's bow, was added proof he had been right in his determination to build her and to sail her down the Mississippi from the Great Lakes.

"There'll be plenty of time," he thought, "to marry, settle down and raise a family. But the time to cruise the Gulf and the Caribbean, to nose your own boat into all the harbors you've always wanted to visit, is when you're still young enough to enjoy it.

"If this wind holds, I'll be down among the Florida Keys by tomorrow night, seeing tropical islands topped by coconut trees for the first time. If it doesn't, I'll be wherever I am when it dies."

After glancing at the feathery scud of clouds high in the morning sky, he thought, "And if it comes on to blow, I'll run in and hunt a hole at Boca Grande."

In the two years he had spent cruising Shalimar in the Great Lakes and working between cruises so he would have a stake when he headed south, Don had met many men and women.

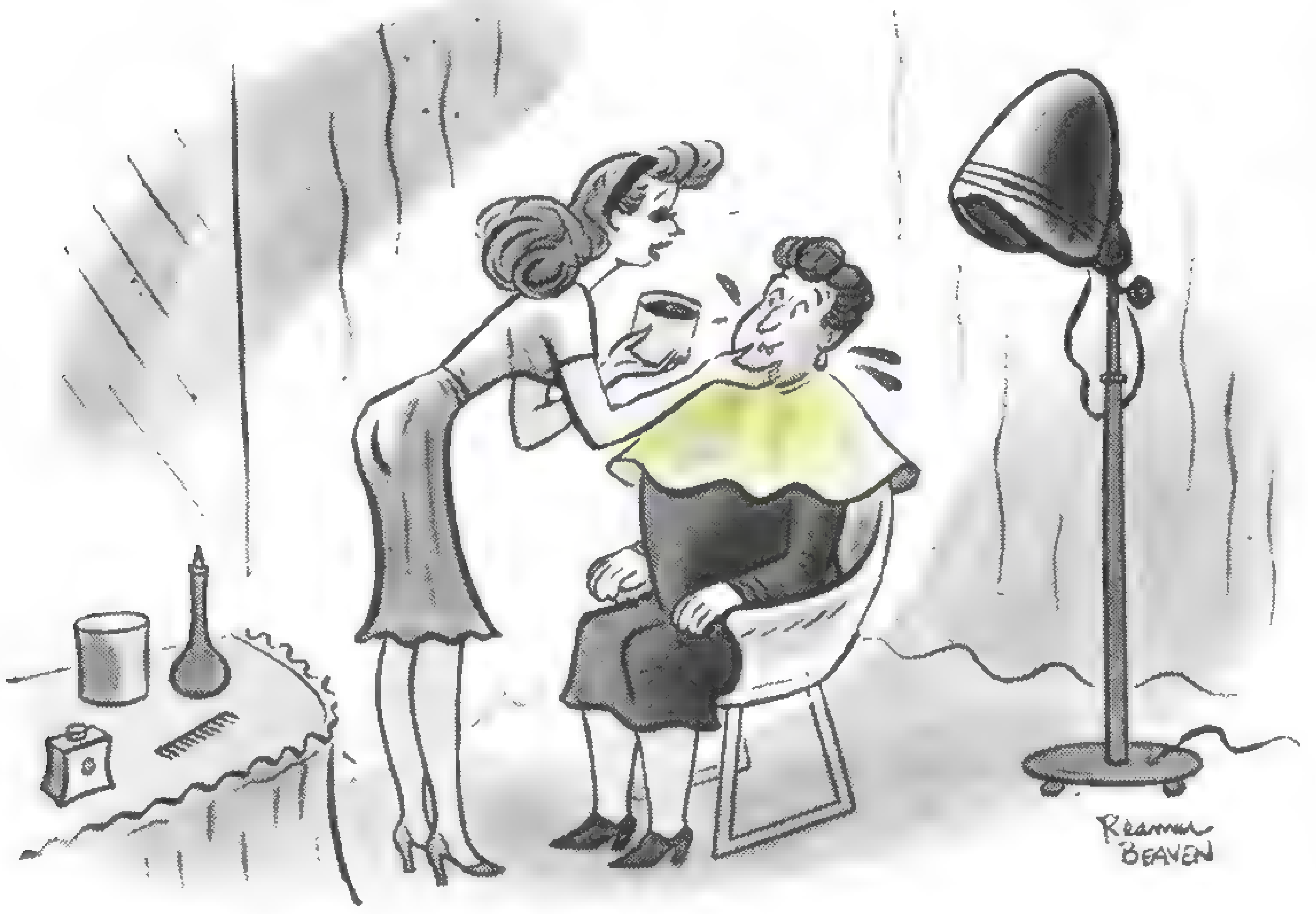
Women, learning he lived alone in the, to them, cramped quarters of a thirty-six-foot ketch, felt sorry for him. Depending upon their age and mood, they tried to mother him, marry him, or convert him to the idea that a man's place is in a home ashore and his job is doing "worth-while work."

Men thought him a screwball, envied him, or tried to persuade him that he needed a crew.

After two weeks spent in cruising Tampa Bay, Don had decided to sail straight for Key West and to the tropical isles of his dreams rather than visit the ports which lay between and risk having his senses dulled by the gradual change of scene. With the wind steady in the east, he had left his anchorage behind Anna Maria Key and sailed across the breaker bar at Sou'west Pass at dawn.

Since he listened only to the evening news bulletins and weather reports, Don sailed Shalimar sou'east by east while the feathery scud above him became clouds heavy enough to dim the sun and, finally, to hide it.

Had his radio been on, he'd have heard the 10 a. m. advisory which was being repeated every fifteen minutes. "The storm reported earlier has re-curved and is moving rapidly northeastward attended by shifting gales over a three hundred mile area and by hurricane winds near its center.



"You can put 36 candles on your next birthday cake and no one will know the difference"

Hurricane warnings have been hoisted from Fort Myers to Cedar Keys. Persons living on the keys or in low or exposed areas are urged to seek shelter on the mainland or move to higher ground. All shipping in the east Gulf is warned to seek shelter or prepare for hurricane conditions. This is not an ordinary storm. This is a full-fledged hurricane. The center is expected to move inland near Tampa late tonight or early tomorrow morning."

Don heard none of this. He was thrilling to Shalimar's actions as he drove her lee rail under and felt the subtle shudder which trembled her hull as her bow drove into the seas.

A flock of seagulls, making slow progress as they beat their way steadily toward shore, crossed Shalimar's bow.

"When you see chickens headed for shelter," Don thought, "it's a sure sign of rain. And when you see gulls heading for shore in the morning, weather's making, regardless of what a barometer reads."

Heading Shalimar into the wind, he hauled in on his sheets until his sails were close-hauled. Turning the wheel, he set her on a new course, headed for Boca Grande.

As Shalimar heeled her lee deck under and flung spray in huge sheets, Don thought, "Sailing before the wind with sails set wing and wing is fun. A broad reach with the wind abeam is thrilling. But sailing close-hauled with the wind and spray in your face and your sails like molded metal instead of sailcloth ironed by the wind, now, that's sailing."

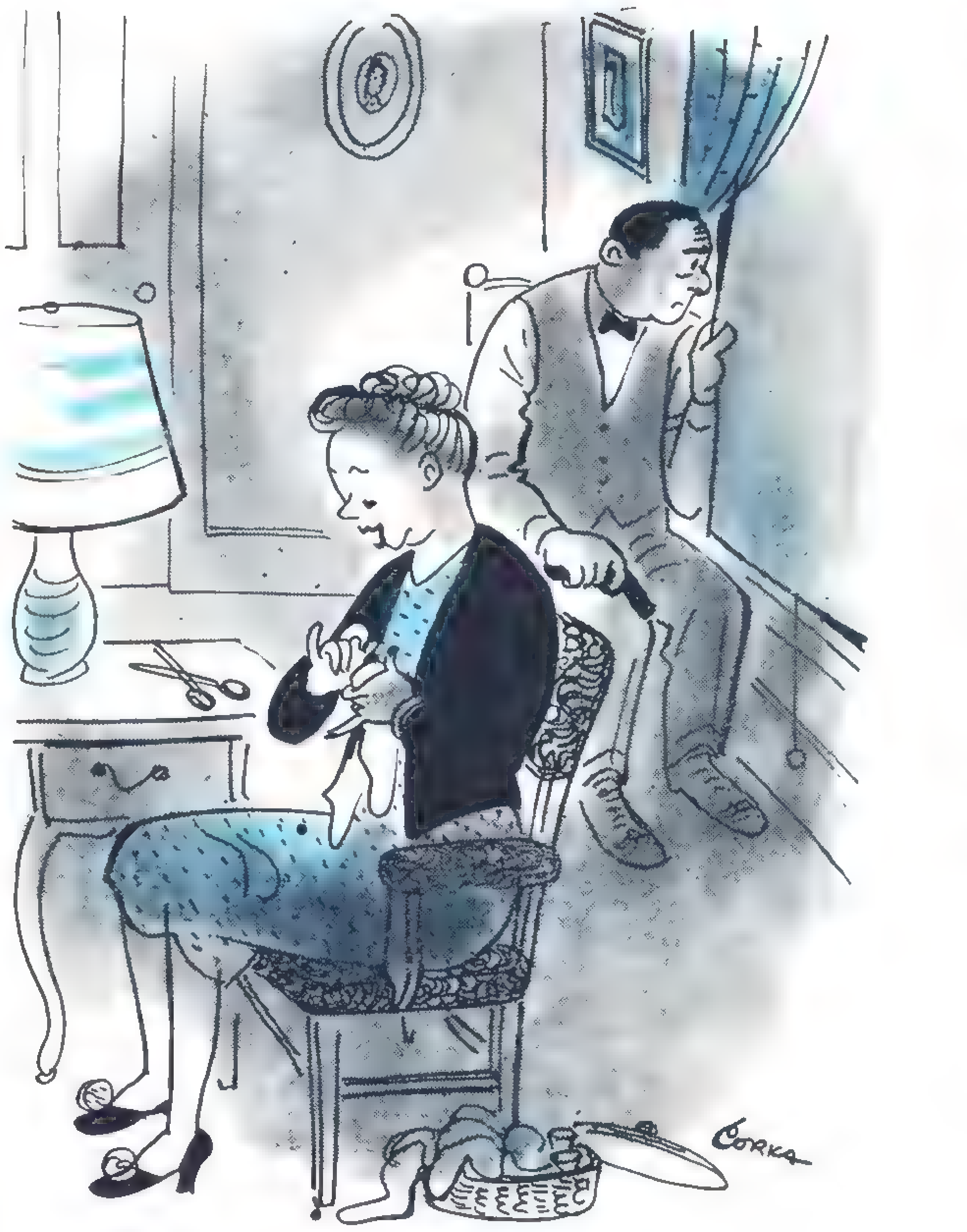
Watching the lubber line on his compass, he noted it shifting gradually toward sou'east. A flock of pelicans flew by, skimming the seas, their powerful wings driving them nor'east where Don knew, as well as they, the nearest land could be found.

The wind had veered from east to east by south and increased from moderate to fresh. A fault let Shalimar shift to an even keel, but the stronger puff which followed heeled her lee rail under until her deck was awash to the top of the cockpit coaming.

Don put Shalimar in irons, her sails popping like giant firecrackers. Going forward, he dropped the mainsail, unbent it, and then carried it below. Returning, he bent his heavy stormsail, with less than half the area of his mainsail, and hoisted it.

"When it's dusty enough to triple reef a mainsail," he thought, as he returned to the cockpit, "it's likely to get dustier."

Had his apprenticeship been served on the Gulf instead of the Great Lakes, Don would have known from a glance at the scudding clouds and the steady veering of the wind toward sou'east, what every fisherman, beating his way toward the nearest harbor and hoping he'd make it in time, knew. And, had he known it, he'd have been beating under sail and power not toward Boca Grande, which would in a short time lie in the teeth of the steadily veering wind, but toward the jettied entrance to Venice-Nokomis harbor.



"I'm so glad you decided to stay home tonight, dear"

While fishermen drove their craft into head seas, Don studied his chart. He fixed his position about twenty miles west of Venice. "Maybe I'd better heave to," he decided.

Going below, he found his barometer had dropped two tenths since dawn. He switched on his radio in time to hear, "Shipping in the east Gulf is warned to seek shelter or prepare for hurricane conditions. This is not an ordinary storm. This is a full-fledged hurricane. The center is expected to move inland near Tampa late tonight or early tomorrow morning."

A shiver tingled up Don's spine. He remembered, too late, the words of a skipper he had talked to in Pensacola. "A hurricane ain't like a rattlesnake, warning you before it strikes. It don't move in with no brass band playing, 'Run nigger run!' It kind of sneaks up on you like a hungry panther and you don't figure how serious things are 'till you've had the pure hell clawed out of you."

Don's first feeling was one of panic. But, slowly, the realization that his life and Shalimar's fate depended upon his keeping a level head overcame panic and his brain began functioning.

He remembered hurricane winds travel counterclockwise above the equator. From the steady shift of the wind from east to east by south, he reasoned that the eye of the hurricane, the calm center of lowest pressure about which hurricane winds were revolving, probably lay sou'west of him. Since the wind had veered so swiftly, he reasoned the storm center was moving rapidly toward him.

With a hurricane on its way, he knew making port at Boca Grande was out of the question.

Venice-Nokomis harbor was inviting but, before he could beat twenty miles into the teeth of the near-gale now blowing, the wind would have veered to south'ard and increased in intensity enough so that steering Shalimar through the narrow, jettied opening would be next to impossible.

Were he to attempt to retrace the sixty miles of open water which lay between him and Tampa Bay, the odds against entering Sou'west Pass safely, with buoys and markers hidden by storm-tossed seas, were too great to risk.

"Sometimes," he thought, "there's no turning back. You have to stand and fight it out wherever you happen to be or run for a better place in which to fight. I guess I'd better be running. I don't want to get caught this close to a lee shore when the other side of the hurricane strikes."

Don went on deck and unbent his jib and jigger and then stowed them below.

Returning, he carried his sea anchor and cable which he made fast to the bitts and lashed to his light anchor. He shackled his storm anchor to the length of chain which in turn was shackled to the heavy manila cable he had never had to use. He remembered a sailor on the Great Lakes telling him that a length of chain between a storm anchor and its cable was not only added weight to hold it down, but insurance against the manila being cut by coral rocks in tropical seas.

Next, he rigged a line between main and jigger masts and then looped the bight of a four-fathom length of lighter line over it. Making the ends of this safety line fast around his waist, he thought, "I've got enough scope to go anywhere on deck and, if I get washed overboard, I'll stand a chance of getting back aboard again."

Taking his place at the wheel, he watched the stormsail belly out under the force of the near-gale as he headed Shalimar west. He knew he couldn't out-run the hurricane, but every mile he sailed offshore was added insurance Shalimar would be afloat when it passed.

Soon the spindrift, whipped from the mounting seas which surged past Shalimar so swiftly she seemed to be making sternway instead of driving ahead of the gale, forced Don to heave to while he changed into slacks and a sweatshirt over which he pulled a suit of oilskins. After slipping his feet into sneakers and pulling a sou'wester onto his head, he returned to the cockpit and again drove Shalimar before the gale which screamed like tormented devils as it hurtled through the rigging. Drove her, until he nosed her bow into the grey-green body of a sea.

Shalimar shuddered to her keel bolts. Only her cabin top and cockpit were clear of water. As the bow lifted, freeing itself from the weight of the sea, it forced her stern deep into the trough. The curling crest of the following sea combed over the cockpit.

Don felt himself torn loose from the wheel as the wall of water crashed down upon him. He felt the painful crash as his head struck the cabin bulkhead. There, his sensations ended.

When he regained consciousness, whether minutes or hours later he had no way of knowing at the moment, he was lying curled up on his side on the cockpit floor.

Shalimar was riding hove to under her stormsail for an instant; falling off and sailing like mad as the sail filled; heading up into the wind as she gained momentum; heaving to with her sail slatting; and, then, falling off again.

Don had just returned to the wheel after assuring himself no bones were broken and that the cut and bump on his head would heal, in time, when Shalimar fell off and her sail filled.

The wind was blowing full hurricane force (*Continued on page 209*)

It will be a great day for small bettors when the Jockey Club steps down from its ivory tower and faces the facts of racing

Horses Never Cheat

by IRWIN STARK & GEORGE WINSTON

Marshall Field, merchant prince of Chicago, once sold a light chestnut colt named Aknahton. A year later, having changed hands several times, the then three-year-old horse disappeared from the tracks. The horse was changed in appearance to look like a two-year-old horse called "Shem" who ran at Havre de Grace and scored a betting coup at big odds. When "Shem" vanished, a similar horse ran in California with like results. Finally, the horse was run as "Gailmont" in Florida to win another startling victory at 9-1. Clever paint jobs and some fancy bridgework had remodeled the original Aknahton. Running him as three different two-year-olds, his unscrupulous owners gained the advantage of Aknahton's additional year of speed and strength, and so cleaned up.

Racing, however, has come a long way from the time when this was run-of-the-mill. Today's electric starting gates, pari-mutuel betting machines, cameras at the finish, saliva tests, and a scientific system of horse identification have done much to fumigate the game. High time too, now that racing is back from its wartime holiday with capacity crowds crazy to gamble record-breaking billions of war-industry dollars. Of course there'll always be crooks in a game where pluckings are so plentiful. In 1939 at Belmont, for example, Sun Plume was fed a carrot seasoned with morphine sulphate, and two men went to jail. The Narcotics Bureau and the saliva test have exposed administration of heroin, morphine and other drugs. The fact is, nevertheless, that the saliva test can locate only half of 120 possible narcotics and stimulants. But racing in America is far from what it was in the early part of the century, or in the roaring, racketeering twenties.

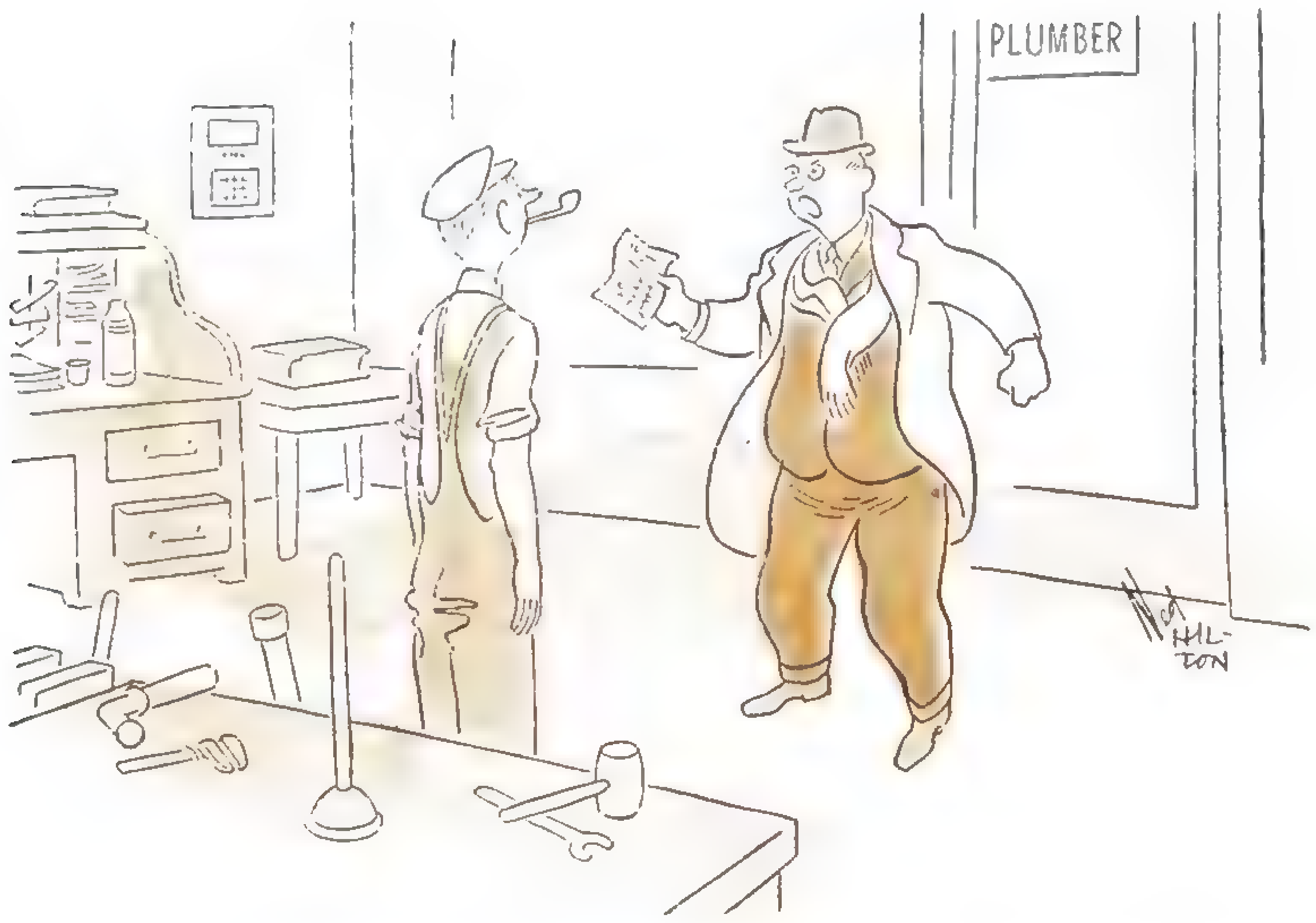
It's just because racing has improved so much that a big clean-up is in the books. Horse racing is still loaded with rackets, even though they're not the kind about which movies or dime-novels are written. The reason for their existence, however, is still the same. Horse racing is the biggest gambling business in the world. Despite this fact, it's the one outstanding game where the sucker is always beaned by the eight ball.

The fifty "tyrants" who direct racing from the Red Room of the Jockey Club high above New York's Park Avenue have yet to recognize that a racing public of millions is a fact. These men, known around the track room as "the stuffed shirts in the haunted house," and including socialites like the Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Belmonts, du Ponts and Mackays, have made the rules of racing. They grant and withdraw licenses, keep the studbook or social register of equine life, hold star chamber proceedings for malefactors, and control every race track in the country. Among them they own the best horses in America, and can doom a recalcitrant track to race second- and third-class nags any time they lift a finger. They are self-electing and self-perpetuating, and their creed is still what it was years ago when August Belmont II, first chairman, announced that: "Racing is for the rich!" That was understandable fifty years ago when it was largely the Sport of Kings and their few thousand lackeys. Today when millions are actively playing the game, it's nonsense. But the public is still damned, and all because of a moth-eaten fiction that the purpose of racing is "to improve the breed." Rule 220 of the Jockey Club laws is the guillotine of the sucker: "The Jockey Club takes no cognizance of bets." And how!

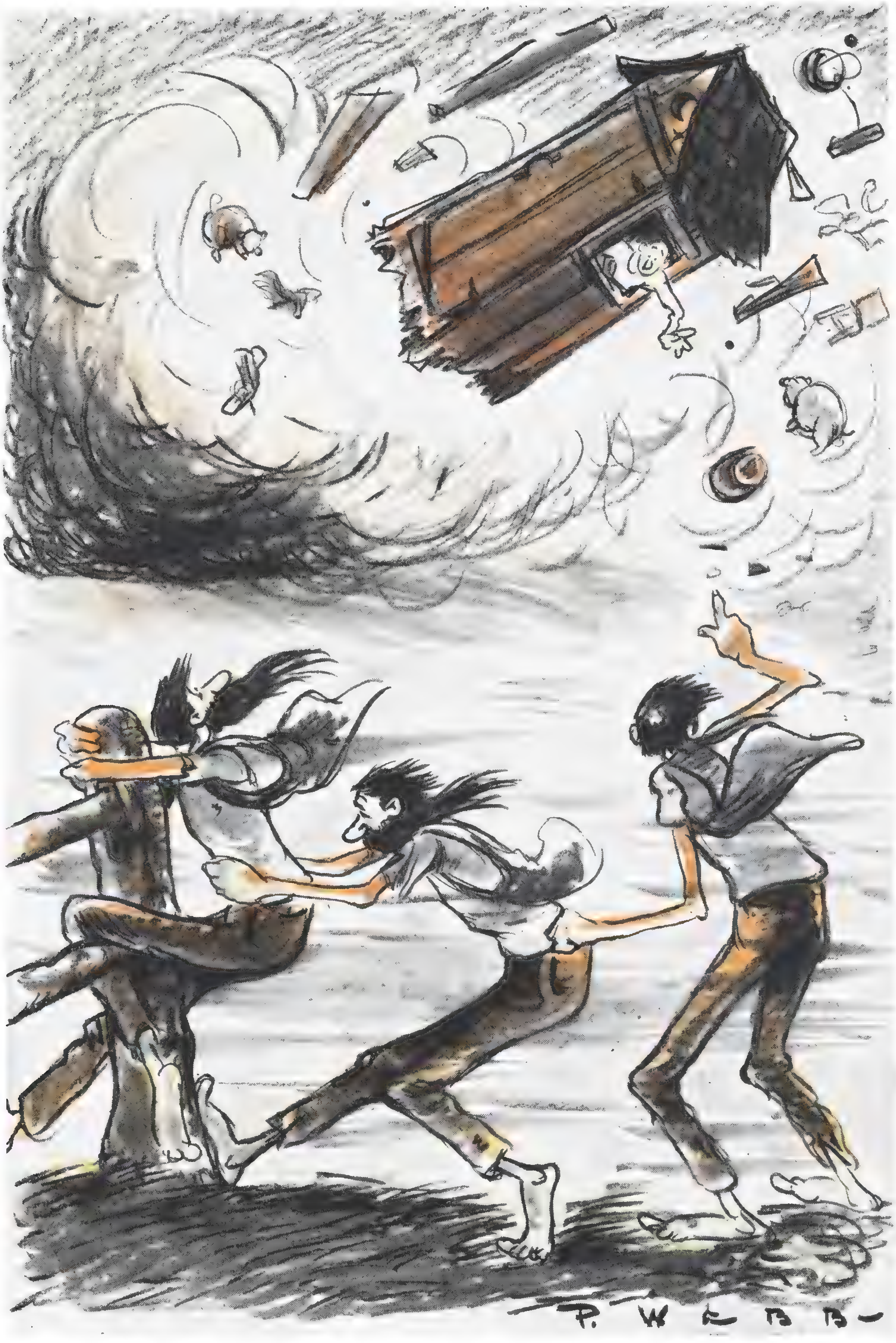
Yet betting is the very lifeblood of racing! Is there anybody who doubts that without it the tracks would fold up? This is what actually occurred when Governor Hughes clamped down on race-track gambling in New York a generation ago. Of no other sport can this be said, because in no other game is betting the very essence of the game. Col. E. R. Bradley of the Idle Hour Stables is one of the few men with the courage to tell the truth. Testifying at a U. S. inquiry, he was asked his profession. "I'm a gambler," he calmly answered. The tracks themselves make little effort to conceal what everyone except the Jockey Club admits. The mutuel machines at least recognize the facts of life. But the tracks go even further. They stimulate betting. The Daily Double aims to start the bettor off bright and early. Under this plan the bettor names two horses in two different races, usually the first and the second or third race. If both horses win, the bettor cleans up at big odds. But the tracks don't let go so easily. The Quinella is another device, this time for keeping the bettor going till the card ends, since it pays off if he names the order in which the first two horses finish the last race. It has been said that the man who bets on the first race, wins, and stops betting has rare self-control; the man who bets on the first race, loses, and stops betting has wrought a downright miracle. And the tracks themselves abhor miracles. There's no percentage.

We need only turn to the history of sport to deflate the upper-crust pretensions of the Jockey Club. Racing began in England during the reign of Henry I about 1100 A.D. Charles Farmer, one of the foremost historians of the sport, describes its inception in these words: "At this time bear-baiting was on the decline; the London prize ring was not what it used to be; and the busking of tavern wenches was purely an undercover pastime. A new sport was needed—one for the gentry. Overnight the upper classes were racing." Some years later Robert Burton commented in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*: "Horse races are disports of great men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means gallop quite out of their fortunes."

Race-track gambling is a mammoth business, pouring millions in taxes into the coffers of a score of states. Take the twelve-day meeting last year at Jamaica as an example of what is happening to a lot of happy-go-lucky war money. Attendance totaled 409,990, and betting reached 30,077,968 dollars—both new world records. The latter figure is an increase of 8,000,000 (*Continued on page 203*)



"I'm not complaining about the bill—it's your charging a dollar fifty for making it out that I object to"

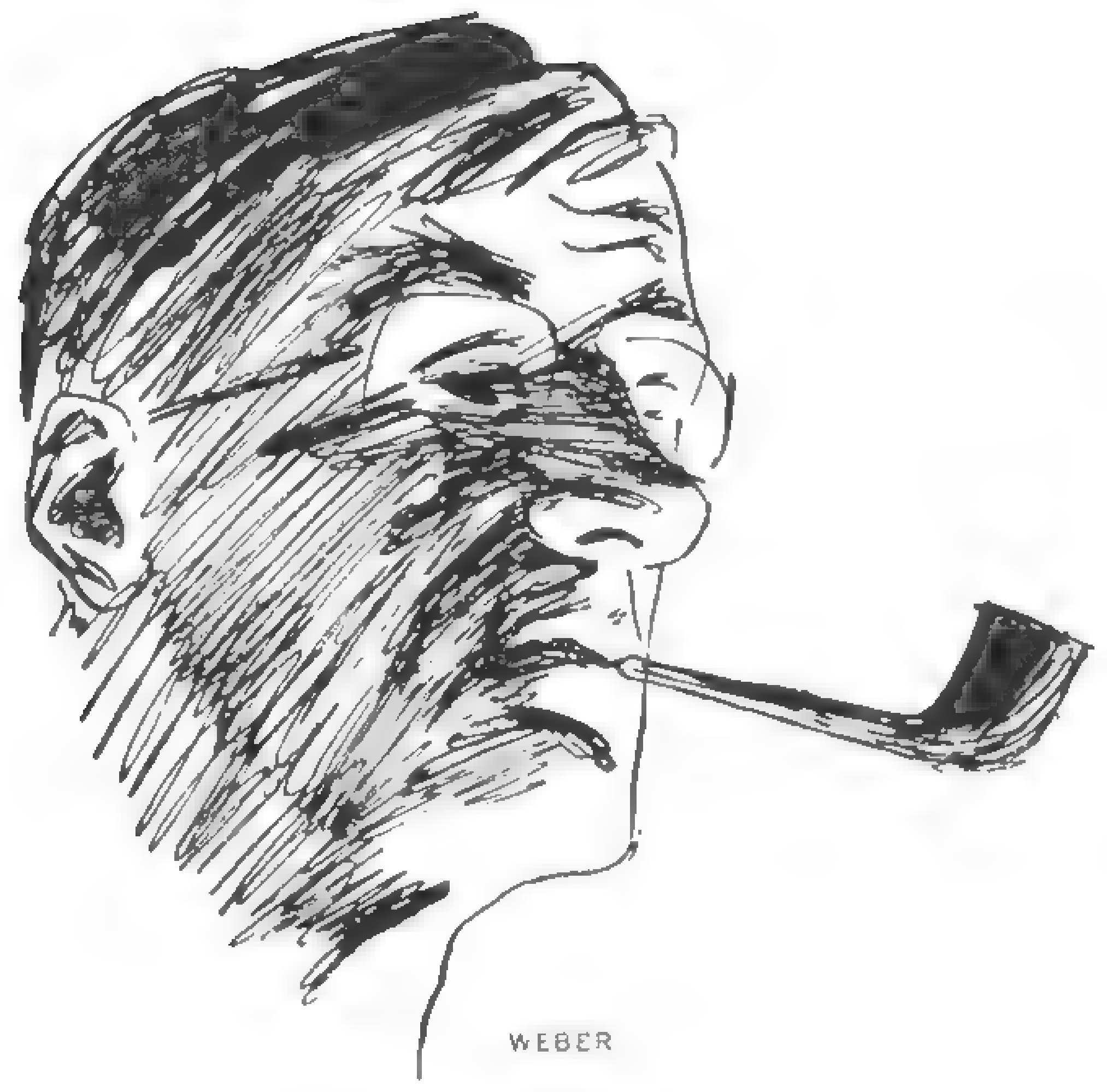


"Gawdamighty! Thar goes Clem Cleaby in the Widow Perkins' two-seater—that orta stir up gossip"

The atom bomb was only one of many secret weapons devised by the OSRD

Science, War and Vannevar Bush

by HENRY F. PRINGLE



In the early part of 1940, a group of American scientists were gravely worried. Among them were President James B. Conant of Harvard, President Karl Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and President Vannevar Bush of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. All three, with other scientists, realized in that terrible summer that the struggle for liberty was being lost.

Out of their concern grew, with the backing of President Roosevelt, the Office of Scientific Research and Development, with Dr. Bush as director. It is but a cold statement of fact to say that, at best, both V-E and V-J days would have been long delayed if it had not been for the secret activities of OSRD. The agency directly authorized expenditures of over 500,000,000 dollars and was responsible for the spending of billions more.

The atomic bomb, as everybody now knows, began to take shape in OSRD. So did greatly improved radar devices and advanced techniques in their use on sea, land and in the air. The OSRD program ranged from penicillin to unshrinkable socks to ease the tortured feet of G.I. Joe. OSRD worked on the bazooka and other rockets, on alloys for jet plane engines, on proximity fuses, on improved hand grenades, on more powerful TNT, on malaria control and vaccines of all kinds.

The man in charge of all this, who kept his high-strung and temperamental scientists working in harmony despite all the stresses of war, is a fifty-six-year-old Yankee whose interests and talents are almost as varied as the work of OSRD. Vannevar Bush is of medium height; thin, with small, twinkling blue eyes and a shock of unruly grey hair. He is affable and frank. He gives the impression of being willing to talk about anything he knows, yet he was among the very few men who knew all about the atomic bomb. Locked in his mind were at least a dozen other secrets for which Hitler would gladly have sacrificed von Rundstedt and ten divisions.

Vannevar Bush ran OSRD from a large, pleasant, dark-paneled room which is his office as President of the Carnegie Institution. He puffs at a briar pipe, squirms about in his chair and rests his feet on the desk as he talks, dictates or confers. A portrait of Andrew Carnegie, who dreamed so vainly of peace, hangs on the far wall. It is impossible to escape the irony in the fact that Carnegie looks down on the man who guided into existence the most frightful weapon in the history of mankind.

Vannevar Bush is New England personified, although his first name is Dutch. It was the name of a boyhood friend of his father. Bush talks with a subdued twang very much as did his whaling captain forebears. He sometimes reverts to the colloquialisms of New England. "I'm agin it" was occasionally scrawled in an almost undecipherable hand across some weighty memorandum at OSRD. He was born at Everett, Massachusetts, on March 11, 1890, was educated in the public schools of Chelsea, near Charlestown, and was graduated from Tufts College in 1913. Harvard and M.I.T. were then involved in a co-operative venture, granting joint degrees, and Bush received one in engineering from each institution in 1916.

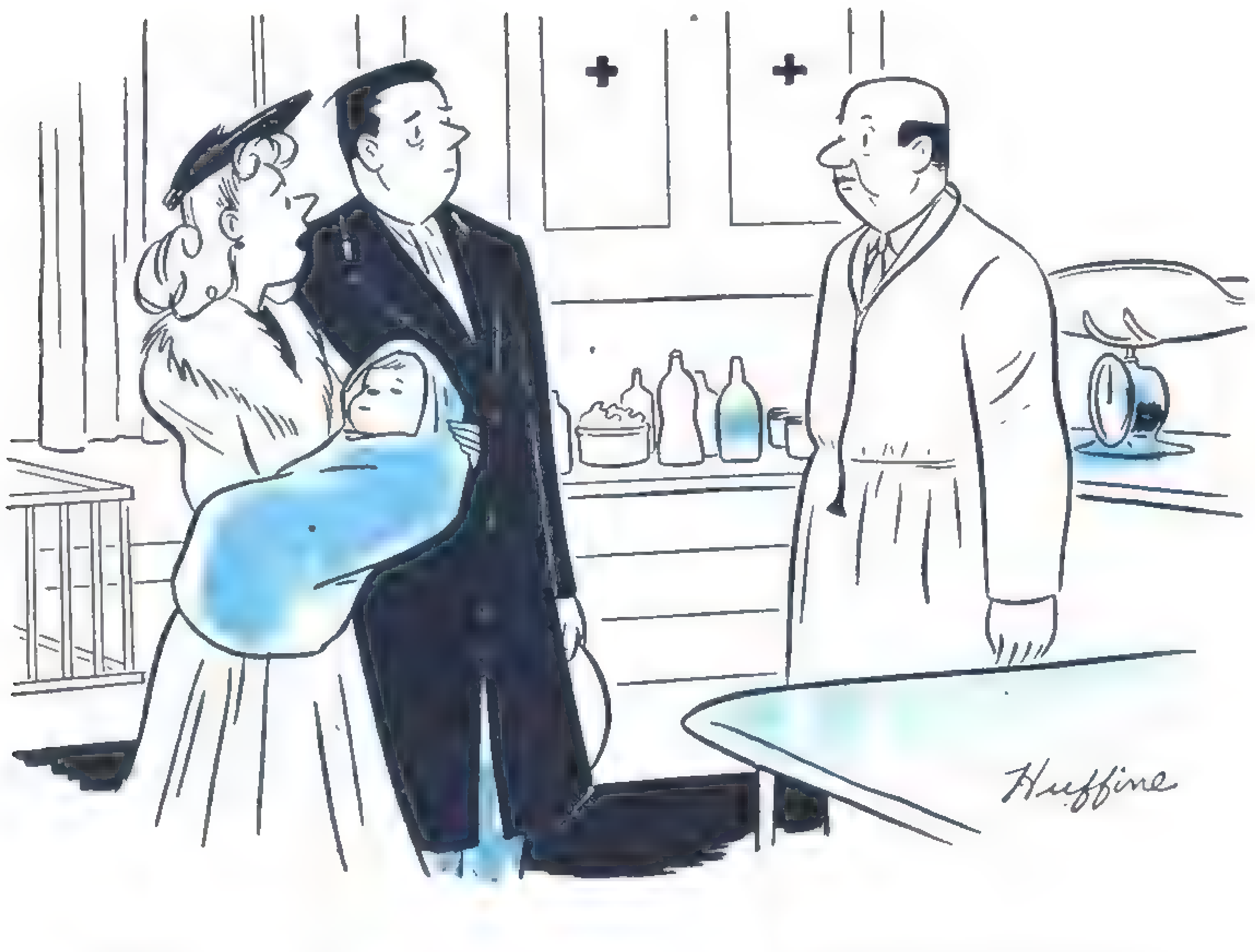
All of his boyhood was spent in Boston and its environs, with summers at Provincetown, cooled by Cape Cod breezes. The Bush home must have been happy, if modest. Young Vannevar's father was the Reverend Richard Perry Bush, a Universalist minister who had mildly scandalized his Methodist relatives by deserting to liberalism. He was a man of great culture, whose relationship with his son was unusually close. Dr. Bush's ability to express himself with a literacy rare among engineers or scientists may be attributed to his father's influence.

The boy was not another Edison, tinkering with gadgets. He excelled in mathematics and taught it for a time at Tufts. His specialty was electric power transmission, and he became assistant professor of electrical engineering in 1916. After the war he transferred to M.I.T. and began the slow climb up the academic ladder. The year he received the M.I.T.-Harvard degree, 1916, he was married to Phoebe Davis, a New England girl. (Incidentally they have two sons, one of whom served during the war as an Army doctor and the other a bomber pilot.)

Bush's numerous talents began to emerge with the last war when he worked for the Navy on submarine detection devices. Back at M.I.T., he rose to become Dean of Engineering and Vice-President. But he has helped run a small electrical manufacturing concern successfully and has acquired a modest competence. He is the inventor of the Differential Analyzer, the incredible machine which solves problems in higher mathematics faster than could a battalion of mathematicians; it played a big part in compiling ballistics data in the current war.

In 1939 Dr. Bush became President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, an admirable post for him since its activities ranged from atomic research to human embryology. For two years he was head of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, on which OSRD was closely patterned and which, as war grew close, performed invaluable services for the Army and Navy air forces. Yet Bush is no wild-eyed scientific jack-of-all-trades. He has rigid self-control. He cuts down on coffee and his pipe when his sleep is irregular. He warns his assistants against working over hours and rarely does so himself. He is that unusual combination, a scientist and an inventor who is also an administrator.

Bush's professional versatility is matched by his hobbies. He is a color photographer of great skill, something of a sailor, a boat designer, a fisherman who is experimenting with a glass rod which will be stronger than existing rods and will cast no betraying shadow on the water. Until the war interrupted he ran a farm at East Jaffrey, New Hampshire, where, because it was difficult, he raised turkeys. He mastered the art of turkey raising in short



"He doesn't seem to show any signs of genius, doctor —is that normal?"

order, learning that the vulnerable birds contracted various diseases through contaminated water. Bush kept them on wire, away from puddles, and lost only a few birds out of a flock of 800. He will not resume turkey raising, however, now that he knows how. He will seek some other hobby which can challenge his restless curiosity.

Extraordinary versatility does not, in itself, account for Bush's success as head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. He is a diplomat as well.

"The men who lead our Army and Navy in this fight," he said in a public speech in 1943, "are no less open to new ideas than is the general public of the United States."

This pleased the brass hats, of course, and helped Dr. Bush to convert them to certain new ideas, such as the Duck, the two-and-a-half ton amphibious truck, toward which they had shown stubborn, blind, unrelenting opposition. His relationship with Congress was marked by similar masterly maneuverings. The first moneys used by OSRD came from the President's special funds, and Bush had to account only to the Bureau of the Budget. After that, though, he had to appear before the two appropriation committees. At first Dr. Bush told only as much about OSRD as could publicly be disclosed and asked his millions on faith. He was never turned down, but he shrewdly discerned expressions of chagrined resentment on the faces of some of the boys. They looked like children barred from an important secret known only to their elders and betters.

STATION 16
SCOTT BROWN

"Politics! Years ago, when this station was built, the mayor's brother-in-law was affiliated with a tubing company"

After that Dr. Bush went to the hearings with a small notebook. In executive session he explained that the book, of which only one copy existed, described every single secret project of OSRD. The members of the committee were entitled to examine it, if they chose, he said. Invariably the chairman would hand it to the clerk, telling him to lock it in the safe but to permit access to any member. It was always returned without having been consulted.

"At some point in the hearing," Dr. Bush confided to associates, "I would tell them a secret or two."

Another OSRD secret project was known by D.U.K.W. which was the code mark of the big amphibious truck popularly called the Duck. Ever since the Japanese had swept south through the Pacific it had been obvious that victory, in the Pacific or in Europe, could be achieved only by amphibious warfare on a scale never before contemplated. Heavy guns and machinery could not be landed with cranes on docks, for both would have vanished in preliminary air and sea bombardments. The only apparent solution was to land these tonnages of war, as well as men, directly from freighters and transports lying well off shore.

In mid-spring of 1942 Palmer C. Putnam, an OSRD engineer, conceived the idea of converting a standard Army truck into an amphibious vehicle. It would use its wheels when on the ground, a propeller in the water. Designs were drawn with the expert aid of Roderick and Olin J. Stephens, the yachting team. General Motors agreed to go into production. Dr. Bush authorized 250,000 dollars in OSRD funds, and several experimental models of the Duck were nearing completion a few weeks following. Then word came from the Army that it did not want the Duck; there were too many special vehicles already. No high-ranking officer in Washington, not one, would even experiment with it. But at about this time Lieut. Gen. (then Maj. Gen.) Jacob L. Devers, Commanding General, Armored Forces at Fort Knox wrote Dr. Bush hoping that such a vehicle might be developed. This encouragement was enough for Dr. Bush. He told Putnam to go ahead.

Putnam needed little urging. With the enthusiastic co-operation of Brig. Gen. Daniel Noce, Commanding General, Engineer Amphibian Command, Camp Edwards, Palmer trained soldiers from the Kansas wheat fields, who had never seen an ocean, to operate his sample Ducks. In early November, 1942, he assembled about a dozen Ducks for further trials at Provincetown, where he could take advantage of a wide variety of winds and surf. His prairie sailor-soldiers in khaki continued to operate them, but the armed services were still skeptical. Luck came to Putnam's aid on the night of December 1.

That night was bitter cold with a full gale. At 11 o'clock the Provincetown Coast Guard station received a radio message from one of its patrol boats: AGROUND THREE MILES NORTH HIGHLAND LIGHT. Actually, the vessel had run on a sand bar about 400 yards off shore and was not on the beach. Heavy seas were running. It was impossible for lifesaving vessels to reach the yawl and the seven men aboard. Coast Guard officers then got in touch with Putnam. Could his Ducks make the rescue? The OSRD engineer and Roderick Stephens, Jr. said they could, and started two of them for the beach. One of them ran rapidly into the surf, swam at full speed toward the marooned craft, and swung under the lee side. The crew jumped in. The Duck turned for shore, rolled up the beach and took the men back to Provincetown. The rescue had all taken barely ten minutes. An hour or two later, the patrol boat was washed away.

A Cabinet meeting was scheduled a day or two later in Washington, and Secretary of War Stimson arrived at the White House a few minutes early. When President Roosevelt came in, the Secretary of War moved to his side. He took out a photograph, just received at the Pentagon by courier, and showed it to the President.

"I thought, Mr. President," he said, "you might like to see a Coast Guard crew being rescued by an Army truck."

Mr. Putnam, it would appear, has a touch of Dr. Bush's Yankee sagacity. He had taken the great Marine photographer, Stanley Rosenfeld, to photograph the night rescue, so that there would be a visual record of what the Duck could do. Ducks were first used in an assault in the Sicily landings in July, 1943, where General Eisenhower reported they played a decisive role and were vital in all following amphibious operations. More than 20,000 were built before Japan surrendered. As a result of the high level acceptance, production was jumped and for a few months carried the top priority in the country; and OSRD was directed to send Putnam to the active theater to consult with the theater commands on the tactics of the amphibious assault.

This was the year, particularly in its first months, of awful anxiety. It still seemed probable, as 1943 opened, that Germany might win the Battle of the Atlantic. Intelligence reports brought alarming word that the Germans appeared to be ahead in the race to split the atom. Other intelligence experts were convinced that Goebbels' boasts of a new and fearful weapon were not mere propaganda. Sometimes the strain on Dr. Bush and his close associates became almost unbearable.

"One crisis came on top of another," he has recalled. "Somehow we managed to shrug them off, to go on working."

Raids by the British on heavy water installations in Norway in 1943 momentarily eliminated the danger of an atomic bomb attack. From careful study of continuing German threats of a new weapon, Dr. Bush concluded that it would be some kind of deadly rocket. This threat to the Allied cause was imminent. Dr. Bush and his staff were convinced that as many as 3000 rockets could be launched in a single day. The carnage on D-Day, scheduled for the following June, would be terrible.

Combined British and American aerial and anti-aircraft defenses were organized, but the rocket attacks were, unaccountably, delayed. It now seems probable that the air raids on launching sites saved the democracies. Hitler had to aim the V-1 from portable sites. He may have been delayed for as much as a year. But there was, of course, no defense against the V-2.

By last spring the OSRD had signed more than 2000 research contracts with over 400 institutions, university, industrial and private laboratories. British scientists gave unstinting help to this science jobber, passing out assignments for exploration into the unknown. It was not enough merely to invent new war devices. Often they worked perfectly in the laboratory and less well under combat conditions. Occasionally the armed services were reluctant to adopt them or did not properly train

(Continued on page 166)

An idyll which implies there are more things on a Fifth Avenue bus than are dreamt of in a New Yorker's philosophy

Sunday Afternoon

by IRVING TOWNSEND

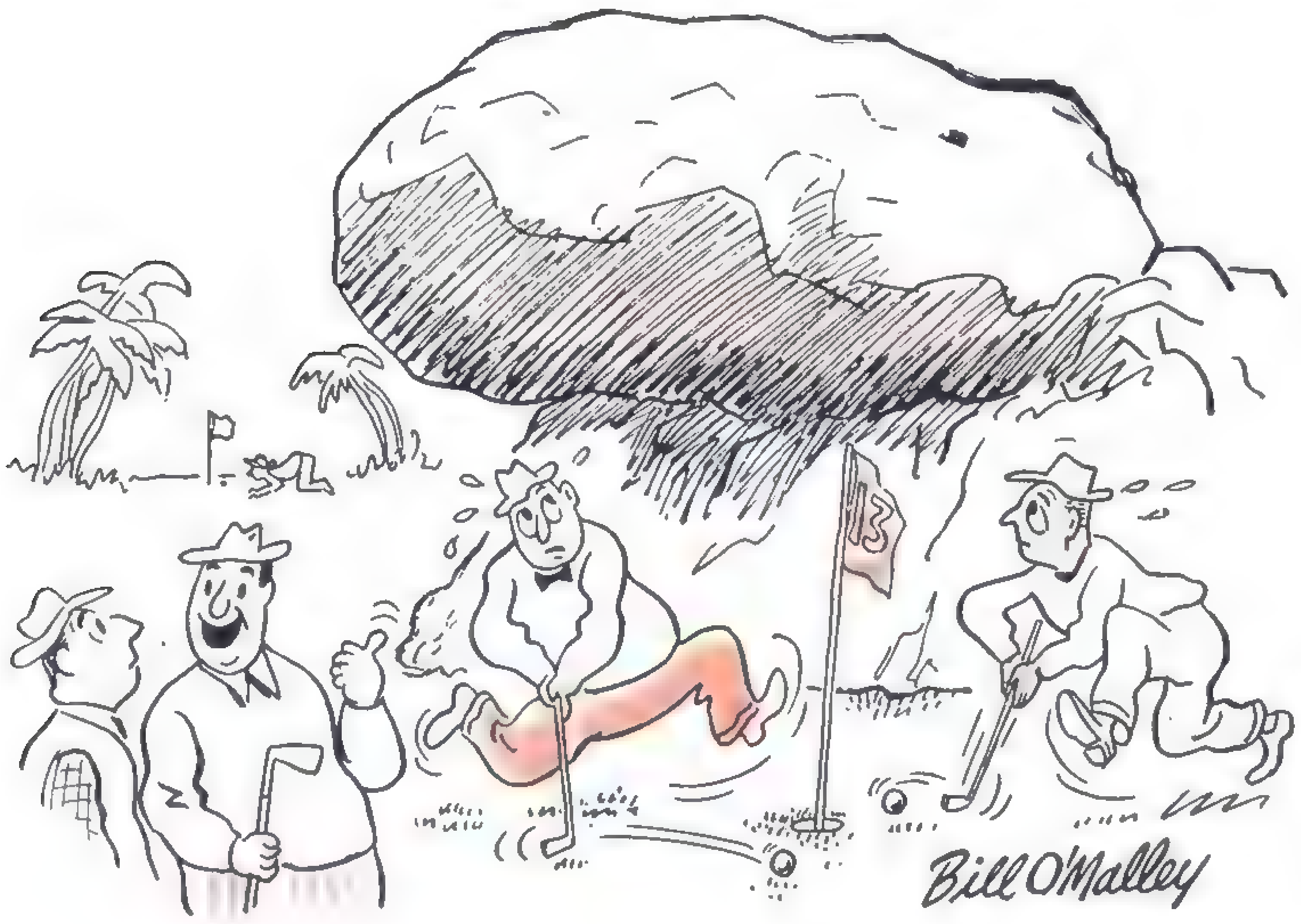
GREENE

SUNDAY afternoon in New York perhaps never should happen, for it catches a New Yorker off balance between the joys of Saturday night and the evils of Monday morning. Sunday afternoon reveals him as a machine which is thoroughly confused when deprived of its routine business, leaving him little else to do but view his city, gleaming before him in the sun like a field where a circus has decamped the night before. At such a time he thinks of fresh air and walks in the park, diversions he associates with vitamin pills and morning exercises. The urge to be healthful is often strong, however, when the chance to be unhealthful is slim, and, looking like a manikin out of Brooks Brothers' window, he steps gingerly out of his apartment and squints skyward, wondering whether a shower is near enough to let him return to his mushroom cellar.

On such a day of rest I took this step out of my door with all the apprehension of a pilgrim placing his buckled boot on a slimy pilgrims' rock, resolved to see my city from one end to the other. I pointed the horse on my tie clasp for Fifth Avenue and, following closely behind it, I left comfort and darkness for the neatness and light of New York's perpetual Easter Parade.

My plan was to ride atop a Fifth Avenue bus downtown to the source of Fifth Avenue busses, then uptown to that mysterious point where they turn, and so back to my apartment and another week. I stood near enough to one of the bus-stop signs to banish all doubt of my intentions in the driver's mind and waited.

A visible restlessness in a prospective fellow passenger beside me heralded the bus, and assuming an expectant gleam in my eye which distinguishes those who hope to ride in the bus from those who are simply waiting for better days, I moved to second place behind an excited little man. We both climbed aboard, he moving to the lower or commuter's half of the bus, while I climbed the cargo net which serves as a stairway to the upper or here-for-the-ride half. I settled in a seat just behind the cockpit, feeling as conspicuous as a giraffe whose head sticks out of the top of a truck. Two children with a nurse, who had obviously taken the trip often enough to know the fare collector's inner soul, sat behind me, but far enough behind so that I was fairly sure they would cause no distraction.



"Nobody loafs on this green"

I had no more than settled comfortably on my perch than the scenery was blotted out by a man who may have been Noah himself, with a small dime consumer in his fist, wiggling the dime-eater at me threateningly. I struggled to my feet again to find a dime and push it into his machine, reminded the entire time of feeding an elephant. He shuffled off after that, scorn and malice written on his face for all people, and for me in particular, who made him climb the ladder to reach them.

While wondering how it was that he knew who had paid and who had just arrived, some superhuman faculty which makes these patriarchs of Fifth Avenue a little lower than God Himself, I noticed a girl sitting in front of me. She must have got to her front seat while I was musing about the fare-collector, and now she was sitting very straight, looking, I supposed, at the street far ahead of her. I am sure that had we not been thrown together as the vanguard of Sunday traffic I never should have noticed her, for she was unusually plain from the rear, a characteristic which makes it possible to be little more than human from the front. Her hair was short, curling only slightly at the ends which stuck out from what looked like a skull cap or a disinterested beret, and her coat was tattered at the collar with a thin strip of velvet hardly recognizable. In fact, she would have been no more than a dark place on my horizon had it not been for a small grey squirrel which sat on her shoulder looking back at me with bright, button eyes.

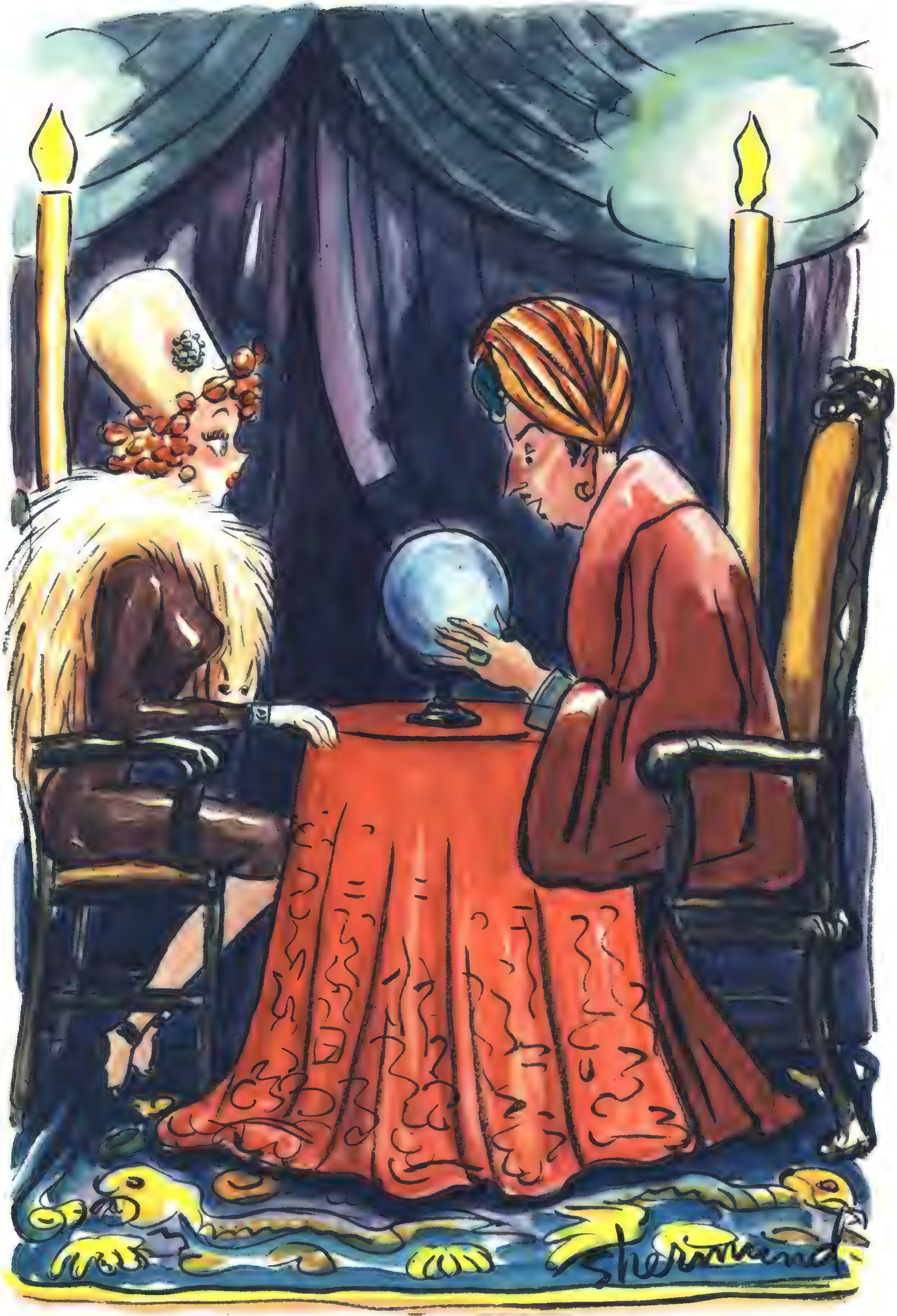
The squirrel sat there moving his jaws as if he had a bad taste in his mouth and daintily shaking his head. He seemed to pay no attention to the girl, who paid him the same compliment, and more astonishing was the fact that Noah the dime-man paid no attention to either of them, receiving his fare with all the nonchalance of Charon recrossing the Styx with another load of sinners. We had got to Washington Square by this time, and so far I had not seen anything at all outside the bus, for, although the world was literally at my feet, that squirrel kept me staring at him in complete bafflement.

As the bus lumbered to a stop at the end of the line, tipping the upper deck to one side, the girl in front of me got up, the squirrel making allowance for the change in his perch with no particular trouble. She went to the stairs and climbed down them slowly, the squirrel looking back at me and, I could have sworn, grinning. I was distracted enough now to think that my bus ride was all a mistake, but having resolved to take my ride at all costs, I sat there, hoping the bus would start before a polar bear sat down beside me. The bus waited, however, for this was the recess for Noah and the driver and probably the realization of their dreams all the way down Fifth Avenue. We sat there for what seemed to be the length of an Arctic night, until finally there was a creaking of gears far below me, and the bus lurched forward.

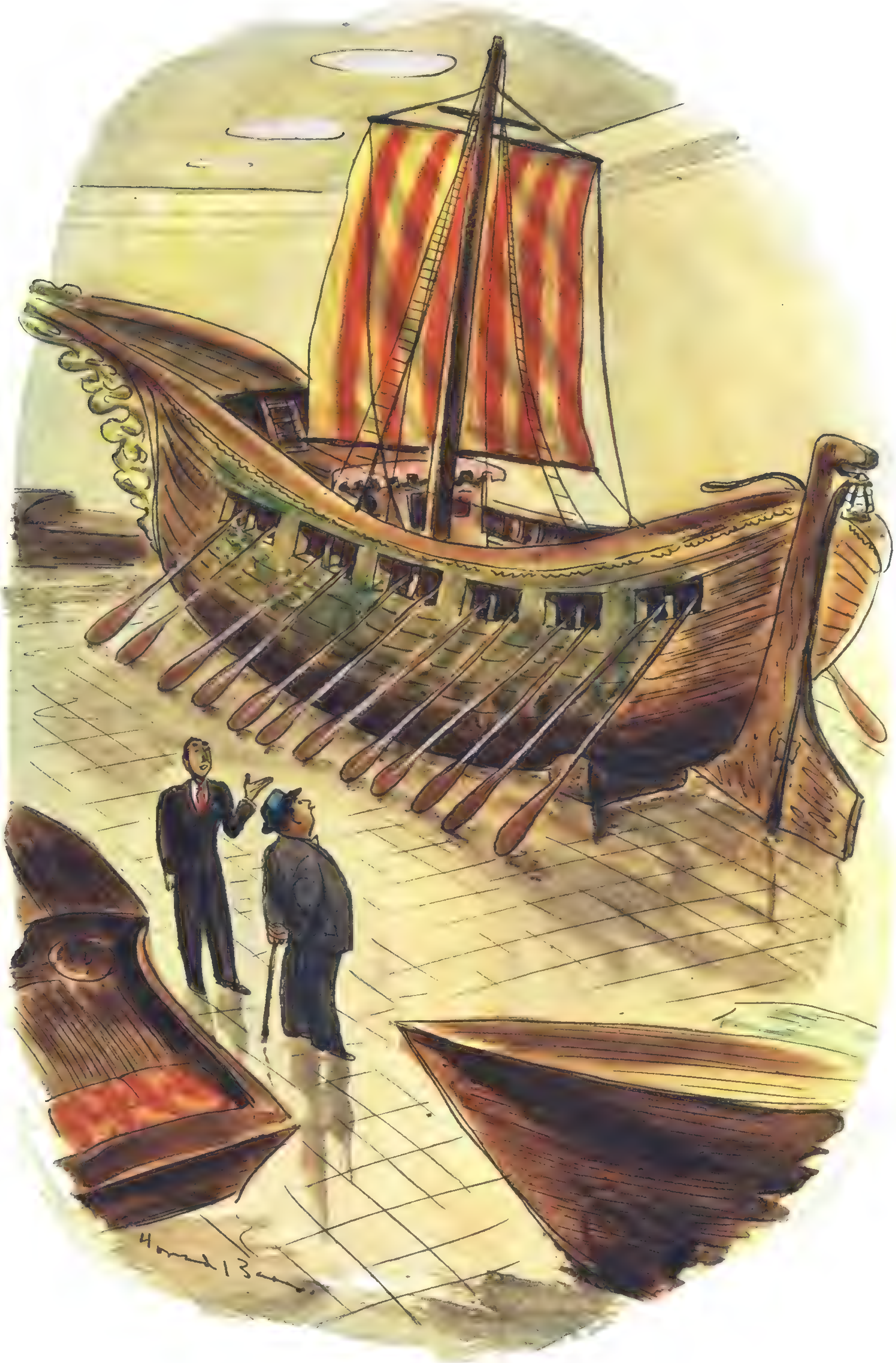
I settled back relieved, when suddenly the girl appeared in the front seat carrying a bag of peanuts, the squirrel still sitting on her shoulder. How she had got back on the bus without my noticing I didn't bother to consider, but the crisis was at hand and I felt that either I must get off quickly and calmly, or else I must solve the zoological mystery which was massaging his face in front of me.

Not being at heart a cowardly man, I had almost decided to leave the bus as matter-of-factly as if I had been waiting for this next stop for days. My curiosity, however, prompted me to lean over the seat in front of me, away from the squirrel, and ask the girl if I might join

(*Continued on page 150*)



"Your husband is trying to contact you, Madame—he seems pretty burned up about the way you spent the insurance money"


Howard Baer

"It's $75,000—the slaves are extra"

Adventurous hikers explore the glaciered mountains and forest wilderness extending 2156 miles on the Pacific Crest Trailway

Going for a Walk

by ROBERT O. FOOTE

The Pacific Crest Trailway sounds like the name of a bus line or a scenic highway, but it is neither. It is a mixture of heaven and hell, a tonic for the spirit, a threat of death and a challenge that only the bravest can fully answer.

It is a wilderness pathway from Canada to Mexico, 2156 miles of the toughest terrain and most magnificent scenery in America. It leads across flowered alpine meadows, winds through dim and dusky forests, and curls along the lips of crags and precipices up into a frosty other world where nature throws the book at you.

Last summer three amateur hikers from Portland, Oregon, left the trail where it winds along the west slope of Mt. Adams and made a stab at climbing the great peak. They spent the second night on a three-foot ledge under a large overhang of rock. But their sleep was fitful. All night long huge hunks of snow and rock, pried off the mountainside by the powerful and sudden leverage of frost, came slamming down the slope. At the overhang above the sleepers, these flying blocks would take a bounce, whiz past the ledge and thunder on down the mountainside, the sound growing steadily fainter until it was lost in a confusion of echoes several thousand feet below.

Next morning, the three struggled upward. They kept learning things as they went along. Single file they were working up a steep and rocky ridge, when suddenly the uppermost dislodged a ham-sized stone. It missed the man directly under him, but caught the fellow bringing up the rear squarely in the ankles and sent him rolling down for 200 feet. Luckily he was only bruised and scratched. From there on they ascended abreast.

Any geologist could have told them that the surface of Rainier, like that of all rocky mountains, is slowly falling to pieces, but the hikers from Portland found that out for themselves in a manner more convincing than the most eloquent textbook.

Nearing the summit, they were confronted by an almost vertical wall of stone about 30 feet high. A short, sloping field of snow skirted away from the foot of this cliff for perhaps 100 feet, then dropped off into space. They knew there was the length of an Empire State Building between the brink and the bottom. The pine trees on the floor of the gorge looked like tiny green tufts on a patternless rug.

They started to scale the cliff one at a time. The leader made it without mishap. The second fellow in the party got about six feet up and was hanging on to a jutting piece of rock when it came off in his hand. For a brief second he clung to the mountain wall, staring at the piece of broken rock in his hand with a look of indignant astonishment. He fell before the man at the base had a chance to grab for him. His body threshed frantically as it tumbled down the sloping snow field. The other two watched him slide off the rim into nothing. Fear froze them in their tracks. They waited.

And then, almost like the voice of a ghost: "For Chrissakes, you guys, come and help."

The fellow on top of the cliff came down with the agility of an expert into the arms of the man below, and together they made their way to the edge of the precipice as fast as they could without slipping. There beneath them, standing over his knees in snow on a shelf four feet wide, was the other man. The ledge on which he stood was invisible from the spot where they had started to scale the cliff. He was pale and trembling and very angry. With the help of a rope he climbed back on the snow field and then he did a strange thing. He took one or two deep breaths, brushed off the snow and faced the peak of Mt. Adams. "Let's get going," he said; "we've still got a mountain to climb."

The three of them reached the summit in mid-afternoon. For a few glorious moments they lived as they had never lived before. But presently, they learned another new thing—something about storms and mountains.

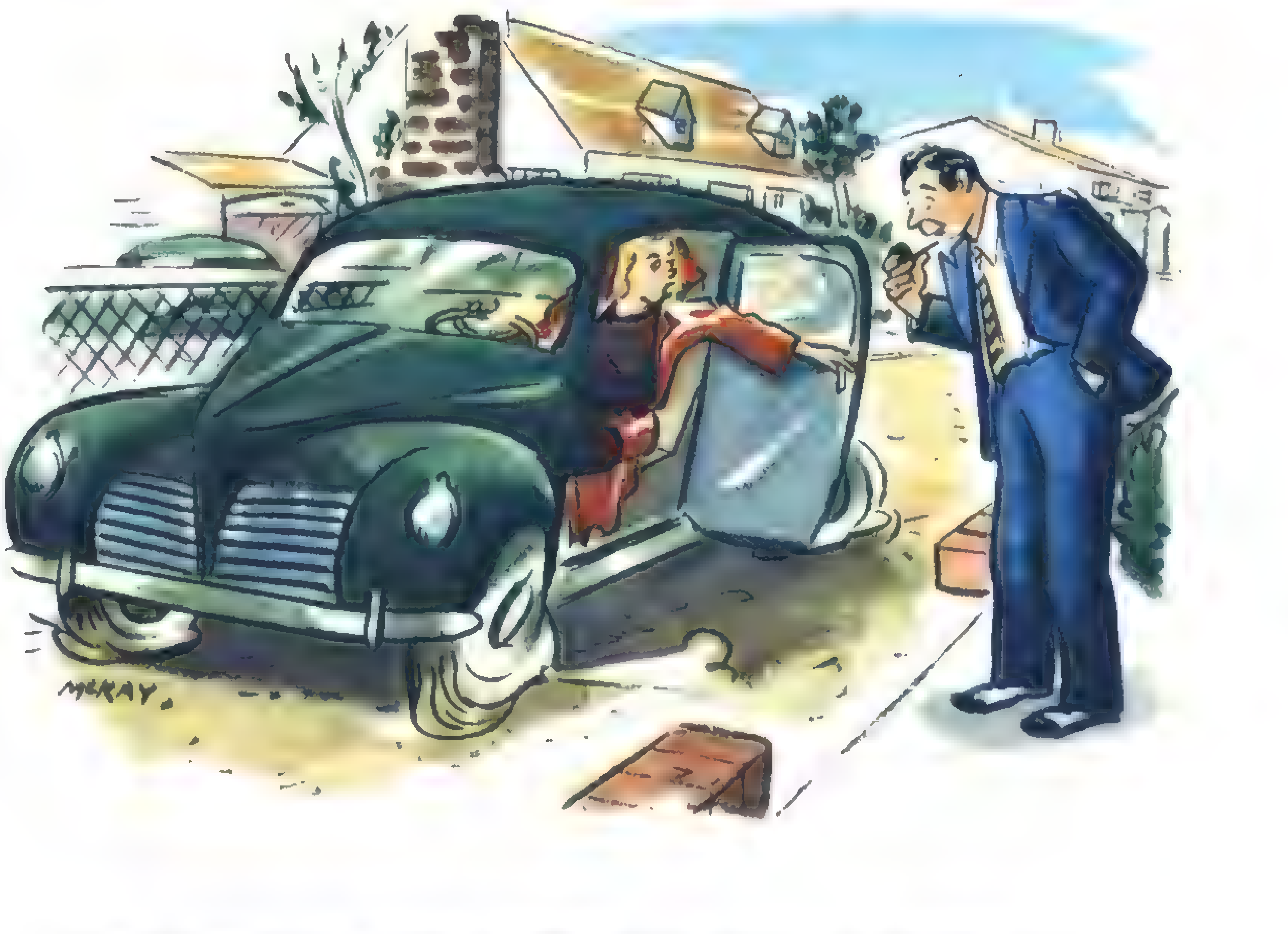
The clouds began closing in around the peak, and they noticed the wind was swirling the mist about furiously. Presently the cold came. The wind grew icy and cut like a blade through their jackets. It shrieked and tore at the rocky mountaintop and sent the three men to the cover of a boulder. Soon the frosty mist was so thick that they could not see each other five feet away.

Then the descent. Each time the climbers broke from the lee of one rock and headed for another, the gale forcibly shoved them several yards sideways. Once they caught themselves only a step or two from a precipice that they later observed dropped straight down 400 feet to a glacier. The wind increased to a frightful velocity and swept the ramparts with an indescribable fury. A robin-sized bird was dashed against one rock behind which they were sheltering and fell broken and frozen at their feet.

Darkness overtook them about 1000 feet down, and though the gale was checked, they were unprepared for the bitter cold that seeped through their blankets that night. They slept together in one big blanket roll and hugged each other like honeymooners, but dawn found them with numbed limbs and chilled spirits.

That morning they learned one more thing: how to get down a mountain—fast! About a quarter of a mile of a steep slope was covered with freshly-fallen snow. They sat down in a line feet first like sledless tobogganers and pushed off. In a few seconds they came down a distance that had taken them hours to climb. That experience, they agreed, is just one of those things it is impossible to describe. It is too fast, too exhilarating for any comparison. You've got to do it to know what it's like.

Talking over their experiences, I asked these fellows about the Appalachian Trail in the East. They didn't snort exactly, but they implied that the Eastern twin of the Pacific Coast Trail was as Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. They said that the P. C. T. could be tame, too, if you wanted to adhere strictly to the trail. But the slightest spirit of exploration and adventure will send you climbing toward the peaks, gulping at the thin air through your mouth because your



"You'll have to get the muffler fixed, dear—it backfired four times on the way home"

SAWIN

A Pretty Girl and the Medley

In the tradition of photogenic swim champs is black-haired, seventeen-year-old Joan Fogle, who was mentioned in Esquire's 1945 Sports Poll on women athletes. One of the gals coached by Bud Sawin, Joan at thirteen was one of the youngest swimmers to hold an American record. Four times winner of the national medley swim, she is following in the watersteps of lovely Eleanor Holm, former medley champion. This three hundred meter race, combining breaststroke, backstroke and crawl, calls for brawn, strength and stamina, but triple-threat Miss Fogle is no husky—her one hundred twelve pounds nicely fit into a size thirty-four suit. A member of the Riviera Club team, located near Riley's "ole swimmin' hole," Joan is a freshman at Indiana University and keeps her blue eyes wide open for movie chances.

nostrils won't take in enough. Of course the P. C. T. doesn't take off across glaciers, but it runs right by them and the temptation to explore is constantly before the hiker. And who, they say—who but an unimaginative dolt could resist poking about the lips of those bottomless crevasses?

"Still, the average man," I remarked. "Well, after all, risks like that—"

"Listen," said one of the hikers, a fairly cold-blooded businessman when not dreaming of the P. C. T., "I wish you could have seen the view from that mountaintop before the storm caught us. It was something heavenly. Way beneath us we could see the roof tops of a few cabins trailing tiny whisps of chimney smoke. Thousands of feet down were the fields and trees. Around us were the bold and graceful outlines of other peaks, snowy and glistening in the gorgeous sunlight. Here and there, embosomed in an ice field or among the trees were azure lakes, a deeper and purer blue than any I have ever seen."

When a businessman talks like that you know he has fallen in love.

Since the P. C. T. runs almost exclusively through National Parks and Forests in the States of Washington, Oregon and California, there is no likelihood of its ever being commercialized. True, the trail itself is marked, there are shelters at strategic intervals, and you are always within a few days distance of a frontier supply store carrying food and camping equipment. But the markings are often weathered and obscure, the shelters bear no resemblance to the lodge at Sun Valley, and the miles between supply stores can seem long and hungry especially if you have underestimated your appetite and overestimated the extent of your hiking and climbing abilities.

Just beneath the summit crests of the great Cascade Range in Washington and Oregon and the Sierra Nevada Range in California, the P. C. T. presents every imaginable hiking thrill from long, gentle slopes to rough and rocky wilderness. But the average explorer can travel the whole trail without undue danger or hardship if he chooses not to attempt the difficult peaks. Many men are devoting all their summer vacations to the project of hiking the whole distance from Canada to Mexico, piece by piece, picking up the trail each year at the approximate spot they left off the year previously.

The recommended back pack, developed by authorities on climbing and camping in the West, weighs sixty-five pounds and grows lighter as the days pass. Sleeping bag, cooking utensils, lantern, fishing outfit and all are carried compactly in one bundle held in place against a light wood frame on the back. The hiker carries nothing in his hand and only a cup and a first-aid kit at his belt. If he is going to do any serious climbing he will take along an ice ax and a length of alpine rope.

The novice usually endures considerable discomfort before he learns the secret of hiking—how to lean forward so the weight of his pack is high on his shoulders and not pulling at his arms, how to open his bed only when he is ready for it and thereby keep out snakes and animals, and how to rest standing up to avoid the stiff muscles he gets when he lies down for even a few minutes. The temptation to stretch out for awhile to regain strength is tremendous, but experienced hikers have found that in high altitudes and on rough terrain reclining tightens the muscles so that more climbing right away is painful if not impossible. He also learns how to gauge his ascents to be off the peaks by noon and thereby avoid serious storms, and how to pitch camp at the foot of hard climbs so that he can make it fresh in the morning.

At the same time he is learning these things, he is learning others perhaps more important. He is discovering legs and lungs and an appreciative peace of mind that he may have all but lost in the daily routine of his life in town. In the freer, inspiring air of the mountains, he realizes they are still the most impressive things on earth. And in the awesome majesty of the mountains just before sunrise, when all is silent and cold and the huge forms loom through the ghostly dimness, he may have a spiritual awakening that no church could give him.

The wilderness of the West fills most people with wonder and excitement. There is one point near the trail where the climber can stand in the snowdrifts atop Mt. Whitney's 14,496 feet, the highest point in the United States, and look down into Death Valley steaming and blistering in perpetual heat 276 feet below sea level.

Such immensities usually bring on a fever to climb and conquer and explore, but there was one party of four left untouched by these emotions. They had pitched camp in a singularly remote and desolate spot several miles off the trail. When discovered by another group of hikers, they were deep in a bridge game. Despite the loneliness of their location, they were indignant at having their game interrupted and answered only in monosyllables until the intruders went away.

The toughest climbing of the entire 2156 miles of the trail is among the Palisades of the Sierras in California. It is a savage slanting of ice and snow and towering pyramids of rock and precipitous, curiously carved obelisks casting sharp blue shadows on the blindingly white snow. Here a rope is literally a life line, and the skill of every climber is constantly tested.

One fellow from Los Angeles, a man with considerable mountaineering experience, was endeavoring to reach an unclimbed peak in the Palisades. He had a great desire to give the peak his name, so that he would be forever remembered on maps and charts of the area.

He had worked himself out upon a narrow shelf about three feet wide and then discovered he had committed a climber's most serious mistake. He was up but he couldn't get down. About thirty feet above him a narrow spike of granite jutted from the perpendicular side of the mountain. Just a foot or so above that was a ledge that led around to a plateau and safety.

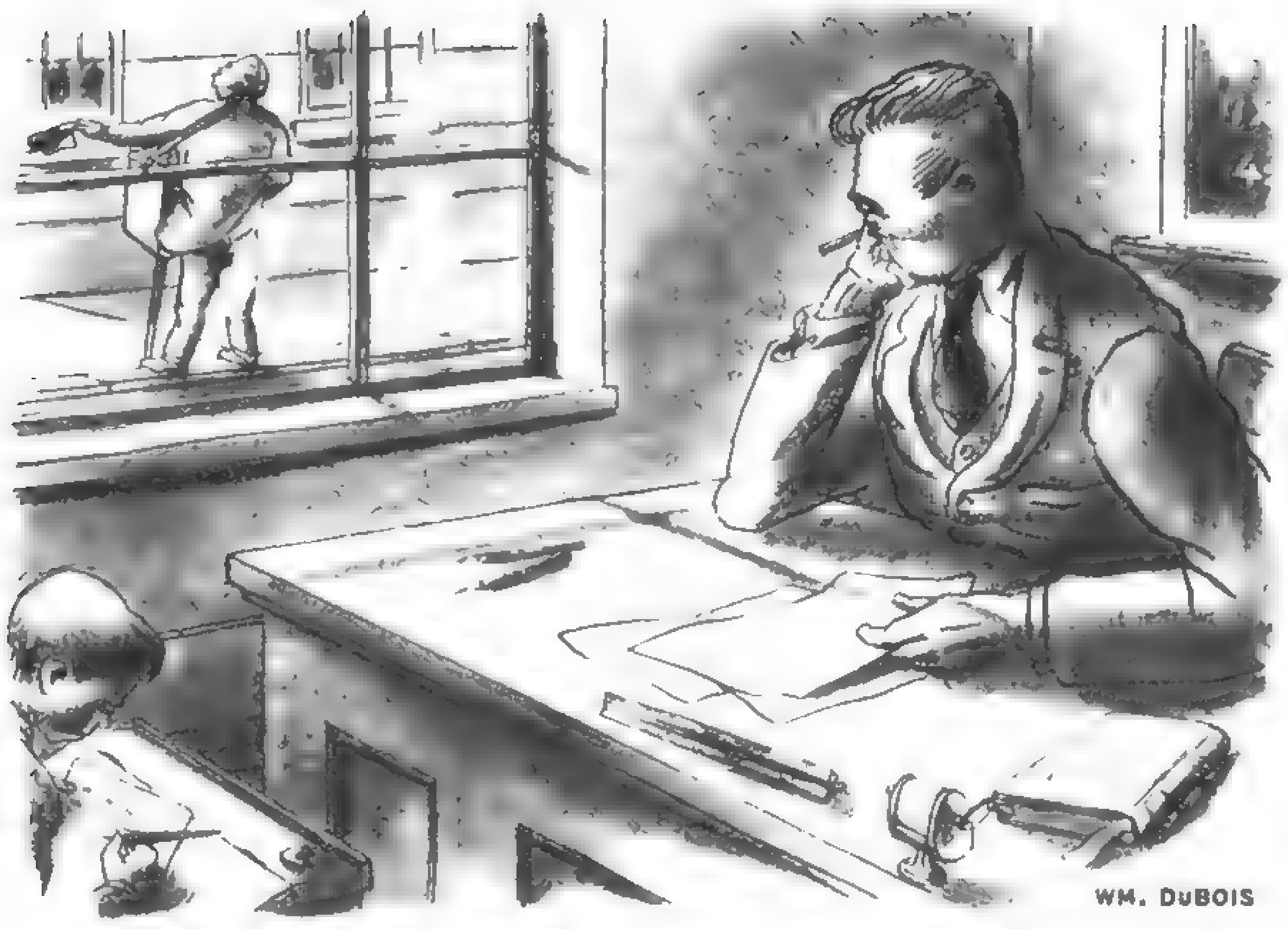
He made a lasso of his rope and with extreme difficulty—there was no room for fancy footwork or swinging—managed to lasso the protruding knob. Cautiously, he tested the rock to see if it would hold his weight. Satisfied, he started to climb. Halfway up he felt himself drop a few inches. Whether the rock slipped or the rope stretched he never knew. He took a deep breath and went up more slowly.

Almost to the top, he curled his feet about the rope and rested. He couldn't resist the temptation to look down: 2500 feet below was a bed of rock that spread out into a wide snow field. Hanging there between heaven and earth, "it was deeply satisfying," he said, "to feel my nerves cool and unshaken."

It is this sort of experience that gives the P. C. T. its mystery and challenge.

At the present time the trail is relatively untraveled. But if Americans are the kind of men we have been saying they are for the past 150 years, the P. C. T. will doubtless become one of the nation's outstanding sporting grounds.

And there isn't the slightest doubt that it will write a new chapter in the conquest of fear. #



WM. DUBOIS

His students did not suspect that gentle Mr. Church harbored the soul of a rebel

'Round and 'Round the Mulberry Bush

by ANTHONY DUNN

As he had done on every school day since World War I, Mr. Church dismissed his home room, and waited for his first-period class to assemble. Twenty-five years of teaching elementary physics, and twenty-one more to go before he reached retirement age. It hadn't seemed so much like a treadmill until the last couple of years. Maybe it was middle age. Maybe it was the fact that he had been stuck in the quiet backwater of the school when all the world was aflame. He had thought for awhile he was going to get out, but the old shrapnel wound in his knee had been enough to make the Army doctor's rejection emphatic.

There was a noisy stampede over the threshold as the latecomers strove to gain their seats before the bell rang, and with much shuffling of feet and creaking of chairs twenty heavy-footed adolescents settled into their places.

Repressing his inclination to call on Tracy, who always knew the answers, Mr. Church addressed Andrew, the dullest boy in the class.

"Andrew," he asked, "can you give me Ohm's Law?"

Andrew unwound his long legs from about the supports of his desk, and lumbered to his feet. His brows contracted over the effort of thought, but he answered correctly, "I equals E over R."

"Very good. Now suppose the voltage remains the same, but the resistance increases, what happens to the current?" he asked.

"Gets bigger."

"No, no; the resistance is the denominator of the fraction and if it is increased the fraction must become—?"

"Bigger," Andrew replied doggedly.

Mr. Church tried again. "Is two-fifths bigger than two-fourths?"

Andrew hesitated. "Yes," he answered.

Mr. Church rubbed his eyes wearily. His head ached. He walked to the open window and looked out. From somewhere down the street the sound of a hurdy-gurdy came to his ears. With gay repetition it played, "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the —"

Mr. Church listened, and a kind of desperation overpowered his tired spirit. He turned and said, "Andrew, you have many good qualities; I like you; I wish you well. But, Andrew, I don't give a hoot whether you understand Ohm's Law."

The class sat up in sudden attention.

"Not the vestige of a hoot," Mr. Church repeated. He looked at the staring faces. Relieved of any more responsibility for them, he felt a benign flow of affection. "I like you all," he said. "Blessings on you." And he walked from the room.

As he walked down the corridor, he saw Miss Schoonmaker coming toward him under steam.

"For the last time," said Mr. Church encouragingly to himself. He arranged his features in the smile with which, contrary to every inclination of his nature, he had for many years greeted her, and he would have passed, but she stopped him.

"Mr. Church," she said, her voice edged with determined politeness, "I left my plan book on the left side of my desk. When you had a class in my room yesterday, you moved it to the right. I do wish you'd be careful not to disturb my things."

As he had thrown off the burden of teaching Andrew, Mr. Church discarded the burden of tolerating Miss Schoonmaker.

" 'Aroint thee, witch,' " he commanded her.

"What!" she gasped.

Mr. Church chucked her genially under the chin, and went along the corridor until he came to the principal's office.

"Absalom," he called, "come forth."

The principal burst from his sanctum. "My name," he said, "happens to be Absalom. Henry Absalom Whittaker, as a matter of fact, but I don't care to be called Absalom."

"Hank, then," Mr. Church conceded cheerfully. "Hank, you'd better step down to the physics room, and take over. I'm leaving."

"Are you sick?"

"On the contrary; I'm feeling better every moment."

"Well—well, you can't walk out like this."

"What's to hinder me?

"When I report to the superintendent—"

"The superintendent!" Mr. Church raised his hand to his mouth, laughed gently up his sleeve.

"Are you crazy?" the principal demanded.

"I may have been, but I think I'm recovering." He extended his hand. "Good-bye, Hank; although always a stuffed shirt, you were never a bad guy. I shall think of you kindly." He left the school and strolled through the April sunshine to the hotel. He walked through the lobby into the taproom. He hadn't had a drink since the Legion convention in Miami, and never before had he entered a

RAVITZ

Cook's Tour: Chu Jack

Generalissimo of pots and pans at Lum Fong's (150 West 52nd Street, New York), Chu Jack is the highest paid Chinese chef in the Occident, and justly so. He started studying his pleasant alchemy in Canton, when he was twelve. Now, after twenty-four years in this country, he speaks little English, living, like many scientists, in celestial isolation. When I asked for some culinary message, he answered in Cantonese. Translated, his timely reply was: "The more you eat, the less flavor; the less you eat, the more flavor." Now go easy on this marvelous Mandarin Chop Suey: Fry a pound of minced, lean pork or beef in peanut oil till golden brown. Add two stalks of celery, a dozen water chestnuts, a handful of bamboo shoots, all finely chopped, and cook for ten minutes. Now add a green pepper and a dozen mushrooms, also finely chopped. When the latter are tender, add a chopped pimento, salt, pepper and four tablespoons of soya sauce. Stir in a little cornstarch dissolved in cold water and sprinkle a dozen blanched almonds on top.

drinking place in his own town, but he advanced with easy confidence to the bar.

"A Tom Collins," he ordered.

With swift and expert gestures, the barman mixed the drink and set it before him. Mr. Church lifted it and drank long. It was cool and refreshing. He ordered another. As he sipped the second, he became pleasantly conscious of a gentle and soothing glow.

"Fill it up," he told the barman.

When he had finished the third, he walked over to the ticket agency in the lobby.

"A ticket on the next bus," he said.

"Where to?"

"Where is the bus going?"

"Des Moines."

"Give me a ticket to Des Moines, then."

The man slapped the ticket on the counter. "Sixteen-eighty."

Mr. Church sat down to wait. When the bus pulled in, he climbed aboard and settled himself comfortably. As the miles went by, he put further from his mind the tedium of the past. The bus entered a rolling countryside, where the sun was warm on upland meadows, and there was the quiet of fields and open spaces.

Mr. Church pulled the bell cord. "I want to get off here," he said.

"Okay, buddy, but I can't wait for you," the driver told him.

"How delightful," said Mr. Church as he alighted.

He left the road, and walked along a well-worn path until he came to the top of a little hill. At first he was aware only of the deep peace of freedom. Presently, he was conscious of the drone of a flight of bombers overhead. They called to his mind, as they always did, the many boys whom he had taught, and who had flown over the Atlantic and the Pacific, and half the lands of the earth. He remembered the letter he had received during the war from Mike Paloski, fighter pilot. "I never would have made it," Mike had written, "if it hadn't been for all the extra help you used to give me in math and physics."

The planes moved lazily across the sky, and as they disappeared into the distant cloud, Mr. Church, with an effort, focused his attention on Andrew still standing beside his seat.

"No, Andrew," he said kindly, "two-fifths is not bigger than two-fourths. You see, a fraction is nothing more than an example in division."

Mr. Church took a piece of chalk from his pocket to demonstrate, and as he turned from the window to the blackboard, he was aware of the hurdy-gurdy still playing, "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush—" #

Back to the B's, Boys?

Producers who yearn for B pictures are kidding themselves, for insuring a hit means forgetting such things as budgets

by GILBERT SELDES

One of the common remarks in the canyons of Beverly Hills is, "I wish I could get back to a B picture again." It's a kind of torch song and like most laments for the past, it is a little phony. The boys who sing it are in the habit of spending what is gaudily referred to as a "million three" or a "million five" on a picture; or they are directing under a producer who is seeing that the money gets spent. The very name of "B" is unpronounced these days, but there are some cheaper pictures made, often by outfits which are affiliated with the big studios; and a cheaper picture may cost half a million dollars, so the days of the true quickie seem to be gone.

The boys are really complaining about the artificial restrictions on a big picture, chief of which is that it has to be insured against failure. The best form of insurance is two top stars, at least, per picture; and very few great box-office stars are elderly men, homely women, or character actors. It is true that Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson will draw; out of sheer Southern courtesy I omit the names of homely women; but the young, bright personalities for whom fan clubs are formed remain the safe attractions. A picture destined for first run at the Music Hall in New York, for instance, must have enough "marquee value" to draw a big audience in its first day, before the picture is reviewed; the word-of-mouth advertising, which counts heavily, must actually precede the opening; you can't afford to open Thursday and wait until Saturday for big audiences—unless your picture is destined for a run of a month or so.

If you have to put in two great and expensive stars, you have to find a story suitable to their talents; or manipulate whatever story you possess until it fits them. If you have twenty stars under contract, you have trouble enough finding stories for them—you simply haven't time and energy to use any other kind of material. There may be a great story in *Nicholas Nickelby*, but you can't put Crosby and Veronica Lake into it; you pass it by. And into the stories you get for your stars, you put a fortune in supporting cast, in attractive sets, in music, in direction, in reshooting every scene, so that in the end you dare not skimp and economize. In a huge musical done some time ago a studio took a ten per cent loss by changing a star midway in the shooting because the new star could insure the other ninety per cent of the investment. Another studio executive used an illuminating phrase when he referred to "the kind of picture on which you want to save money"—implying it was an odd, almost invisible kind. Once a theatrical man came out here and developed a production scheme which would have knocked about 200,000 dollars off the budg-

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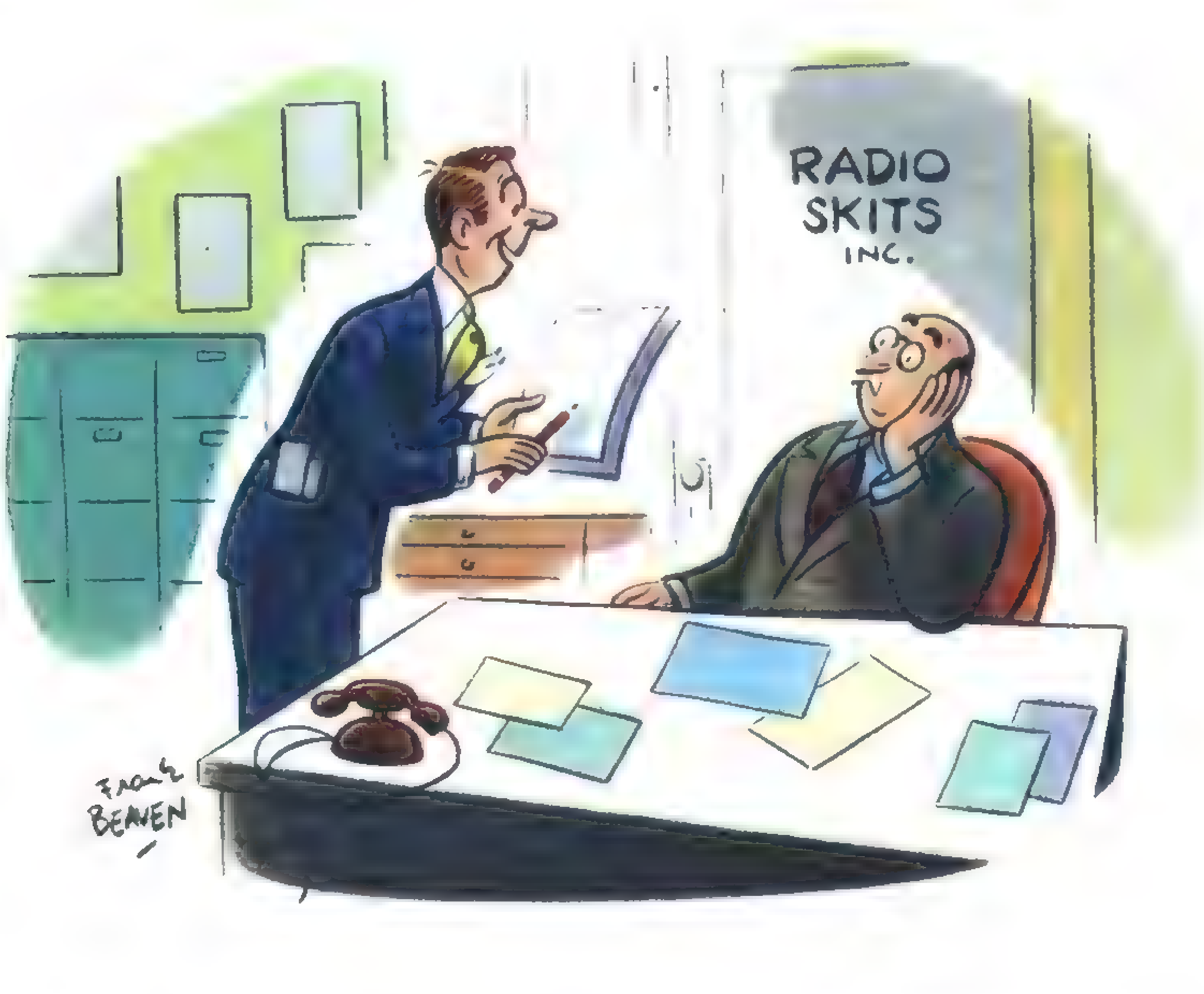
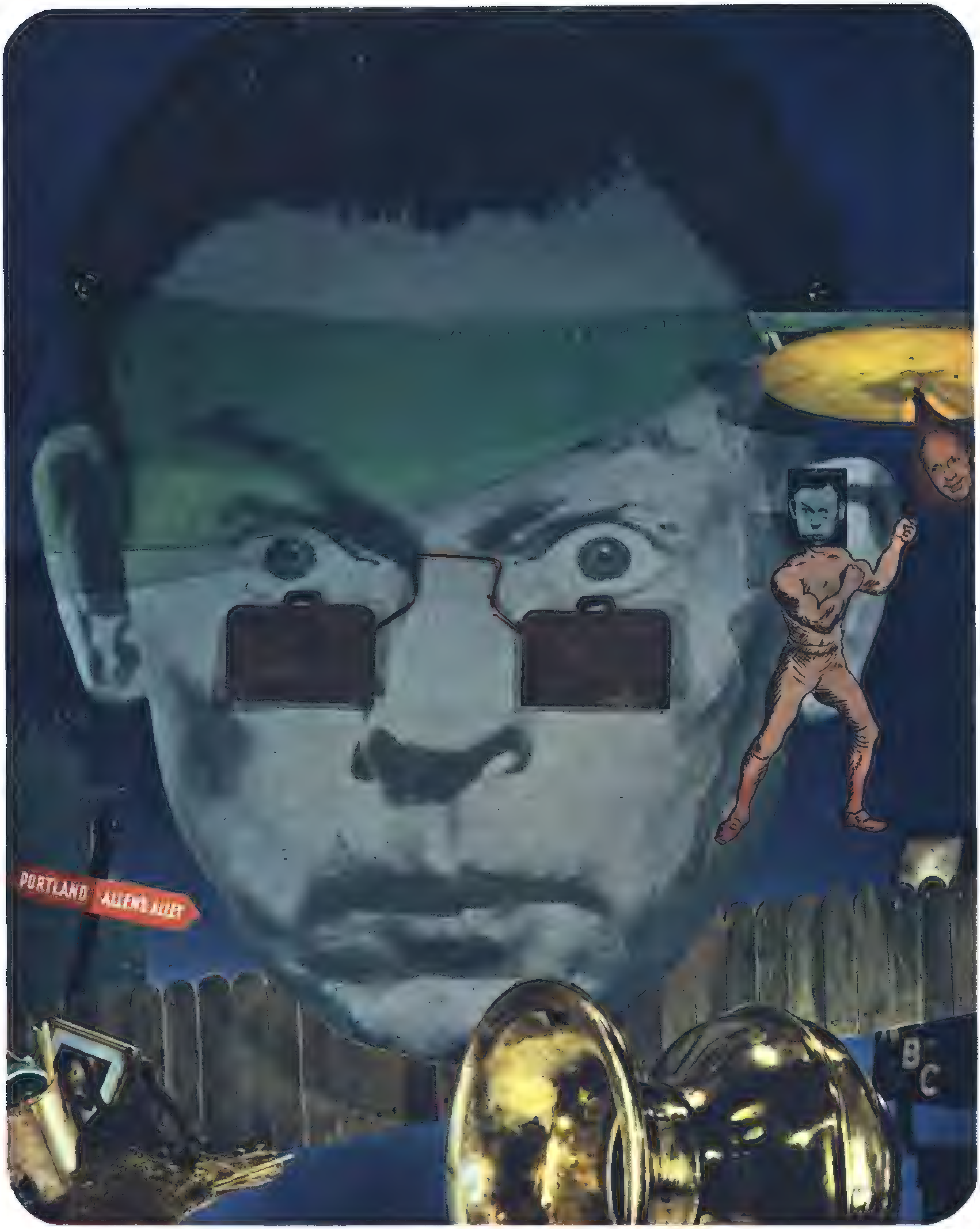


"Here's a new angle—we give the answers and the contestants guess the questions!"

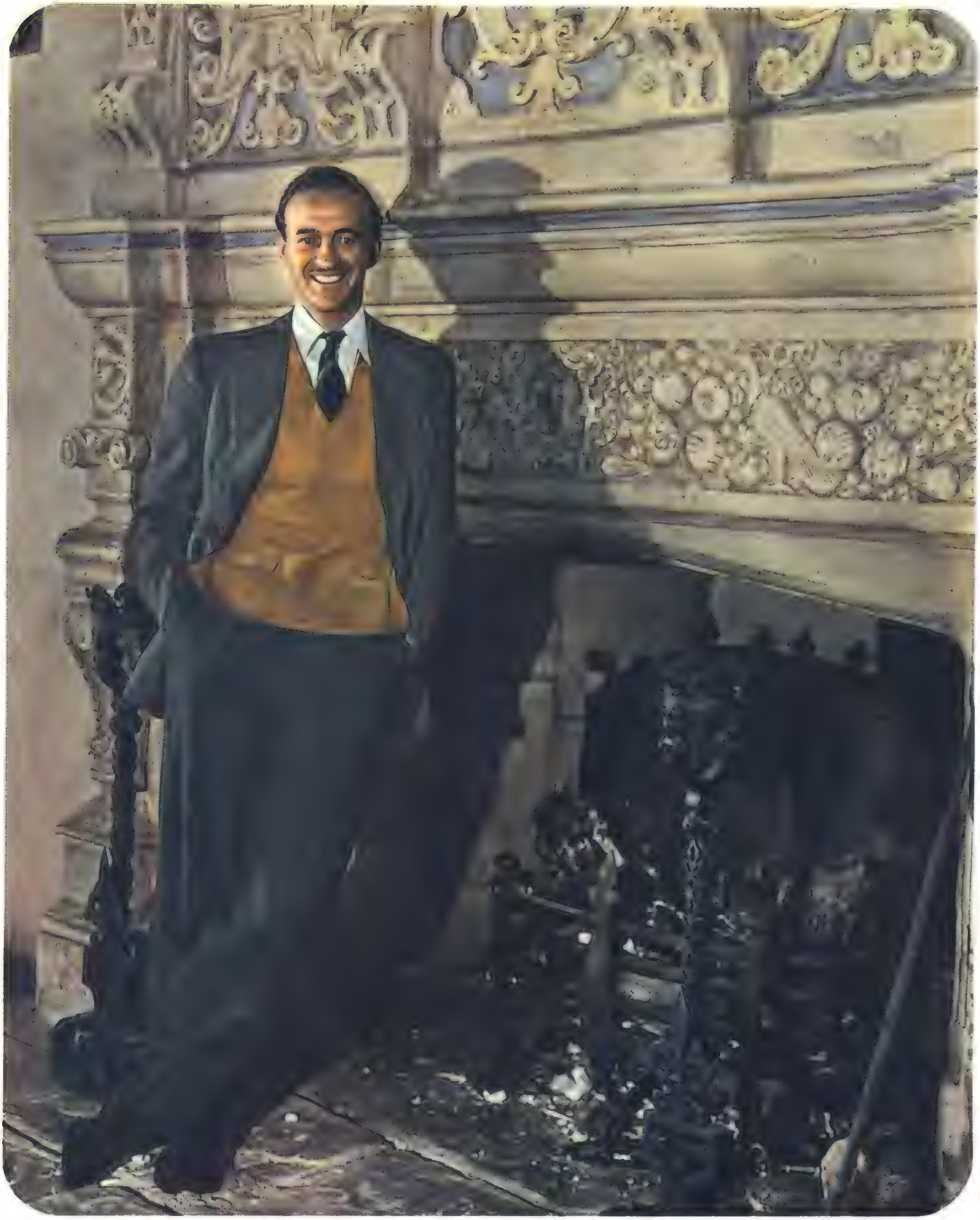


Esquiregraph No. 16

Fred Allen

Photocollage by Ryan-Palazzo

"Mis-ter Al-len" calls Portland each week, and each year (this is the thirteenth) commercial radio calls back Fred Allen after his announced definitely, positively last performance. One of radio's "most retiring" stars, in private life he ducks the glitter-clamor that's manna to most celebrities. He buries himself from broadcast to broadcast writing and polishing his scripts—summers in Maine where his slate-pencil twang is twin to the natives' (although he was born in Massachusetts). His other interests run to workouts in the gym and the solace of a spittoon. Once billed on the vaudeville circuit as "the world's worst juggler," Fred Allen is accoladed as the Comedians' Comedian. Even his competition nominates him America's greatest wit.

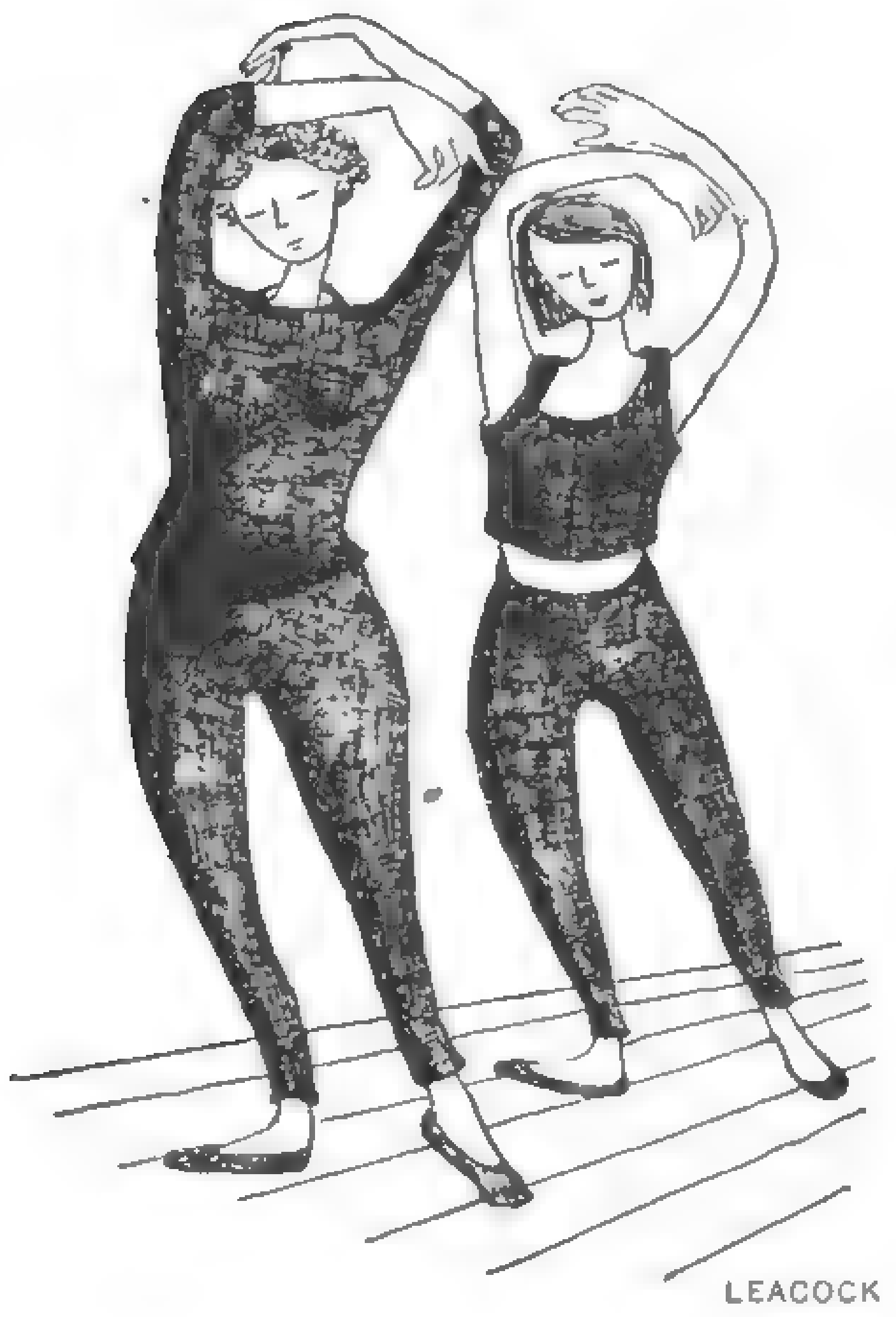


LONDON LUMINARY

David Niven

Photograph by Ted Reed

In this photograph made especially for Esquire at the Denham movie studios in England, David Niven relaxes against a baronial fireplace during the final shooting of the film *A Matter of Life and Death.* With his flannel slacks, he wears a green and tan checked Harris tweed jacket, and a chamois pullover with two patch pockets. His shoes are brown reverse calf, and his tie is the regimental tie of the rifle brigade in which he served his native England from 1939 to 1945. Awarded the Legion of Merit by General Eisenhower, Niven also commanded a secret reconnaissance squadron and saw action in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. He has now returned to Hollywood to resume the career that built him to stardom.



Plays by Van Druten and Lillian Smith illustrate the high cost of padding

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The American prejudice against short plays, or at least plays that do not arbitrarily consume the established period between half-past eight and eleven, has done as much harm to the drama as the prejudice in favor of short sentences has done to literate drama criticism. The latter has gone to the length of venerating only such critical writing as is made up of sentences which resemble digested college cheers or whippet races and in which anything remotely resembling flowing literary grace is invisible. If Bernard Shaw were still in critical service and operating on this side of the Atlantic, he would be sent back to Coventry for any such sentence as this, for example, from his review of *All's Well That Ends Well.*

"Their (the players and playgoers) appreciation of Shakespeare is sheer hypocrisy, the proof being that where an early play of his is revived, they take the utmost pains to suppress as much of it as possible, and disguise the rest past recognition, relying for success on extraordinary scenic attractions, on very popular performers, including, if possible, a famously beautiful actress in the leading part, and, above all, on Shakespeare's reputation and the consequent submission of the British public to be mercilessly bored by each of his plays once in their lives, for the sake of being able to say they have seen it."

An American critic, if he wants to make a hit with the masses, must write a similar opinion in this fashion:

"Their liking of Shakespeare is the bunk. The proof is easy. An early play of his is revived. So what? They rupture themselves. They cut it all they can. They put a false face on the rest. They rely for success on fancy scenery. And pet actors. Preferably a female peach in the lead. And, above all, on the Bard's reputation. The public is a sucker for that. It may be bored. But it likes to pretend that it is hep."

The prejudice against plays that are not of the standard length has similarly done its damage. The public has long indicated that it will not lay out its money for a play, however good, that doesn't keep it in a theatre for at least two and a half hours, even if a considerable share of the two and a half hours bores it stiff and if a curtailed period would enliven it and the play no end. Since the curtain-raiser, or one-act play, which is employed abroad to fill out an evening when the main play is a relatively short one, is unacceptable in this country, producers and playwrights are often forced to pad out the main attraction, in the interest of quantity, like one of the old Beef Trust girls. It is thus that many a play which would provide passable entertainment if confined to, say, an hour or an hour and a half is transformed into a two hour and a half dead weight.

Even some of the better plays suffer from the practice. When you read, as you frequently do, that a playwright has had "third act trouble," you can sympathize with him. His trouble often is that the third act is an unnecessary appendage to his play, that his play has said all it has to say in the two previous acts, and that he simply has to tack on the extra act to cover the necessary playing time. It is small wonder, accordingly, that third acts every once in a while torture their authors' ingenuity.

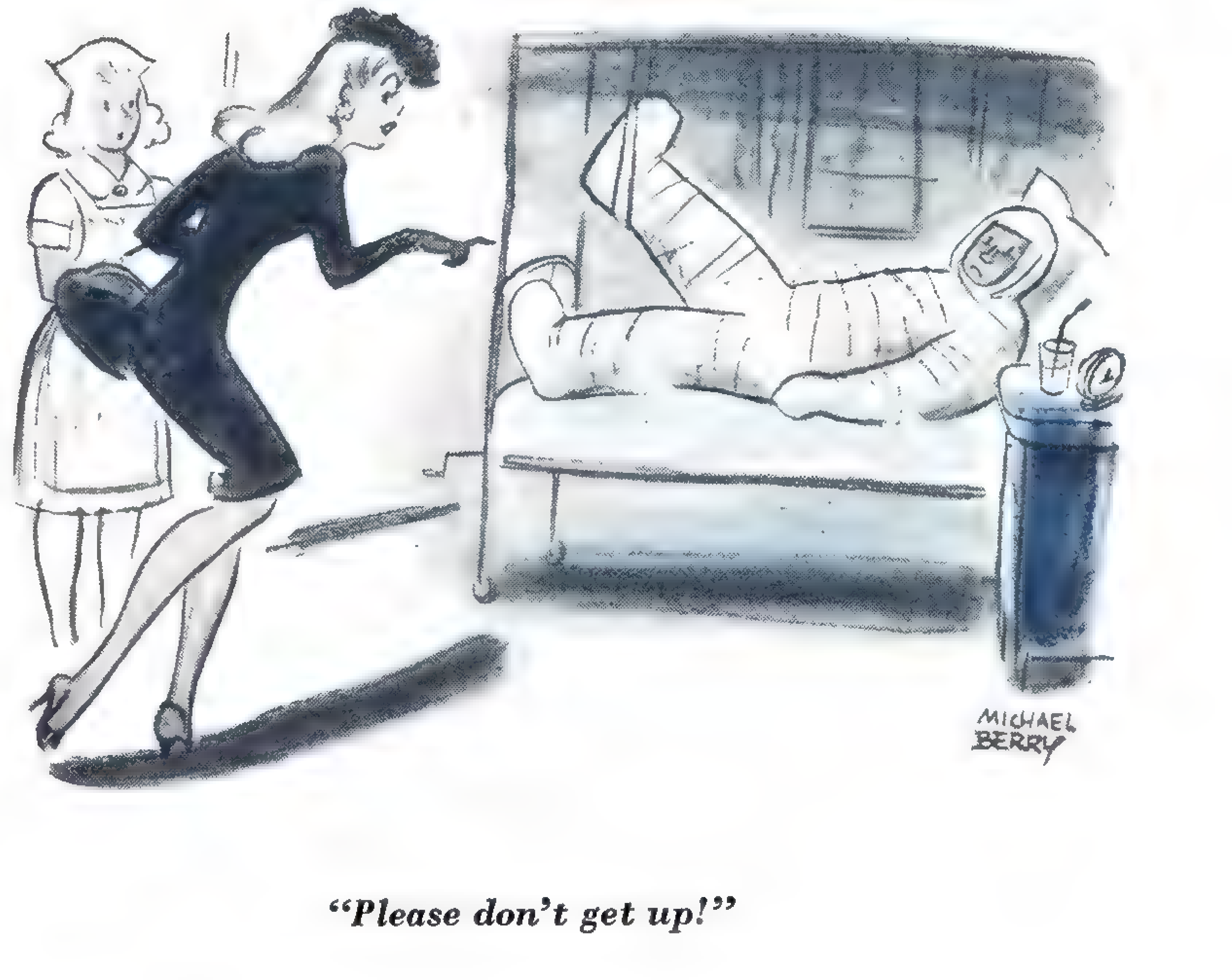
I liked John Van Druten's latest comedy, *The Mermaids Singing,* even though few others did and it consequently turned out to be a box-office failure. I liked its first act, its second act, and, to a lesser degree, its third act and all. But I would have liked it a lot better, as I am sure that those who didn't like it also might have, if that third act had been omitted and its essence incorporated into the second act. Van Druten doubtless knew this just as well as the next man, but he was helpless in the face of theatrical tradition, and that tradition took its extra toll of his play.

The play, a sex comedy, was in the vein of the better French pieces of a kind. But the authors of the latter have not felt themselves bound to stretch out their comedies to the breaking point and have been wise enough to bring down the final curtains while things have still been going strong; and French audiences have been wise enough in turn to allow them to bring the curtains down. Some of Guitry's best comedies have run for not more than an hour and a half. Some of the others by French comedy playwrights like Hennequin (*The Habit of a Lackey,* for example) have not run any longer. But an hour and a half comedy, though it were thoroughly amusing, would in all probability not last any longer on the local stage than the time it took for the storehouse wagon to come around.

The situation is not confined to light comedies. Various serious plays would similarly profit by letting their audiences go home anywhere from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour earlier. *Strange Fruit,* dramatized by Lillian Smith with her sister's help from the popular novel of the same title, was one. As most of you already know, the story is of Negro prejudice in the South and revolves about the love of a white boy for the colored girl with whom he played in childhood and the tragedy that befalls. The forces which bring about this tragedy are the forces of bigotry in the typical small Southern town in which the action is laid. So far, so good.

If the Smith girls had limited their play to the direct issue in hand and had made a simple, compact drama out of it, their exhibit would have managed its purpose with considerable effect. That purpose was to show the injustice to the Negro in an unthinking white man's world. But, instead of being content to write their play in that wise, they thought it necessary to show their whole small town in its various phases, and the result was enough gratuitous padding to make a sideshow thin man look like Man Mountain Dean.

The secondary result was to prolong the play beyond audience comfort and to murder what drive and interest it might otherwise have had. Time and again, just as things (*Continued on page 149*)



"Please don't get up!"

Klieg lights and cameras are bringing new vitality to industry and schools

American Business Goes Hollywood

by DON CARLE GILLETTE

IN the depression of twelve years ago, a movie mogul made a pithy observation to the effect that there was nothing the matter with the film industry that good pictures could not cure.

Lately producers of industrial motion pictures have paraphrased that slogan to read: "There is nothing wrong with American business that better salesmanship won't cure," with the implication that better salesmanship demands the use of motion pictures.

For at least thirty years, the country's leading manufacturers and merchandisers have been utilizing endorsements by Hollywood stars to stimulate the sales of their products. Now American business is going whole hog in adopting the resources of Hollywood to promote its interests. Business films are the order of the day.

Nor will these films be designed solely to do what Lana Turner and Marlene Dietrich did for sweaters and slacks, respectively, although nobody complains about the manner in which those orders were filled. The new objectives are farther reaching.

Realizing that the enormous war debt and the rising demands of the working classes will require not only full employment but a permanent national income at least as high as it is now, and the only way to achieve that goal is by maintaining a high volume of business in every plant, shop and store, the attention of our industrial tycoons is focused on the most expedient ways of bringing about this new American economy. And foremost among the favored media—considered superior to television because it has none of television's technical and economic hurdles—is the screen.

Paul Garrett, vice-president of General Motors, which already is a big-scale user of business films, says that "in industry, motion pictures have become the herald of progress, bearing word of new processes, products, achievements and new ideas. In no other form of presentation can facts be so clearly stated, processes so lucidly explained."

Hundreds of other big organizations, from national concerns like Sears, Roebuck, American Telephone & Telegraph, United States Rubber, National Biscuit, and Hart, Schaffner & Marx, down to small firms operating in local areas, are already using films for 157 varieties of purposes. These range from training workers and improving employee morale, to sales stimulation, and public enlightenment in phases of company operations that formerly were considered none of the public's business.

Three principal factors are behind this heavy swing of American business to motion pictures, according to Eugene W. Castle, head of Castle Films:

(1) The speedy, highly effective results obtained in training our soldiers and workers during the war.

(2) Discovery by researchers that when sitting in front of a motion picture screen, audiences are at their highest point of receptivity and lowest level of sales resistance.

(3) General realization that if one still picture is worth a thousand words, a series of animated pictures is worth volumes.

During the world conflict, most of the industrial film production facilities were devoted to pictures required for the war program. The United States Office of Education was a supervisory agency in this work, handing out assignments to various producers and distributors, financing productions, and eventually getting part or all of its money back from the sale of prints by distributing agencies to war plants, vocational schools, colleges and other users.

Some idea of how extensively the films were used may be gleaned from the fact that in a four-year period more than 35,000 prints were sold to civilian users, and 20,000 prints were secured for use by the armed services. These figures do not include at least 4,000 reels turned out by industrial film producers for the armed forces and war agencies, as well as several thousand training films and other subjects made by Hollywood studios without profit.

Thousands of vets with government film training, as technicians and specialists with film units of the armed forces, will boost the merits of motion pictures as an aid to business.

Advertising agencies also are advocating greater use of business films by their clients.

Among wartime problems that were dealt with effectively by the use of motion pictures were absenteeism and job-switching. In the case of absentees, two approaches were employed. One was the showing of incentive films in the plants. The other utilized regular Hollywood pictures in which the urgent need of fighting equipment on battlefronts was dramatized, such as in *Destination Tokyo* and *Objective, Burma.* The latter were held mostly in regular theatres at special performances for war-plant workers.

When the Kimberly-Clark Corporation was faced with the problem of how to persuade its men to stay on their jobs in the paper mills instead of leaving to enter more glamorous phases of war work, the company decided to combat glamor with glamor. A leading producer of industrial films was assigned to make a picture of the mill operations, their vital role in the war setup and other interesting aspects. The employees stuck to their jobs.

The nurse shortage in the armed forces was mitigated through the use of motion pictures to recruit and train cadet nurses. Nine of these training films, produced by Willard Pictures for the Office of Education, teach families how to care for their own patients, particularly wartime cases sent home from hospitals to convalesce.

Castle Films produced a picture called *Oxygen Therapy Procedures* for a subsidiary of Union Carbon & Carbide. The picture's aim was to instruct nurses on administering oxygen. To dramatize the story, a Hollywood hospital setting was created, with an oxygen tent, full equipment, actors portraying patients and pretty nurses in attendance.

It was a hot day, and the klieg lights didn't make it cooler. Suddenly a piece of overhead lighting

RADIO REPAIR

"We get Charlie McCarthy's voice with Kate Smith's picture"

equipment came loose and crashed right behind Producer Don Hancock—close enough to tear the perspiration-soaked shirt off his back. The wilting Hancock, realizing his hairbreadth escape, collapsed. The prop oxygen tent was put to practical use, with Hancock as a genuine patient. Luckily one of the actresses was a trained nurse.

"Motion picture therapy" is a term applied to film programs for rehabilitating war casualties. The application of psychiatry in this work also is shown in films, and there are subjects outlining procedures for the employment and training of blinded soldiers.

Among pictures made by Caravel Films for the Office of Education, to be distributed in industrial firms, are the following: *Placing the Right Man on the Job*; *Introducing the New Worker to His Job*; *Instructing the New Worker*; *Supervising Workers on the Job*; *Maintaining Workers' Interest*, *The Supervisor as a Leader*.

As manpower becomes more abundant, the big employers will go in for greater selectivity in the hiring of new personnel. Before the war, quite a few corporations employed character analysts to help them find the best types of employees. Now motion pictures will be used to attract boys and girls undecided about their careers.

Industries and professions that have had difficulty in getting workers of the right type will solve their problem through films showing the opportunities they offer. Air conditioning and optometry have such projects under way, and recently an industrial film producer was asked to devise a picture that would interest more young men in the undertaking business!

Plans for business films point to more emphasis on salesmanship, public relations and selling the American Way as well as American goods to the world at large. And a large percentage of the pictures will be of an institutional and good-will nature, designed to advance the interests of an industry.

Pocket Books, for example, recently assigned Willard Pictures to make a film illustrating the joys, satisfactions and practical benefits to be derived from reading of all kinds. Though the picture contains no selling copy for Pocket Books themselves, the sponsor will share in the results it produces.

An even more pretentious project, perhaps the most ambitious of its kind to date, is a forty-minute documentary, *The Battle for America*, produced by Coronet Instructional Films, dramatizing the publishing and advertising professions and their postwar tasks and opportunities. This comprehensive undertaking is said to be the equivalent of a Hollywood picture costing 150,000 dollars.

Another elaborate documentary, a color film on the art, music and costumes of the Americas, has been made by Willard Pictures for Thomas J. Watson, head of International Business Machines, who will present complimentary prints to the presidents of the various American republics. In contrast to this purely good-will gesture, dozens of firms are planning outright ad films for overseas showing to promote sales of their products in foreign lands as soon as international trade is resumed.

"Yoo hoo, Mrs. O'Leary—could you lend me a couple of oranges?"

Martin-Senour Paint Company of Chicago has created a great deal of interest in consumer audiences as a result of a screen subject made by Castle Films. It is a regular Hollywood script story, performed as though no commercial object were in mind, and shows how a woman bought an old house and turned it into an attractive new-looking property, furniture and all, by using different hues of paints. The role of the painting contractor in the picture is played by Howard Smith, a leading Broadway actor.

Jam Handy's production of *New England Yesterday and Today* for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, picturing the glories of New England, is a travelogue film that does a great selling job for that part of the country as a vacation land, while *Heritage for Victory*, made by Wilding Picture Productions for Western Electric's seventy-fifth anniversary, typifies another fast-growing use of films for institutional purposes.

The General Motors films, which the company's public relations department makes available without charge to any group desiring to show them, includes almost every type of subject from general entertainment, such as *The Other Fellow*, a safety film starring Hollywood comedian Edgar Kennedy; *How Not to Conduct a Meeting*, a comedy with Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, and other films that provide amusement, information and inspiration, down to subjects primarily of interest to auto drivers and dealers.

Films depicting corporate history, operations, new products and other matters of interest to stockholders will be shown in increasing numbers at annual meetings of corporations. They also will be roadshown in key cities to stockholders, employees, civic groups and the general public—all as part of the new era of public relations activities that big business has in mind.

Swift & Company recently made a very impressive film of this type, and some years ago Sears, Roebuck produced one high lighting fifty years of the company's history. Trade organizations like the National Livestock & Meat Board, the Association of American Railroads, and others with constant public relations messages to put across, supplement the film activities of their individual members with jointly sponsored pictures.

Average length of a business film is two reels, or twenty minutes of running time, and they cost anywhere from 5,000 dollars to whatever the sponsor will pay. Coca-Cola is said to have spent 22,000 dollars on a short slide film alone. Exhibition outlets are numerous, including schools, colleges, department stores, Rotary Clubs, churches, libraries, halls, community centers, industrial plants and occasionally a theatre during early morning hours before the regular shows.

There also are traveling units that present groups of industrial films along with old Hollywood pictures, and during the fall many screenings are given at the 2,000 annual agricultural fairs with an attendance of over 60,000,000. Several new types of mobile units, with screen and other equipment mounted compactly on one or two trucks, will be available in the near future for business-film barnstorming to every hamlet and rural community in the land.

Even in the field of religion—which may not be a business in the same sense as selling autos or refrigerators, but certainly is the business of the church—films are being used on a rapidly growing scale to win new converts and retrieve lost followers. Not since the days of Billy Sunday's fiery evangelical sessions has there been anything that caused so many sinners to hit the trail as the gospel dramatizations put out by Scriptures Visualized Institute of Chicago for churches, missionaries and other crusaders for God. So big is the demand for these religious films that the Institute, formed only a few years ago as a nonprofit venture, plans to build its own modern studio for exclusive production of religious pictures.

The Hollywood touch has even been applied to the showing of business films. Bendix Aviation, in putting on the first showing of its *Ceiling and Visibility Unlimited*, a 45-minute subject made by Sound Masters, Inc., staged the equivalent of a Hollywood premiere in the Starlight Roof of New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

Commercial film enthusiasts foresee a time when such pictures will be shown so regularly that the principal players in them will become "marquee names" and get fan mail just like the Hollywood and Broadway celebrities—many of whom, incidentally, appear either anonymously or officially in quite a few sponsored films. Newcomers, too, will be given opportunities in these business pictures.

That brings us to the disconcerting experience that a large midwest war plant had recently with a worker-actor. The good-looking youth was picked for the hero role in a training picture because of his outstanding skill in the production line, and it was planned to make a series of films featuring him as an incentive to other employees.

But the plaudits of his co-workers on his initial screen performance turned his head. He quit his war job and headed for Hollywood.

Moral for business firms: Before starring any of your valued employees in industrial pictures, take still another tip from Hollywood and put them under long-term contract! ##

Utterly absorbed in his clarinet, the King of Swing forgets about his band

What's Happened to Benny Goodman?

by LEONARD G. FEATHER

Less than a decade ago, thousands of stampeding teensters, hundreds of their curious parents and a handful of their bewildered grandparents pushed their way into theatres all over the country to hear a clarinet that performed miracles in the hands of a modest young man named Benny Goodman. On each age level the response was vigorous. The youngsters danced madly in the aisles; the parents found their toes tapping and their hands clapping in spite of themselves; and the grandparents admitted that Mr. Goodman was a man who behaved strangely but at least possessed great dignity and shy charm. The most gratifying response, though, came from still another group. The hot music trade, which had gone underground with the end of the speakeasy era, came out into the respectable open once again and beamed. Benny was their boy and he'd made good. Things ought to be looking up.

With the advent of the respectability of hot music, or jazz if you prefer, the hot or jazz musicians and their hangers-on began to name and elect their favorites to the ranks of national jazz polls. Benny was one of their favorites long before the public discovered him, and so, year after year, it was his name that headed the lists of clarinetists. His orchestra, which played with the precision of a symphonic group without losing the emotion of jazz, also consistently topped the swing polls, both as a unit and as individual performers. This was in the late thirties. Today Benny Goodman, who has returned once again to the jazz melee after time out in retirement, is still tops. But his band has fallen upon hard times. Benny still is acknowledged by many to be the greatest jazz clarinetist alive, and among the greatest symphonic clarinetists. But his band is lucky to place third or fourth in the polls, tailing the glory of Ellington and Herman. In the poll conducted by this magazine the band received only a single vote. Jazz critics and fans who remember with nostalgic pleasure the wonderful recording and concert sessions that Benny and his band once held are asking themselves why this is so. What has happened to Benny's boys they want to know.

The answer isn't easy. In a business where styles are in a constant flux, where band personnel changes faster than Chicago weather, and where many competent critics entertain as many separate opinions, no answer is easy nor can it be expected to satisfy even a majority of jazz lovers. By way of answering them, and passing the buck at the same time, let's sample the opinions of a handful of musicians who have worked with the Goodman band during the past year. Their opinions produce a variety of explanations.

In the first place, they seem to agree that Goodman is too much wrapped up in his clarinet playing and too little concerned with the band as a unit. They claim that the band needs more frequent and more intensive rehearsal, and they feel that Goodman should strain every effort to obtain the best possible instrumentalists even though asking prices approach the fantastic. They think that Benny ought to spend less time striving to be the most nearly perfect clarinet player that ever lived and more time building up his band. On the other hand it is suggested that Goodman's single-mindedness has made him the superb and respected artist he is. But they remain firm in wishing that he'd relinquish more of his time to refurbishing the band's reputation.

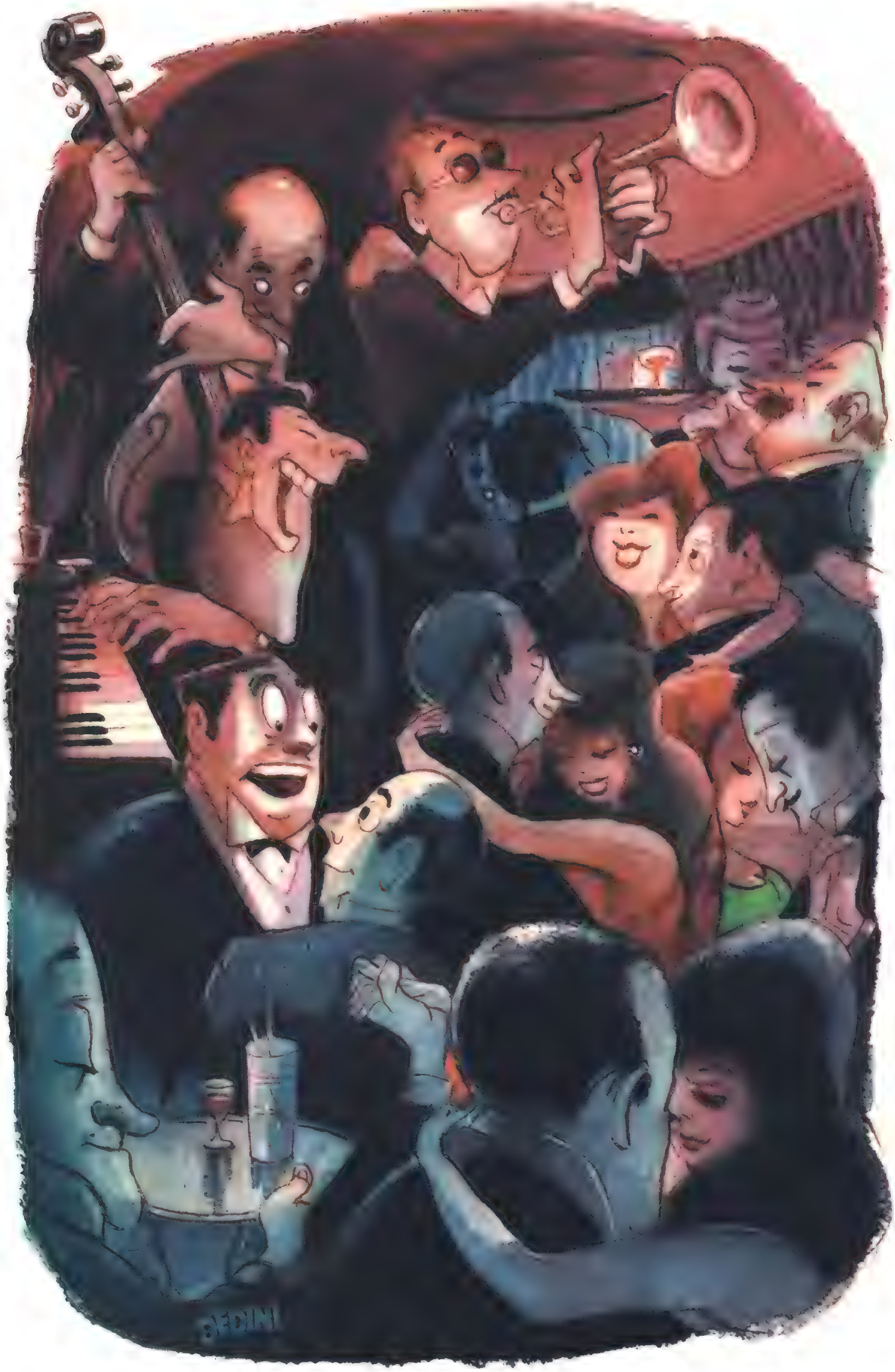
A second reason these musicians claim has caused the band to decline in popularity among the trade is Goodman's indifference to keeping up with modern trends. They imply that he is living in the glorious past and that he believes his old style is good enough to regain him the title of King of Swing. They point out that the current spectacular type of jazz calls for an eight-or nine-piece brass section. But Goodman refuses to augment his brass above the five he used when his goal was to assemble "an organization like Fletcher Henderson's old band, only white." Goodman recently told George Simon of *Metronome* that he prefers a five-piece brass section because "it's harder to make five brass sound like something." But my own observation is that other bands, not caring to do things the hard way, use augmented brass sections that make Goodman's sound puny and thin by comparison.

A third reason given for the band's slipping back to third place, fourth place and lower, is Goodman's disinterested attitude, sometimes verging on acute dislike, toward arrangements that differ from those his 1935 band played. It is said that Goodman neither approves of nor believes in the kind of jazz that won an Esky statuette for Woody Herman, and that at heart he still clings to the vintage style of his *King Porter Stomp* and *Somebody Stole My Gal.*

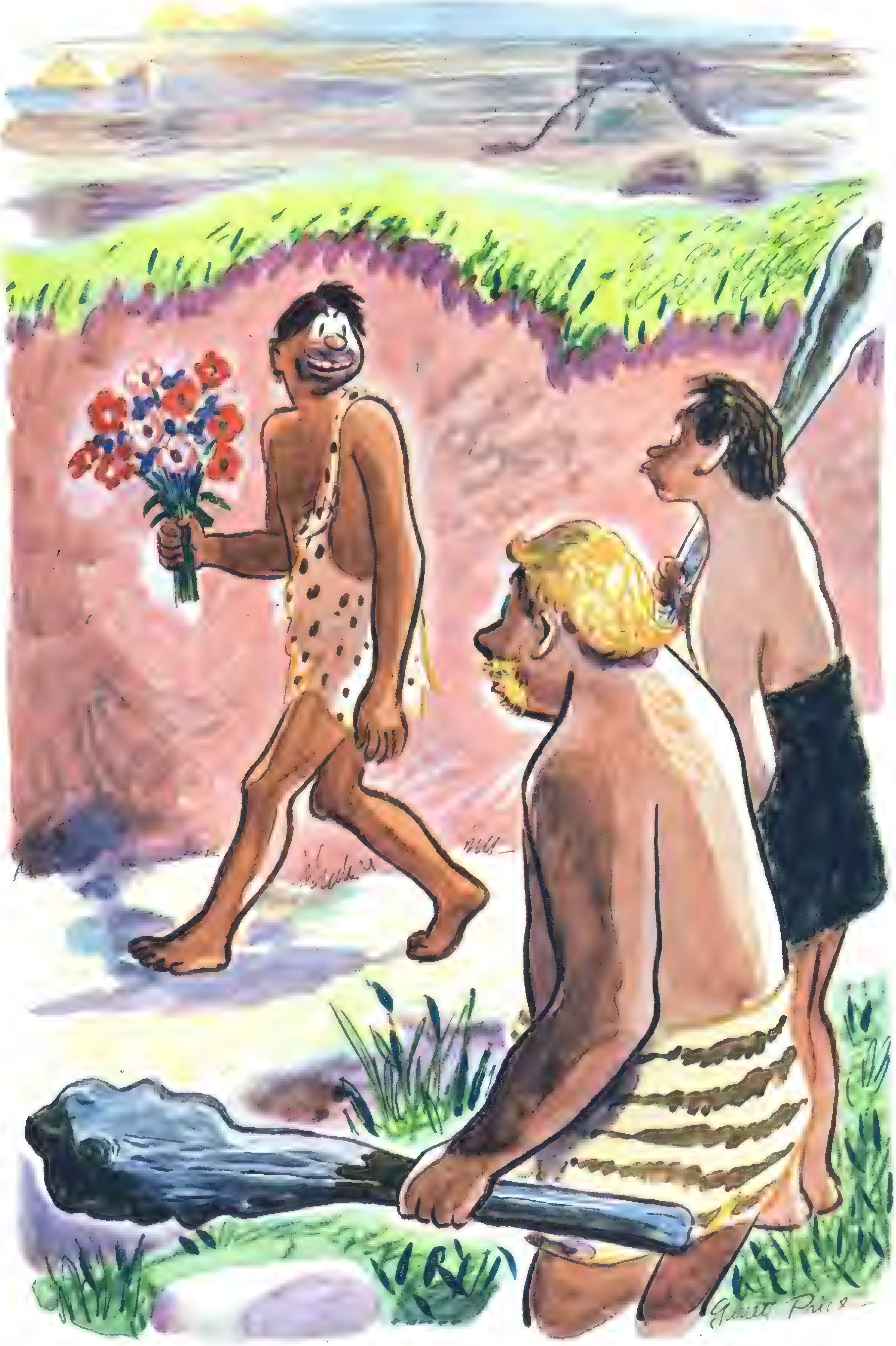
There is one notable exception, however, to Benny's reluctance to leave the past. When he cut his retirement short by returning in 1941 and '42, he showed signs of moving ahead. His band at that time featured men like Cootie Williams, George Auld and the late Charlie Christian. Moreover, the talented and brilliant Eddie Sauter wrote the arrangements. Sauter's forte lay in combining a Juilliard approach with instinctive good taste and the unusual ability to make fine music out of even the most monotonous Tin Pan Alley clichés.

But Goodman retired once more a couple of years ago, and later in 1944 he arrived on the scene again with a quintet he'd formed for Billy Rose's *Seven Lively Arts*. As is usual with Goodman small groups, the quintet was impressive. It was sparked by the imaginative drive of Goodman's unrestrained clarinet working in beautiful harmony with the brilliant music of Teddy Wilson's piano, Slam Stewart's bass, Red Norvo's wonderful vibraharp and Morey Feld's drums Then, for the second time, Goodman went back to a big band. It provided a sad contrast. Sauter's arrangements often were greeted with apathy. It is related that things reached the point where some of the superb Sauter arrangements were played only after Benny left the band- (*Continued on page 179*)

"I thought the tall one was rather cute!"



"We had to get rid of the trombone player"


Garrett Price

"I've discovered a new technique, boys—it'll revolutionize love"

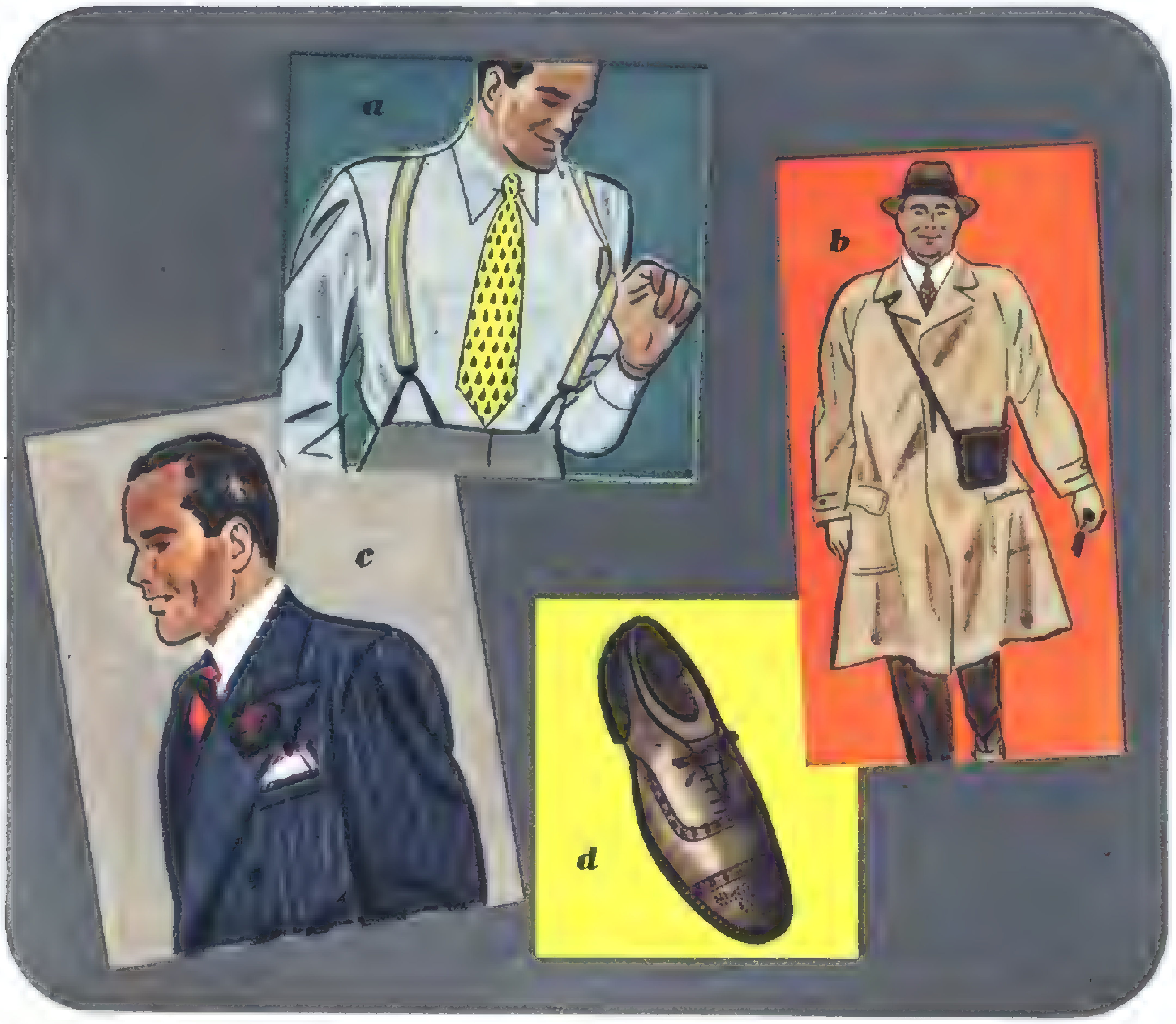
How's Your Fashion Quotient?

Are you a fashion goop? Here is your chance to test your knowledge of correct clothing and accessory combinations. Answers are printed upside down at the bottom of this page

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

Here's the old game of Twenty Questions, but now we are doing it on fashions. Give yourself 5 points for each correct answer. A good score is 80; a fair score is 60; and a poor score is 40 or less.

1. Many men prefer braces because (a) they preclude the necessity of wearing a waistcoat, (b) they hold your shirt in place, (c) trousers hang better. Illustration a.
2. Low-set buttons on jackets of spring suits have a good rating because (a) this fashion makes the back fit better, (b) it gives you more air on the chest, (c) the lapels are, therefore, longer and accent height.
3. To add the best color interest to a blue shirt and grey suit, wear a (a) maroon tie, (b) dark blue tie, (c) green tie.
4. Knee-length topcoats are good for most men because they (a) make legs appear longer and the wearer taller, (b) are easier to handle in checkrooms, (c) don't have to be cleaned quite as often.
5. Sleeves of suit jackets should be shorter than shirt sleeves because (a) they don't interfere with gloves, (b) best-dressed men let ½ inch of shirt cuff show, (c) this saves on woolen materials.
6. Collars of shirts are best if they are high in back, because (a) they are easier to launder, (b) a sloping line from back to front is more flattering to most men, (c) they help to keep the drafts off your neck.
7. Provided color and pattern are all right, a bow tie is appropriate for wear with (a) only single-breasted suits, (b) only double-breasted suits, (c) all types of suits.
8. Should the handkerchief in the chest pocket be related to the color of the tie or shirt? (a) It is a matter of personal preference—either is correct, (b) related to the tie, (c) to the shirt.
9. A loose-fitting raincoat is preferable to one that fits tightly because (a) it sheds water better, (b) it allows free circulation of air beneath coat and, therefore, more comfort, (c) it uses up more material. Illustration b.
10. Is it correct to wear a boutonniere if a chest pocket handkerchief is worn also? (a) Yes, (b) No. Illustration c.
11. The most versatile topcoat for town wear is (a) natural tan covert cloth, (b) blue overplaid tweed, (c) greenish tweed.
12. For wear with a blue-grey flannel suit, your best choice in belts is (a) striped ribbon, (b) black and white leather, (c) brown leather.
13. With a brown tweed topcoat, a good choice in the matter of gloves would be (a) a grey mocha, (b) white knitted gloves, (c) cork color pigskin.
14. In buying a golf jacket, you should look for (a) roomy freedom through the chest, (b) reinforced elbows, (c) one that buttons from right to left.
15. A bold plaid sport shirt goes with (a) a plaid sport jacket, (b) a herringbone tweed jacket, (c) a checked Saxony jacket.
16. Which socks are better taste to wear with a striped grey business suit, (a) green, yellow and black Argyle plaid, (b) blue ribbed lisle, (c) tan wool.
17. Is a fine-link gold keychain appropriate for wear with evening clothes? (a) Yes, (b) No
18. With a blue suit you should wear (a) only black shoes, (b) black or dark brown shoes, (c) tan shoes.
19. Well-dressed men prefer to wear straight-tip shoes with medallion toe cap with (a) business suits, (b) tweed country suits, (c) tweed jackets and flannel slacks. Illustration d.
20. This Spring the new felt hats have (a) wider brims, (b) narrower brims. ⵌ



Here are the answers to the twenty questions given in the fashion quiz at the top of this page. The illustrations mentioned in four of the questions are at the left.

1. (c) Trousers hang better.
2. (c) Lapels accent height.
3. (a) Maroon tie.
4. (a) Legs appear longer.
5. (b) Show ½ inch of cuff.
6. (b) More flattering to most men.
7. (c) All types of suits.
8. (a) Either is correct.
9. (b) Free circulation of air.
10. (a) Yes.
11. (a) Covert cloth.
12. (c) Brown leather.
13. (c) Cork color pigskin.
14. (a) Freedom through chest.
15. (b) Herringbone tweed.
16. (b) Blue ribbed lisle.
17. (a) Yes.
18. (b) Black or dark brown.
19. (a) Business suits.
20. (b) Narrower brims.

Test your knowledge with this six-part quiz on jack pots, stud and draw poker

According to Whose Hoyle?

by ALBERT A. OSTROW

GREENHALGH

When Edmund Hoyle confounded the moralists by cashing in at the overripe age of ninety-seven, the great English authority left behind a set of laws and rules for the card games of his day. That he had not entirely lived a misspent life was proved by the growing custom of referring card disputes to Hoyle's code instead of arbitrating them at swords' points in some moonlit glen. Gamesters played their whist, piquet, euchre and other favorites and settled their difference over rules "according to Hoyle."

For some time after Hoyle's death in 1769 his laws kept order in the world of cards but with the ferment in politics, ideas and customs came new card games. Across the Atlantic, for instance, in the western territories of the United States lusty frontiersmen were playing a game called poker—a hairy-chested young cousin of the English "Brag," popular in Hoyle's time. The main idea in "Brag" was described as "An endeavour to impose on the judgment of the rest who played . . . by boasting or bragging of the cards in your hands. Those who by fashioning their looks and gestures can give a proper air to their actions, as will so deceive an unskillful antagonist, that sometimes a pair of fives, treys or deuces with the advantage of a composed countenance and subtle manner of overawing, shall outbrag a much greater hand, and win the stakes . . ."

A good enough description of the elements of poker, too, but the new American game was as different from "Brag" in character as a wildcat from a household tabby. And as there was very little in Hoyle's laws that could cover poker, honest differences over rules were pretty often ironed out with knives or pistols, successors to the rapiers of an earlier day. A man who learned the game, let us say, in New Orleans might sit in on a session in Kansas and discover to his cost and sorrow that his poker education had been far from complete.

The classic of the stories that illustrate this point is the one about the stranger who sat down to a game of poker in a cattle town. After a run of so-so hands he picked up the Ace, King, Queen, Jack, Ten of Hearts—a royal flush. Primed for the kill, he kept upping the ante until there was only one player left in the betting against him. This fellow, with the assurance of a man who knows he is holding the best hand in the deck, matched him raise for raise. Finally the stranger out of sheer compassion called his foolhardy opponent, and unveiled his dream boat.

"Royal flush," he said and without bothering to look at the other's cards began raking in the pot.

A brown paw shot out to detain him. "Hold your horses, stranger . . . I got a hand here that's a mite better . . . A Whang-doodle."

The stranger stared down at the cards the other had laid down: a seven, five, four, trey and deuce—and not even in the same suit. He was moving for his gun when one of the players caught his eye and nodded at a sign on the wall behind him.

It read: "Nothing in this house beats a Whang-doodle."

Mindful of the fact that poker customs vary with localities, the stranger eased his shooting iron back into the holster and continued with the game. Sure enough, some hands later he picked up a hand containing a seven, five, four, trey and deuce—and not in the same suit. Accordingly he bet the limit and again found himself in a showdown with one other hand.

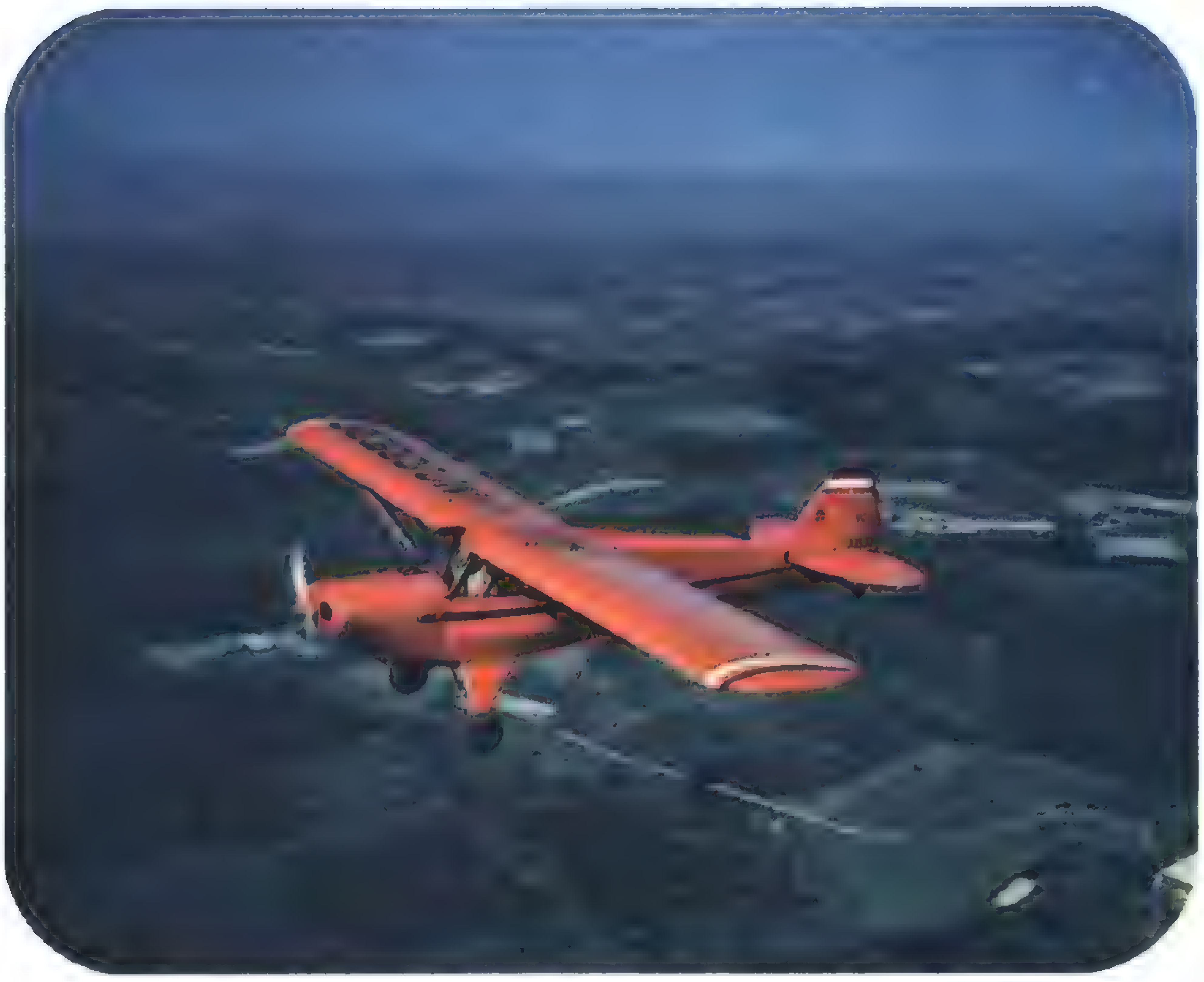
"This time," he announced triumphantly, "this time no son of a such and such can have a hand to beat this one." He spread his hand. "Read 'em and weep . . . A Whang-doodle."

The opponent, laying down a full house, shook his head commiseratingly and pointed to another sign on the wall behind the stranger. It read: "Only one Whang-doodle a night per table."

Just about the time some standardization was worked out for the laws of draw poker along came stud. Wild card stud, six, seven and eight card stud, high-low and, most recently, the explosive variations the boys are bringing back from the battlefields. And with it all there has sprung up a lush growth of poker rules. Dozens of them to take care of every conceivable situation. So many, as a matter of fact, that the average player gets lost in them.

It's a rare player who hasn't run afoul of some regulation he never even suspected the existence of. If he questions it he's likely to get the answer that it's "according to Hoyle." Yes, but according to whose Hoyle? The English games expert had been moldering in his grave for more than half a century when American poker made its appearance. To invoke the authority of Hoyle in a modern poker game is pretty much like trying to quote Napoleon on air combat. The fellow who pulls "Hoyle" on you on a point of poker is off base. Most often his ruling is based on local convention.

The fact is that poker still does not have a uniform set of rules that every hand from Kiska to Key West accepts as final and authoritative. Rules


GROENHOFF

Pipe the Piper Super Cruiser

Little Red Wing cruising above the wide, blue horizon at some 103 miles per is the new J5C Super Cruiser *made by Piper. Redesigned from the prewar* Cruiser, *the new model has more streamlining, more engine (100 h.p.) and more speed. It has a cruising range of over five and a half hours, and a luxury feature rare in light planes—an electric self-starter. Seats are tandem, with dual controls. However, the number of passengers totals three, since the rear seat accommodates two. (Imagine having* both *your wife and your mother-in-law tell you how to bank a turn.) Selling at average price, the* Super Cruiser *is a serviceable plane for sportsmen fliers, aerial traveling salesmen or private taxi work . . . and is upholstered with automobile type fittings which postwar "drivers" expect as they take to the skies.*

that would outlaw so-called "local" interpretations and settle some questions once and for all. For example, the troublesome one of how a joker may be used. As things stand now a player fattening up a pot in the certain belief that the joker made a full house out of his K-K-9-9 may be jarred out of his dream by the news that this game was playing the joker as "The Bug." Meaning the joker can be used only as an ace or to fill straights or flushes.

Or take this case. With wild cards in the game two hands remain in the showdown. One holds a flush running A-K-9-7-6. The other also has a flush, this one, A-wild card-8-5-3. This hand claims that since the wild card can be any card in any suit he holds an Ace-Ace high flush, better than an Ace-King high flush. Opponent says there ain't no such animal as an Ace-Ace high flush and that the best the wild card can be is a king. That makes his hand better since his third card is a 9 to the other's 8. Who's right?

Well, the rule books say that a wild card may be called anything the holder wishes. Some qualify with, "Except the duplicate of a card already held in a flush hand." And may hedge with, "But that rule varies—thus Ace-Ace high flushes are permitted in some sections." So there you are; you pay your money and take your choice.

And what about this setup in a wild-card game? Hand A holds K-wild card-J-10-9. Hand B holds K-wild card-wild card-10-9. That gives both king high straights. But Hand A claims the pot because he has fewer wild cards. Hand B says, "Nuts, that ain't the way we play it out in my part of Brooklyn. The pot ought to be split." That situation, as they say in Ebbets Field, has the makings of a first-class rhubarb.

RAVITZ

"Give a Man a Good Cigar . . ."

In the humidor room of Dunhill's New York shop, Noah Beery selects a cigar that will suit his taste and also add the proper touch to his cigar-smoking role of Boss Tweed in Michael Todd's production Up in Central Park. *In this room, designed to prevent drying or fleeing of flavor, Dunhill's stores some 200 different types of cigars, as well as private stocks of customers. After thirty-one years and a couple of hundred films in Hollywood, Beery returned to Broadway last season as he says slyly, "because the old ham in me began working." He wears, appropriately, a tweed suit in a three-button, single-breasted model with black and white herringbone design. For his white shirt he chooses a spaced pattern maroon and blue tie, tucks a blue and white handkerchief into his pocket. And he's a vest man.*

Sometimes players settle these things before the game, especially if there are strangers present. The trouble is, though, that if every possible cause for dispute were covered before action begins, there would be just about time enough for a hand or two. About the only matters on which there seems to be general agreement are ones such as the comparative ranking of hands. And even here you'll run across a guy from time to time who'll tell you that out in his neck of the woods they play a flush higher than a full house.

Of course, every session has its self-appointed poker authority who is ready with a ruling on anything. But they'll never be as satisfactory as an up-to-date, comprehensive, definitive and easily understood set of poker laws free of ambiguity and weasel words.

And just in case you fancy yourself something of a poker "Hoyle," here are a few questions for you to tackle. The answers are about as official as an expert consensus can make them. You'll find them at the end of this article.

1—The game is deuces wild. Hand A has Q-2-9-8 showing with the hole card a deuce. Hand B shows A-2-6-8 with the hole card an ace. A, whose turn it is first, calls "Three queens," turning up his deuce. B turns up his ace and calls "Three aces." After B has raked in the pot, A, suddenly discovering that he had a better hand than he thought, says, "Wait a minute. I've got a straight to the queen." B answers, "Tough luck, buddy, but you called three queens and besides I've already taken the pot." . . . A claims that no matter what he called his hand, the cards speak for themselves. . . . Is he right?

2—The game is draw poker. Hand A lays down a straight flush, K-Q-J-10-9 of spades. Hand B also lays down a straight flush, K-Q-J-10-9 of clubs. Hand A claims that since his straight flush is in a higher ranking suit he wins the pot. . . . Right or wrong?

3—The game is jack pots. The hands have been dealt out. Hand C, after a glance at his hand, lays it face down in front of him and busies himself with lighting a cigar. Hand A opens the betting, B stays and the dealer seeing C's cards face down on the table passes him and chips to the pot himself as last hand. At this point C, who has a good hand and wanted to do some raising, puts up a howl as he realizes his turn has been passed. . . . The dealer says he assumed that C had passed because, "it is a common understanding that if a player places his hand face down on the table it is a signal that he passes out of the game and that no further verbal comment is necessary." C counters with the contention that even if a hand is turned down it doesn't signify a pass until it's shoved among the discards. . . . Who's right?

4—The game is seven-card stud played with two packs. Two hands are best in the showdown. Hand A, after turning up his hole card, shows K-K-K-J-8-5. Hand B finds himself with K-K-K-J-J-9-2. . . . Which gets the pot?

5—The game is five-card stud. Three players are left for the showdown. The first raises for ten dollars. The second sees. The third places a five-dollar bill in the pot, is about to place another five along with it, hesitates and withdraws the original five, passing out of the hand . . . The other players claim that by his action he has committed himself to the ten-dollar bet . . . Are they right?

6—The game is draw poker, four players participating. Hand A opens, B, C and D stick. All draw cards. B and C drop out. A, having opened the pot, makes a bet which D calls. A then shows his hand and D, seeing he can't beat it, throws his hand into the discard in such a manner that it can't be identified. . . . C, who has previously dropped out, squawks saying that D should have shown his hand so that every player could see it. . . . He claims, furthermore, that since D mixed up his cards so they cannot be identified the rules call for a penalty. . . . Is C right on both counts?

Answers

1—The generally accepted convention is that when using wild cards, players must call the value of their hands; so A is wrong in saying that the cards speak for themselves. If a player does not discover his hand is of higher value before the pot is taken in by someone else, it's too late to do anything about it.

2—In poker, suits have no rank; consequently the two hands are tied in value. The pot should be split.

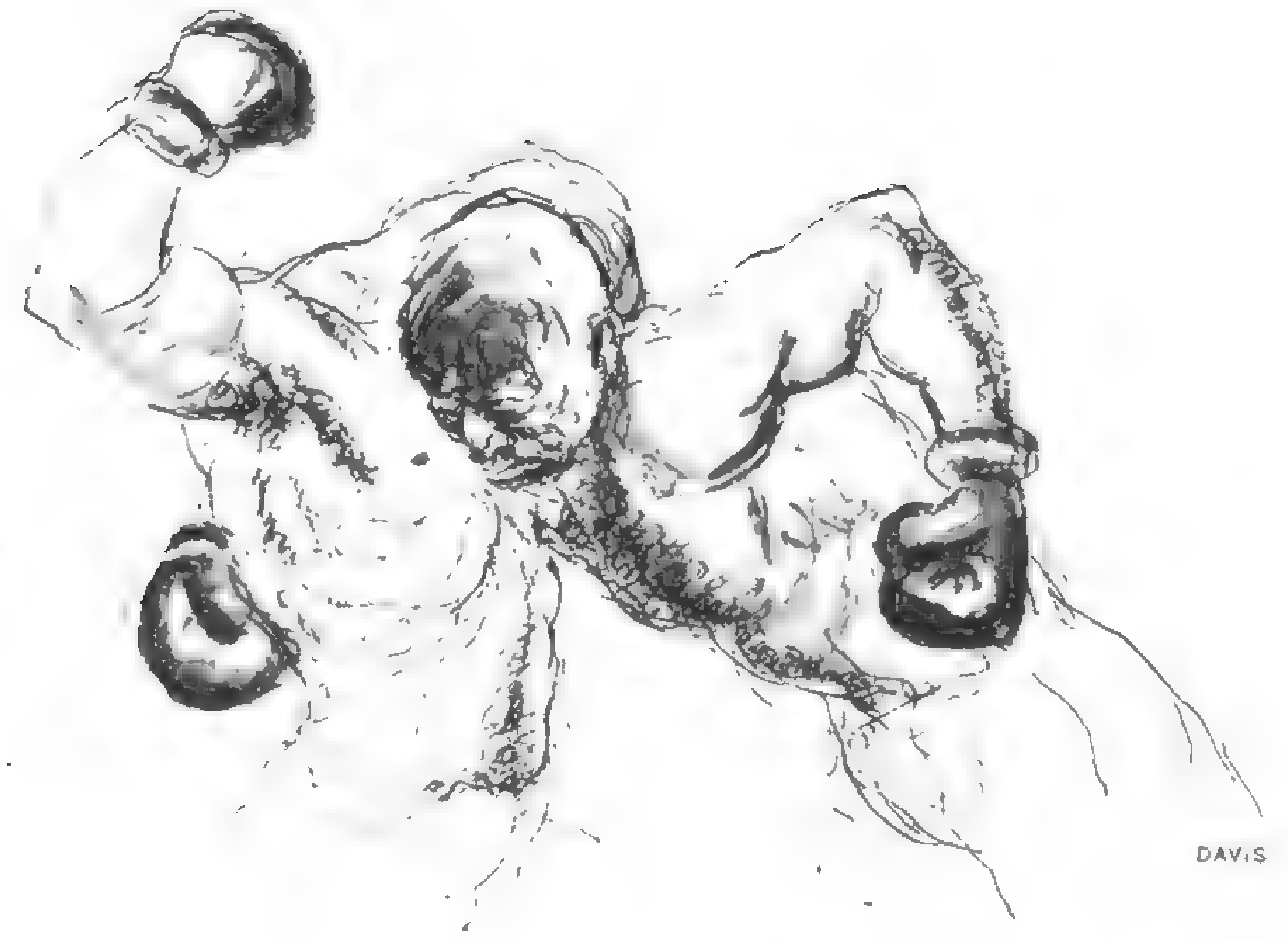
3—Both players have quoted rules on passing, generally used, so that neither is strictly wrong. What is needed, of course, is one rule requiring that a player say "I pass" before being counted out of the game.

4—Only five cards may be used in making up the hand; the other two have no bearing on the value. This is another case where the pot should be split.

5—There is only one rule that seems to apply here and it states that chips once placed in the pot, even by mistake, can't be taken out again unless all players are satisfied that the player in error was mistaken as to the value of the chips he contributed. . . . But in this case the player wasn't in error as to the value of his chips and had only put in half of his bet. Some experts liken this to the half swing in baseball and the tentative move in checkers and hold that since the bettor hadn't followed through he's entitled to take his five bucks back and drop out. Others say he's got to add another five and stay in. . . . Anyway, a good clear rule is indicated.

6—C is right in saying that D should have shown his hand so that everyone could see it. A player in a showdown, whether he called or was called, is not allowed to admit himself beaten and conceal his cards. . . . A penalty on this count is not popular, but is as logical as most poker penalties. ##

Among his numerous failings the fast-slugging pug and perpetual bridegroom had a notable weakness for platitudes



The Real McCoy

by ART COHN

Nearly fifty years ago a drunk picked a quarrel with Kid McCoy, middleweight champion of the world, and refused to believe that he was the prize fighter. After the Kid's fist had done its deadly work, the drunk ultimately regained consciousness, sighing, "It's the real McCoy."

The term, which has become a synonym for genuine, entered the language that night.

Pugilism has produced no more fabulous character than McCoy, born Norman Selby. His favorite crony was Tod Sloan, king of the jockeys, whom he once exhibited at a carnival as "The World's Largest Dwarf." McCoy was fighting a European heavyweight in London when he carelessly walked into a left hook and went down on his knees. Through the leather fog he saw Sloan sitting behind his corner with a brandy highball at his elbow. Guided by the fumes, he crawled blindly to his corner, seized the glass and drained it before the count of nine. Then he stood up and knocked his opponent cold.

How McCoy developed the lethal corkscrew punch that witnesses swore he sank up to his elbows in a victim's abdomen, how he deceived scores of them by telling them their shoelaces were untied and then murdering them in the fatal instant they let their gaze drop, how he took on champions sixty pounds heavier than himself and knocked out such greats as Joe Choynski, Peter Maher and Tommy Ryan are adequately recounted in record books and memoirs —this is the story of the real McCoy, nine times a husband.

If second marriage is a triumph of hope over experience, McCoy's career is a monument to man's credulity. Back in 1894 he took his first bride, Charlotte Piechler, a washerwoman's daughter; three years later he took Julia Woodruff, an actress, from Diamond Jim Brady. When that one flopped, a lesser lover might have been discouraged. But not McCoy. "I'm gonna keep on marrying 'em until I find the right girl."

He was almost through the M's when his campaign was interrupted. Mrs. Theresa Mors, the wife of a prosperous antique dealer, was found on the floor of an apartment she shared with McCoy in Los Angeles, two stab wounds in her breast, a few .32 calibre bullets in her stomach and an autographed picture of the Kid in her lifeless arms.

Shortly before the defunct doxy was discovered, McCoy stalked into Albert Mors' antique shop near Westlake Park brandishing a loaded revolver. The proprietor had not yet arrived and McCoy, more than mildly annoyed, ordered the several customers and employees present to line up. Those he approved he waved to one side of the shop. He robbed the others and with rare foresight he made them take off their trousers so that they could not follow him. One of the victims, William G. Ross, millionaire art patron, made the strategic blunder of running to the door. McCoy shot him in the thigh.

Convinced Mors was not coming, the Kid went next door for a chat with Mrs. Anna Schapp, a modiste, Mrs. Mors' best friend. McCoy said he was rather irritated because Mrs. Schapp had told Theresa she was a sap to live with him and, hoping it would be a lesson to her, he shot Mrs. Schapp and also plugged her husband Sam for good luck.

The police finally caught him after a wild chase and he wept, "I can never be happy again, please let me end it all."

So he hired a promising young attorney named Jerry Giesler to defend him.

On the stand McCoy tearfully testified that his paramour had been slicing a bologna sandwich when she suddenly decided to commit suicide and turned the bread knife on herself. He confessed he was in an alcoholic haze when she grabbed his Belgian revolver and finished the job. All he knew, he said, was that he felt so very badly about the whole affair that he tenderly laid her on the floor and placed his favorite photograph in her arms, after dismantling her jewelry, which he promptly took to his sister's for safekeeping. Above her on the wall he hung a framed maxim, "Love affairs are like watches, the less complicated the more desirable they are."

Giesler pulled out all the stops, arguing that McCoy's mother had been insane and that the loony bin was his ancestral home, but the Kid's deserved reputation as one of the shrewdest fighters ever to crawl through the ropes had been too firmly established. He was convicted of manslaughter.

McCoy was sentenced ten years to life in San Quentin Prison for his multiple crimes, served less than eight years and was paroled in the Summer of 1932 to become a guard at the plant of the Ford Motor Company.

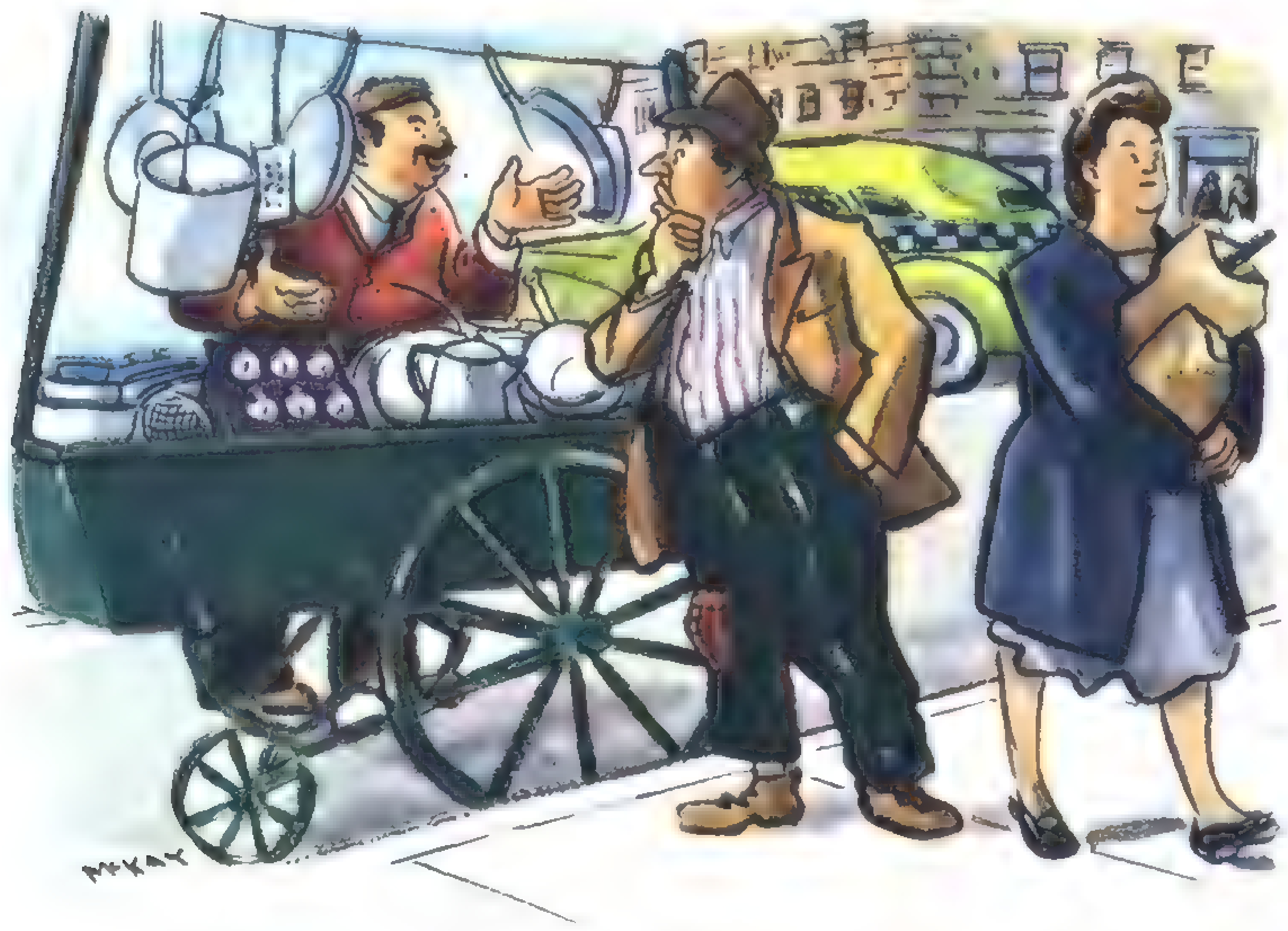
Five years later he had lost his peculiar charm and was just another dull reformer.

"Easy dough is hardest to hang on to," he mouthed in pious platitudes on the occasion of his sixty-fourth birthday. "Bright lights go out the darkest, good-time friends slip away the quickest. Liquor and McCoy don't mix, I haven't had a drink in thirteen years. I haven't changed any, I've just learned a few things. Only one thing I didn't have to learn—to keep punchin'."

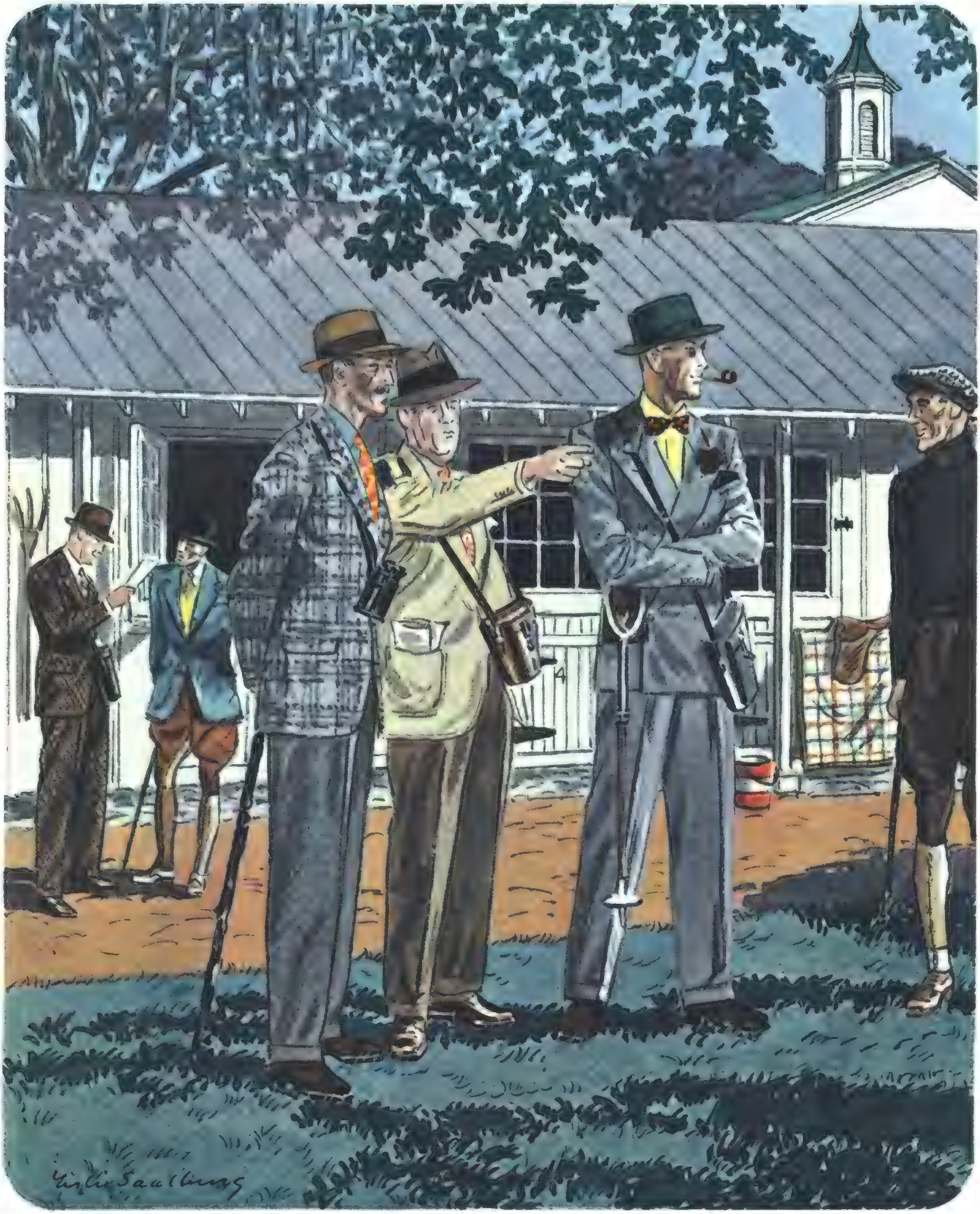
So saying he hurried off to his ninth wedding.

It is paradoxical that many personally unattractive men have acquired a series of beautiful wives and mistresses. The Kid was a mean, disagreeable man and the mighty fists of Jim Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Joe Choynski and Peter Maher, the greatest fighters of his time, had hardly enhanced his homely features.

On April 18, 1940, Norman Selby was found in a Detroit hotel room, a suicide from an overdose of sleeping tablets. At his side was a note: "Sorry I could not endure this world's madness." ##



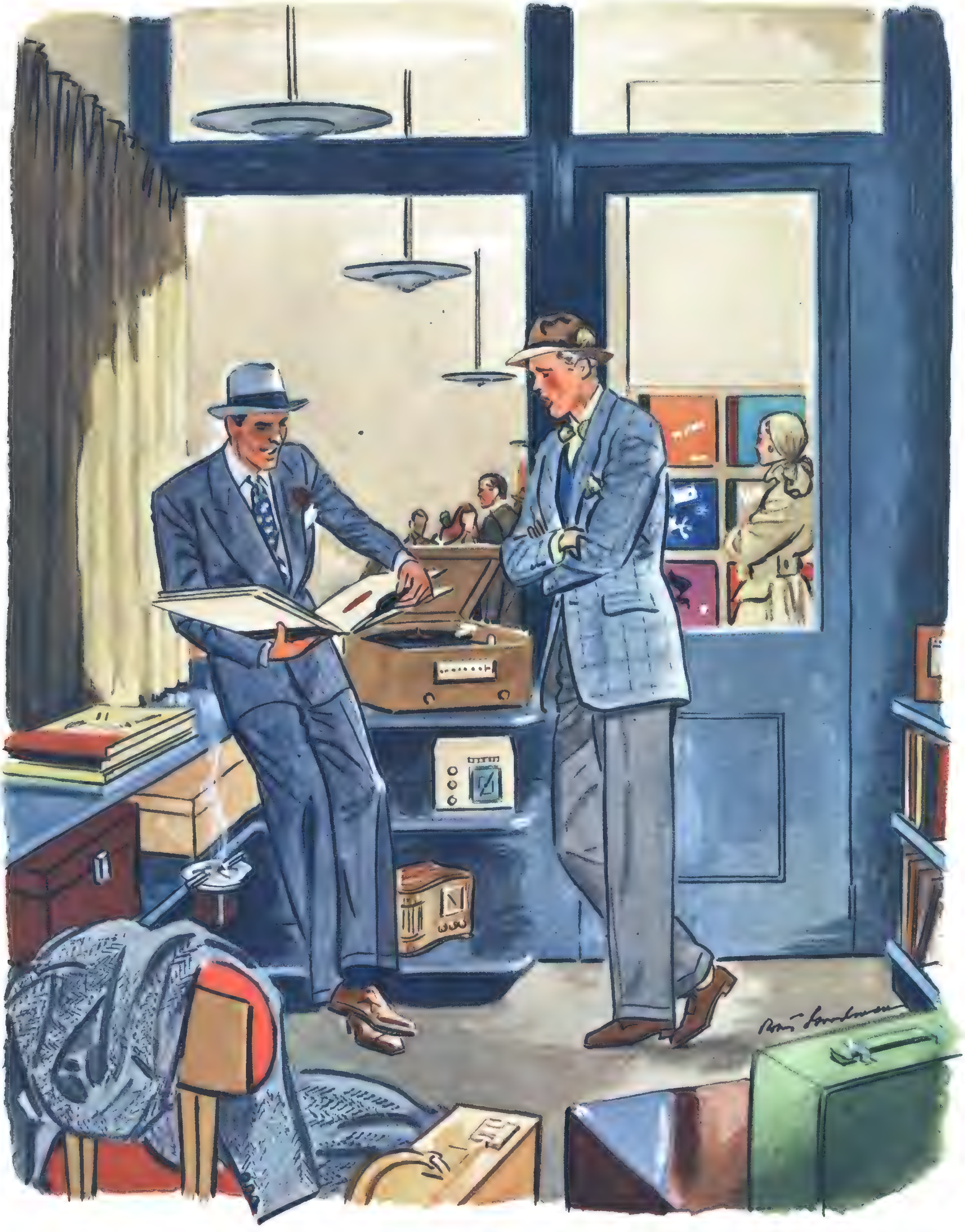
"Beginning today, our 'The Customer Is Always Right' policy goes into effect again"



SHAPING UP

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

In the spring a sportsman's fancy turns to the mid-south training grounds of new track stars, where the above segment of stable society watches a pony go through his paces. The horse-blanket-plaid sports jacket is as dead as the United States Hotel at Saratoga, but a restrained version of plaids lingers on. For example, the man at left, with the blackthorn cane, wears a Glen plaid with blue markings, and introduces the good combination of brown-and-grey via his hat and reverse calf shoes. The fellow in the center pairs a camel hair jacket with brown gabardine slacks, while the owner (who also owns a shooting stick) sets off his grey flannel suit with a yellow shirt and figured foulard bow tie. All three men show excellent "racing form."



SPRING SLANT IS SLATE

Drawing by Robert Goodman

A good listener is always a pleasant addition to a hostess' dinner table, and this pair should please her since they're doing some advance listening to select a new album as a "hostess gift" for her phonograph. The guest, at left, still in his town clothes, wears the new spring shade of slate grey, embellished with a blue stripe for his worsted suit. The hat and shirt in the same tone are picked up by his figured foulard tie. The other week-ender proves that slate grey goes to the country as well, in first-rate fashion. His tweed suit is marked with a blue overplaid, with more blue in his pullover sweater. And that combination of grey and yellow is one you're going to see around. His brown hat and brown reverse calf shoes are good touches too.

Rowing the fastest stroke, they were the strangest crew ever seen on the Thames

The Japs and the King's White Swan

by PAUL ENGLE

We had rowed the mile course upstream at Marlow on the Thames and were resting over our oars. There was the usual puffing and groaning from the crew, and stroke was pushing his hands into his belly and swearing at the greasy bacon he had eaten for breakfast. The cox was whistling in that unpleasantly cheerful way all coxes have when they have been given a comfortable ride in a boat by eight grunting men. Our coach, who had ridden a bicycle on the towpath from the starting point, was tucking his grey flannel trousers into a pair of red-purple socks whose violent color meant that he had once himself rowed in the first eight of the same Oxford college for which we were rowing. I was scratching that most important part of an oarman's anatomy, his bottom, and watching a white swan float out of a sidestream and head across the river, followed by a line of cygnets.

The coach, an ex-judge named Gladys who had spent twenty years in the upper Sudan, finished tucking his cuffs into his socks and looked at us. "Bow," he started to say, "remember when you go forward that you're not a tired old woman reaching for a cup of tea." Just then he looked downstream, stared, and grabbed his stop watch. He held it for a solid minute while his lips counted, and then he turned to us with a look of absolute disbelief. He turned his face downstream and shouted, "Look around, chaps, you've never seen anything like this. It can't be true." We turned wearily in the boat and looked down the long curve of the river where it ran between willows on the Buckinghamshire side and a meadow as green as a cat's eye on the Berkshire side. We looked, and thought—no. It can't be true.

A shell smaller than ours was coming upstream. Eight light-blue blades were entering and leaving the water faster than any of us had ever seen oars move. The coach was timing them with his stop watch and we were all counting to get the number of strokes per minute. The oars seemed hardly to enter the water before they left it, and the backs of the very small men in the boat were moving forward and backward as swiftly and as regularly as mechanical toys. "What did you make it, stroke?" the coach called in a strained voice. "Sorry, I must have counted double," the stroke answered. "I made it fifty to the minute." The average Oxford crew rowed thirty-two or thirty-four strokes to the minute, with occasional bursts up to forty. When the coach said, "By the watch, I made it fifty-four," we all howled and stared at the strange crew as if they had been men from another world.

That's just what they were. Japs.

They were the smallest crew ever to row in a Grand Challenge Cup race on the Thames, and they rowed the fastest stroke ever seen on that river. Their oars were pale blue and much shorter than ours, their shell was much shorter, they traveled a shorter distance forward on their slide (helping to make the very fast stroke possible) and they wore pastel shorts with a blue stripe down the side. As they passed us, pouring on everything they had at the end of the course, their faces looked as if they had just seen the ghost of the Emperor glaring at them from the stern.

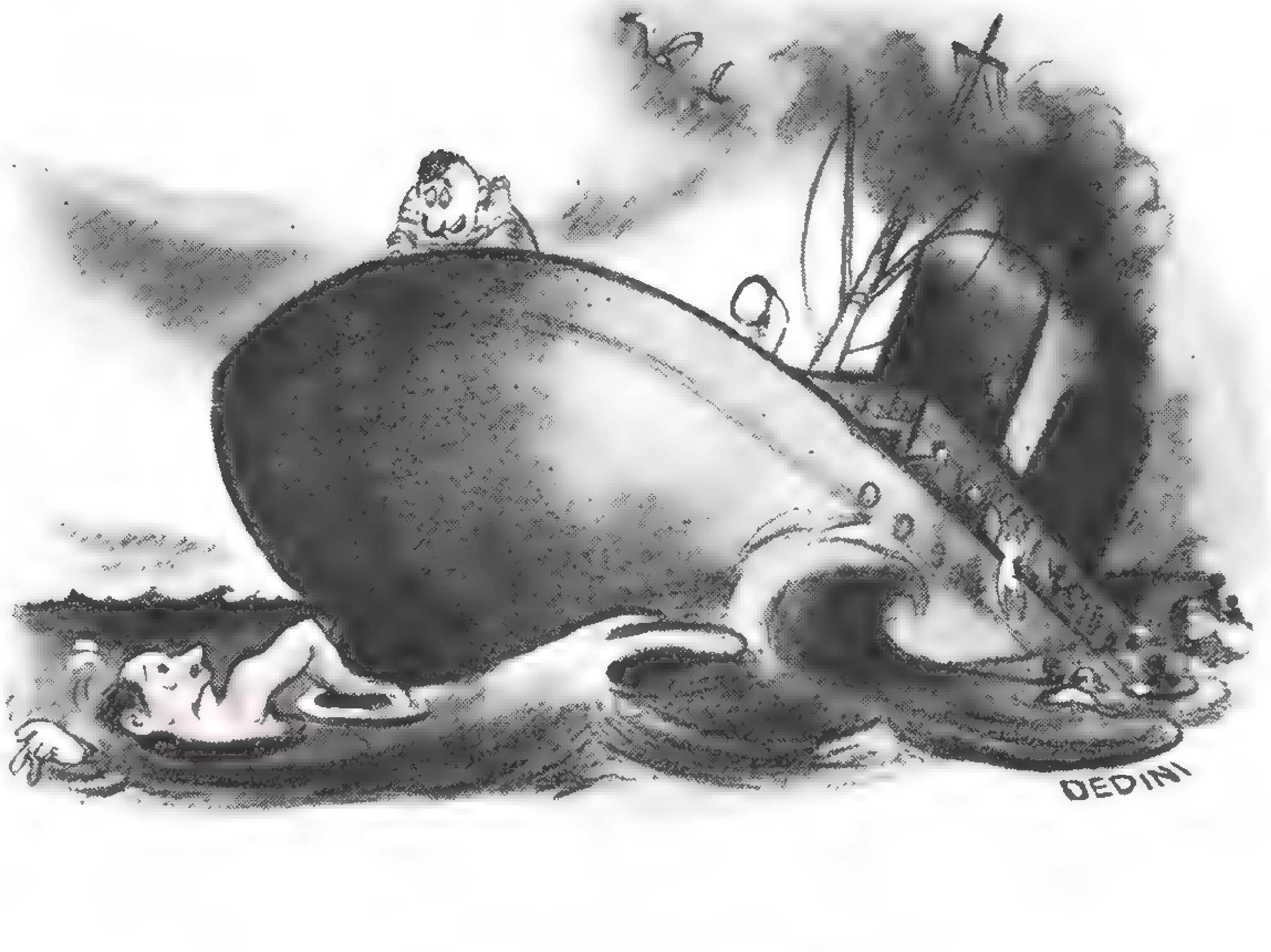
The Jap cox headed straight up the river directly at the mother swan and her line of little ones, slowly rocking and loafing their way to the other bank. According to legend, the swans along the Thames are under the protection of the King, and I have seen crews pull up short in the middle of a hard course to avoid striking one. We waited while the Jap boat kept on its way beyond the finish line, driving its sharp bow toward the lazy swans. Suddenly the mother swan saw the boat tearing at her. She began to hiss with an ugly rasping sound, and the cygnets desperately paddled around her, their small heads leaning forward as if their wiggling tails were on fire. They were just beyond reach of the oars as the Jap boat passed them without a glance from the cox. The mother swan had turned, darting and recoiling her long neck as if it were a white and feathered snake.

No one spoke, but the man in front of me (a rugged Irishman named Sean Ireland, studying for the Church of England) turned and looked at me with brown and bitter eyes.

Next day I was standing on that handsome, ancient stone bridge that crosses the Thames at Marlow when the Japs came upstream from below the bridge. There are several arches of the bridge, and it is one of the stirring moments of rowing at Marlow to drive hard upriver and watch the cox take a crew through the dead center of an arch without a break. The Japs stopped just above the bridge and I watched the cox turn the boat. While resting, the crew had been yammering at each other in their own language. But all the commands of the cox were given in English, just as he had learned them. Out of an excited jabbering would come the thin voice of the cox in immaculate English—"Paddle on four bow oars." "Back her down, stroke and seven."

They were small men, by rowing standards. The stroke weighed, as the English printed it in the program, nine stone, twelve pounds (138 pounds). An average stroke at an English college would weigh in at from 170 to 190 pounds. The cox's name was T. Shimojima, and he weighed 103 pounds. The cox of our crew was well above the average, weighing 126 pounds. He was an Australian, with a remarkable skill at handling a fast-running boat and with a remarkable vocabulary straight from the Australian bush. He was once fined five pounds for swearing at the Oxford Varsity crew, which had been traveling on the wrong side of the river. No one was supposed to use rough language on the river, particularly in reference to the holy Varsity crew. But with the Australian's contempt for authority and form, our cox tore into the Varsity cox with a violence and imagination possessed in this country only by losing football coaches and winning taxicab drivers.

I next saw the Jap crew at Henley, (*Continued on page 215*)



"How's the water?"

Blowfish knew all about women, so he convoyed his partner to Widow Pruddy's

The Courtship of Pee-wee Joe

by S. ROBERT RUSSELL

BLOWFISH Slim folded his angular, six-foot-three frame and erupted from the lone, weather-beaten shack, his great bare feet clawing for traction. At his heels, swinging a twelve-inch skillet menacingly, charged five-foot Pee-wee Joe. Ten feet from the cabin the little man abandoned the chase. His strident voice rasped an ugly gash across the primitive quiet of the lonely Florida key.

"Stink up our skillet with shark meat, will you!" he screamed. "Blowfish, that's the last straw! You an' me is splittin' up right now!"

A stilt-legged heron, fishing at the water's edge, spread startled wings and flapped hurriedly away. Blowfish slumped limply to a crawfish trap, his long nose quivering in shocked disbelief.

"I mean it!" Pee-wee continued. "'Cause I'm fixin' to marry the widow Pruddy an' live decent! From now on you kin eat shark meat regular if you wants to!"

Having cast his grenade Pee-wee leaned against a coconut palm and stared at his partner challengingly.

Utterly dumfounded, Blowfish only stared bug-eyed, mind groping. His scraggly mustache drooped dejectedly. He thought back through the ten years of their work-avoiding, shiftless, and to him, completely satisfactory, partnership. Latent yearnings for a fuller life had prodded the smaller man into vocal outbursts before. But this explosion, Blowfish realized sickly, was deadly serious, for Pee-wee had always scoffed at marriage. Certainly he had never indicated that his dreams had embraced the three-hundred-pound vociferous, super-dominant Widow Pruddy.

The tall man shuddered. It was true that the widow was well-fixed. She had her late husband's insurance money, and her garden and fruit trees were always productive. But her boundless aptitude for hard work had long since frightened off every eligible suitor within courting distance. A mental picture of the huge woman driving the diminutive Pee-wee through a life of perpetual labor chilled him to the marrow.

Blowfish swallowed convulsively. "Well, Pee-wee," he announced mildly, "I reckon you got a perfect right to the widder does you crave her, an' 'cause I knows you don't know nuthin' a-tall 'bout courtin' I'll be right along with you to he'p you git started right."

"Yee-ee-ow-w!" Pee-wee jeered raucously. "You he'p me! A ganglin' ol' heron like you! Thet's plumb funny!"

A miraculous change transformed the supine Blowfish. He straightened, squared his narrow shoulders, shuffled a few dance steps, waved both arms and crowed like a rooster. "Leetle man," he exulted, "I've bin a whang-do with the wimmin in my time!"

Pee-wee started to scoff but a sudden doubt choked back the words. He realized abruptly that he had never seen Blowfish in action with the ladies. For all he knew to the contrary his partner might be completely irresistible to the unpredictable sex. Certainly he had never seen the other radiate such strutting self-confidence.

"Shucks," he deprecated experimentally, "all I got is your say-so. How do I . . ."

Blowfish interrupted, suddenly masterful. "Now you listen to what I tells you, Pee-wee. I knows courtin' like a book. Gettin' started right counts most an' that's a sight easier showin' than tellin'."

"Well-l-l-l," Pee-wee hesitated, suddenly conscious of his own inexperience, then capitulated. "Might be I could learn a few p'inters from you. Reckon you kin go along. But!" Decisively. "But just for the first day only!"

"Pee-wee." A shrewd gleam flashed in Blowfish's pale blue eyes. "I has already figgered that I kin learn you all you wanta know 'bout courtin' in one day."

Across the key Widow Pruddy overflowed her huge porch rocker and listened attentively to a lean, coal-black old Negress.

"No, Mizz Pruddy," the colored woman concluded sagely and arose to leave, "yo' kain't work a man too hard do he come wid courtin' on he's mind. At dat time he's all fixed fo' sweet pleasurin'. Feed him an' ketch him right den. He'll turn to workin' once de new wears off. Iffn he don't, den run him off an' ketch anudder."

Hard jaw lines showed plainly under the ample padding on the widow's cheeks.

"Celie," she declared, "Dawged if I don't believe you're right. Does another man show up I'll shore remember to do like you say."

"Yo' does it an' it never fails," the old Negress cackled. "I knows. I done had fo'teen. Aft'noon, Mizz Pruddy."

An early disc of blazing, tropical sun was inching up from the horizon as the two men started through the pines and palmettos toward the widow's cabin.

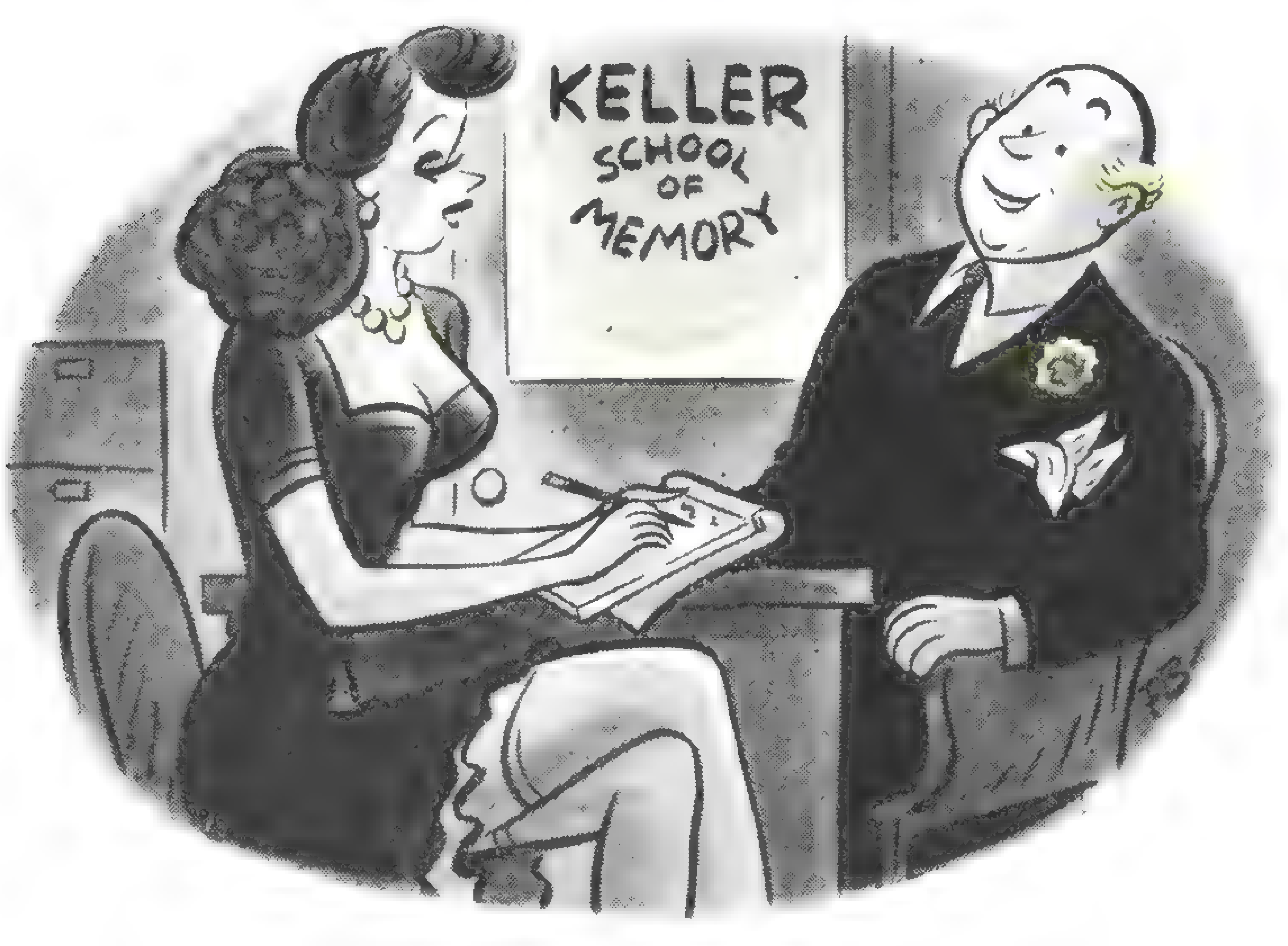
Miraculously, both were freshly shaven and their blue shirts and pants were clean, if unpressed and tattered. Both carried newspaper-wrapped parcels.

As they neared their goal the idiotic cackling of chickens became clear. Blowfish stopped. "Pee-wee," he intoned pontifically, "here we is. I'll figger out just how to go about this by her welcome. You watch close how I cut the buck and do exact as I does. Does I work slow an' easy like, you do the same. Does I see fit to pour it on, that means for you to do likewise."

The widow's clearing lay on the highest, richest ground of the entire key. Vines snuggled tight against her cabin. Flowers blossomed in the front yard. A thin wisp of pale blue smoke curled skyward from the stovepipe chimney

As they emerged from the brush, the widow pranced out onto the porch, her tremendous bust and hips accentuated by a stiffly starched blue dress and pink apron. Her calliope-voiced greeting boomed thunderously. Trees seemed to shrink and tremble under the impact.

Blowfish, to Pee-wee's amazement, swung his battered hat vigorously and shouted lustily, "Mornin', Mizz Pruddy!" Pee-wee unlatched the



"Ahem! let me see now—where was I?"

gate wordlessly. In ten years he had never heard his partner raise his voice. He was completely awed.

As they shuffled toward the porch, the huge woman's shrewd black eyes appraised the pair's unnatural cleanliness with complete understanding. The old Negress' words, "feed him and ketch him," became suddenly prophetic. Her heart thumped, her eyes glistened and her great bosom heaved with anticipation.

Blowfish opened his campaign without delay. "I swear iffin you don't look fresh and purty as a wild flower," he declared extending his package with a flourish. " 'Lowed that you might relish a few fresh crawfish."

Pee-wee stuck out his parcel stiffly. "Yere's a mess-a snapper steaks," he explained weakly, then stared astonished at Blowfish.

For once more self-confidence had transformed the other. He had suddenly become a strutting, predatory male. Even his ragged mustache radiated bristling virility.

The widow accepted the gifts. "Well, I swan!" she screeched. "If you boys ain't the thoughtfulest things. Set awhile. I've got some hot-cake batter all whupped up. Reckon I might as well fry these fish whilst I'm about it. You boys'll eat with me, a-course." She charged into the cabin.

"Your company pleasures us more'n rations," Blowfish stated boldly to the widow. Pee-wee's mumbled, "Thank you kindly, ma'm," was almost inaudible.

Widow Pruddy bustled ponderously about inside, her voice machine-gunning a barrage of comment and gossip. And Blowfish, to Pee-wee's pyramiding amazement, countered with quick, humorous answers. The little man, completely impressed, sat mouth agape.

There was a final clatter and then the widow's commanding, "Come in and set, boys. Rations is a-waitin'!" Both jumped to their feet with alacrity.

Hot cakes and white bacon, fish, grits and black coffee steamed invitingly. Both slid into chairs and set to vigorously.

Thirty minutes later, when satiation approached, Blowfish heaved a stentorian sigh. "Now what more could a man ask," he demanded of the world, "than good rations well cooked by a purty woman? I cain't recall ever eatin' nobler."

He kicked Pee-wee under the table. "Mighty tasty rations," the little man muttered hastily.

The widow's eyes gleamed. She looked down at her plate with mastodonic coyness. "Them weren't nothin'," she depreciated with quivering modesty. "Come noon, does you boys see your way to stay 'till then, I aims to show you some real, sho-nuff cookin'."

"A-course we aims to stay," Blowfish declared before Pee-wee could answer. "We're fixin' to he'p you with your chores. Hain't no man could turn away from such as you and them rations."

He pushed back from the table, arose and went outside to the porch. Pre-empting one of the chairs he loaded his pipe leisurely. Pee-wee did the same obediently. Inside dishes clattered and rattled.

Leaning close to the smaller man Blowfish whispered, "See how it works? Just praise their cookin' an' their looks an' they'll eat outn your hand." Pee-wee nodded with fascinated admiration of the maestro's technique. He had never seen the formidable widow so friendly.

But while Pee-wee sank quickly into a stomach-distended lethargy, the steady clatter of dishes built a vague suspicion which kept Blowfish wide awake. It was not the widow's way to let visitors sit in idleness. Formerly she would have stacked the dishes, led the men to their chores and done the washing only after both were working satisfactorily.

She finally reappeared and squashed down into her great rocker. "My," she commented, "it's shore a pleasure to have visitors. How's you boys bin makin' out? Hain't it mighty lonesome over yonder by yourselves?"

Blowfish's suspicions grew. When the energetic widow was willing to waste the precious morning coolness in gossip something was definitely wrong. He was puzzled. "We bin doin' tol'able," he replied, "jest tol'able." He arose determined to stick to his original plan. "But we're fixin' to get after them chores. What needs a-doin'?"

The widow appeared disappointed but she heaved herself to her feet and led the way to a long, low building.

"I'm aimin' to put a new roofin' on this chicken house." She turned to Pee-wee. "Bein' as you're the leetlest you'll do better up on the roof. There's roofin', a ladder an' all else you'll need inside." She turned to Blowfish.

"You got the length to be right handy with a post-hole auger," she stated with unappreciated compliment. "I got a new chicken run all marked out with shells. You kin fence it." Smiling sweetly she warned, "But don't you boys go strainin' yourselves in the hot sun. I ain't one to ask a visitor to work hisself to death for a few rations."

Blowfish watched her go. Her huge, rhythmically undulating buttocks awakened no thrill. "Lawd-a-mighty!" he muttered, "she's give us a good two days' work and knows it."

Pee-wee lugged a roll of roofing paper up the ladder languidly. He surveyed the prosperous clearing possessively. Soon all that well-ordered wealth would be his to enjoy. He propped himself comfortable on one elbow to dream of an indolent life of well-fed leisure.

A hard-flung clod stung his skinny backside. He started and rolled over. "Better git a-goin', leetle man," Blowfish advised crisply. "Or you'll git run off from here long afore ration time."

Pee-wee stared incredulously. His partner was working like a man possessed. "But the widder said to take it easy," he reminded.

"Shore, she did," Blowfish agreed. "But a woman allus means opposite to her say. You lissen to me an' work like hell!" He tore into his work with almost maniacal fury. Dirt flew.

Pee-wee reviewed the morning's events. Blowfish had certainly produced results so far. Why, the widow was practically tamed already. He grabbed for a roll of roofing. From then on he fitted paper, drove nails and spread pitch industriously.

The morning was half spent when the widow reappeared, covering a tour of inspection with a pail of cool limeade. "Thought you boys might be gettin' thirsty," she explained. "How—" Her mouth fell open in astonishment. She had fully expected to find the pair loafing. Instead both were dripping with perspiration. Their progress was far beyond her most optimistic hopes. "Well-l-l," she gasped weakly, "I'll be—I'll call you when rations is ready." She turned back toward the cabin completely bewildered.

"Now I'm plumb beat," she puzzled. "I tries to make it easy for 'em and they works like the very ol' Nick. Somethin's wrong here. But I'll feed 'em like ol' Celie said to."

Both men drank deeply. Pee-wee eyed his partner, wordless with admiration for the other's magical technique. But although he concealed it, Blowfish was troubled. "Dammit!" he warned himself. "There's somethin' wrong here. I ain't never seed the widder so plumb easy-goin' afore. She's up to somethin'. We works like hell an' she wants us to go easy. But she ain't foolin' me! I'll work that Pee-wee down to a nubbin if it puts me in bed for a month!" He slammed the post-hole auger into the ground viciously.

Spurred by visions of unlimited good food and long peaceful naps, Pee-wee aped his partner's efforts valiantly.

At high noon the widow's blasting "Yooo-hooo! Come git your rations, boys!" echoed along the key and ricocheted far out to sea.

Pee-wee descended the ladder wearily. Blowfish, noting the widow's speculative gaze, cocked his hat and came prancing, even though each step brought stabbing pains from overtaxed muscles.

Both sank gratefully into chairs and primed their pipes with fingers that trembled from fatigue.

When the big woman sang out, "All right, boys! Come an' get it!" both men had started to stiffen and cramp. Arising was a painful effort. Blowfish forced a sickly grin and limped in almost briskly. Pee-wee followed woodenly.

A bright cloth covered the table which (*Continued on page 197*)

"Understanding women and understanding Bertha are two different things, John"

The Esquire Sports Poll on Exercise

...in which a gentleman from North Carolina and a lady from Albuquerque contribute colorful bits which tend to lighten the answers given here, positive and conflicting, the wisdom of which the reader will have to decide for himself

THE QUESTION

If you had a son in college, would you encourage his participation in major competitive sports?

	Yes	No
Public	82.0	14.0
Sportscasters	94.7	5.3
Sports Editors	86.5	9.9
College Trainers	96.4	3.6
Women's Page Editors	68.0	28.0
Doctors	58.7	41.3

For

"Competition is the cornerstone of American life," Houston Cox, Jr., sports editor of WBRC, Birmingham, Alabama, writes in answer to this month's poll. "Major sports," he adds, "sharpen the instinct to compete."

He is backed up in this opinion by a great number of the returns. Few held that physical benefits are the reason they would encourage a son to play on the collegiate gridiron or basketball court.

Rather they believe it is a matter of developing spirit, learning team play and the lesson of competition which can be used in later life. Some of the opinions are:

"Just the natural thing for a red-blooded young American to want to do if he has the ability to go through the required training and practice." Howard V. Millard, *Herald-Review*, Decatur, Illinois.

"Most certainly. Sports keep the body mentally and physically alert. Non-participation in athletics makes sissies out of most young men." Al Warden, *Standard-Examiner*, Ogden, Utah.

"Yes. It gives mental relaxation from studies, improves health, encourages teamwork, broadens education." Dr. David H. Lawrence, Denver.

"Yes, because of lessons to be learned, lessons which if properly assimilated help to develop character and courage." Harry Keck, Pittsburgh *Sun Telegraph*.

What benefits, if any, does a spectator derive from attending sports contests?

"Sports attendance is the great American safety valve, even if it only means howling at the umpire or referee." Porter Wittich, Joplin, Missouri.

"He forgets his troubles, unfreezes his mind, recalls his youth and gets a breath of fresh air." Bob Foote, Pasadena *Star-News*.

"Relaxation, entertainment. Thrill of being in a big crowd." Wirt Gammon, Chattanooga *Times*.

"Sometimes it keeps a guy's mind off life's temptations." Jake Wade, Charlotte, North Carolina, *Observer*.

* * *

Another question, which gave the results pictured below, produced two unusual answers.

Do you believe that every adult should take some moderate form of exercise? If so, what form?

"Yes, a cord of wood and a bucksaw. More exercise in that combination than any other I have experienced." Fred Zimmerman, Salem, Oregon.

"A mild form of gardening doesn't hurt." Mary Linn Collins, society editor, *Post*, Salisbury, North Carolina.

Against

In response to this month's banner question on competitive sports, Dr. Edwin P. Jordan, associate editor of the *American Medical Journal*, leads off with a qualified blast:

"The notion that competitive athletics is a sort of panacea for everything from flat feet to astigmatism is completely fallacious."

Additional comments: "The present tendency to sub-rosa financing of athletes is crooked. Competition is so energetic that a youngster does himself harm." William Brown, M.D., Albany, New York.

"College is for studying. Let the players come from scholarships." Joseph Barber, Hendersonville, North Carolina.

"Participation in major competitive sport never improved the health of a single contestant." Major Earl Kleinschmidt, M. C.

* * *

The goading father, it seems, often forces a son into competitive athletics. There are no statistics on the subject but plenty of opinions. George Edmond, St. Paul *Dispatch* and *Pioneer Press*, would leave the matter entirely up to his son. "Too many fathers," he says, "seek to satisfy their own ambitions through their sons."

But the old man who is a nice guy and clever about it is a problem. He begins early to influence his son. Maybe he doesn't like the glee club or the band or the orchestra because they take up extra-curricular time necessary for sport. He says so and the kid agrees because youth likes active, physical fun. During the football season the old man leaves the office early every afternoon and sits in the stands during practice, watching with a critical eye. When the boy comes from the locker room after his shower, dead tired, the father is outside to drive him home. On the way he gives clever, helpful suggestions about protecting a flat pass against interception, how to roll on the halfbacks after knocking them down when covering a punt, or how to get through to the opponents' backfield. The kid is a sucker for this sort of thing.

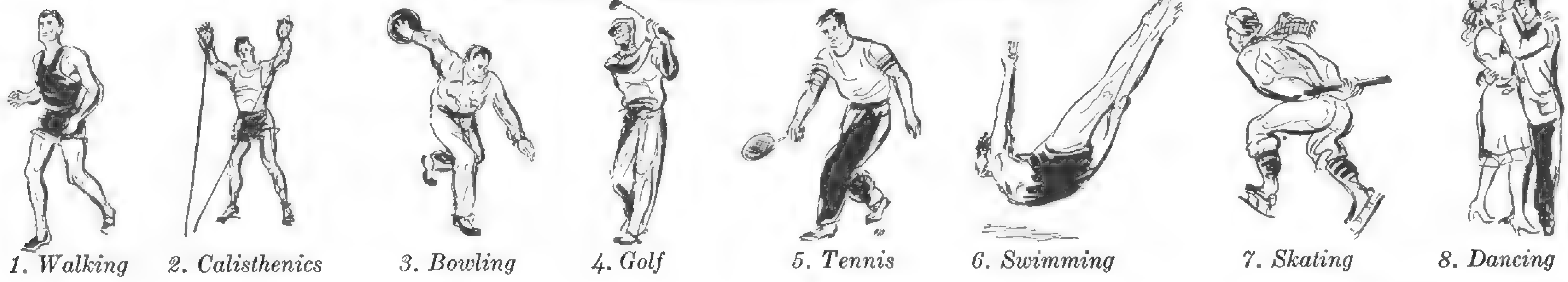
* * *

There was general, reasonable agreement on the need for some form of moderate exercise. Seventy-five per cent of those polled said they took it in one of the eight ways shown below. But their opinion of their fellow man wasn't so high. Only 12 per cent of the general public exercises deliberately.

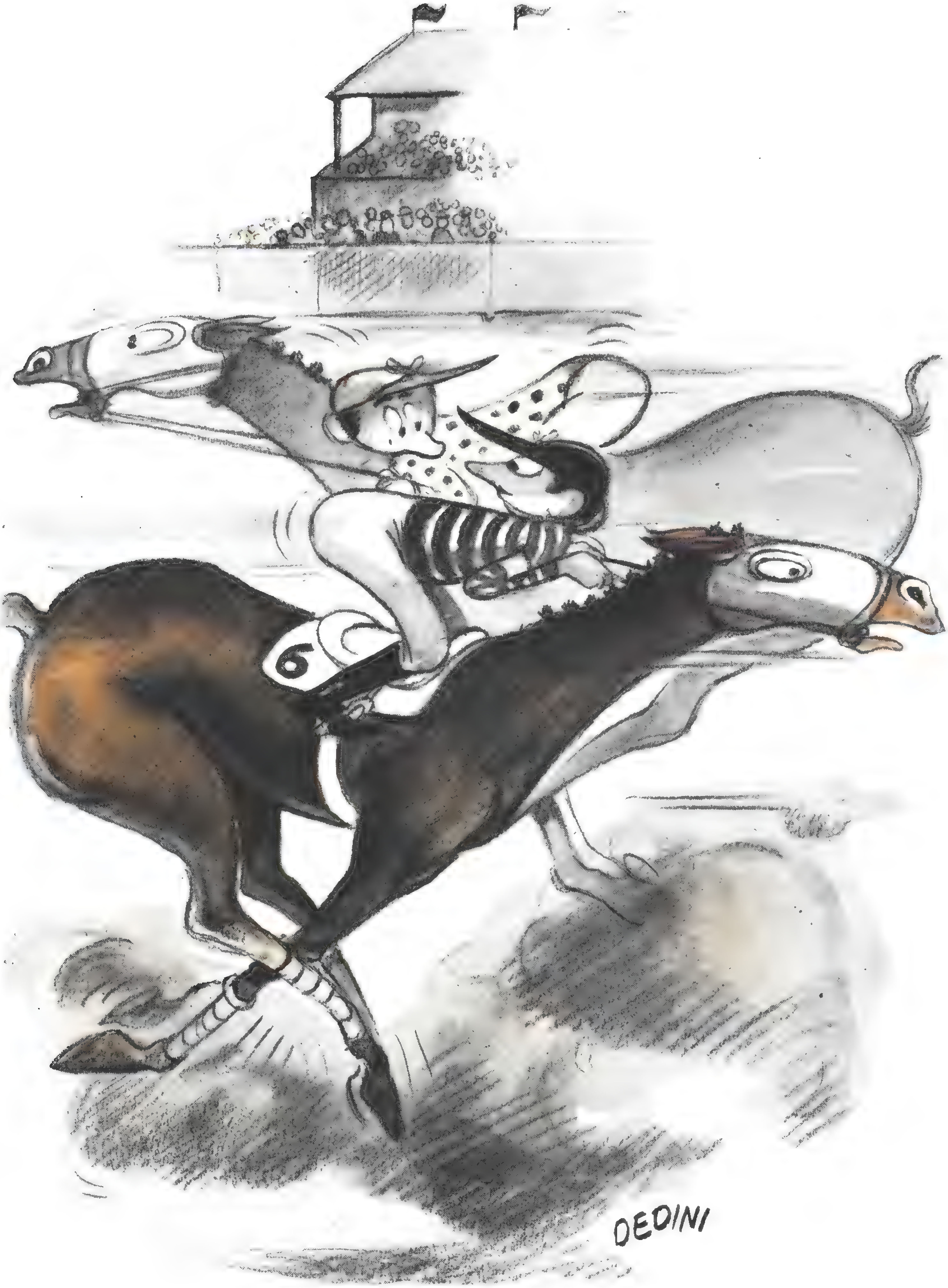
Spokesman for the silent, judged 88 per cent, was the lady from Albuquerque who returned her question sheet without answers except a "No," for the one entry: Do you take some form of moderate exercise?

"Exercise," she says in effect, "is vulgar." ⧺

The forms of exercise in the order of their popularity:



1. Walking *2. Calisthenics* *3. Bowling* *4. Golf* *5. Tennis* *6. Swimming* *7. Skating* *8. Dancing*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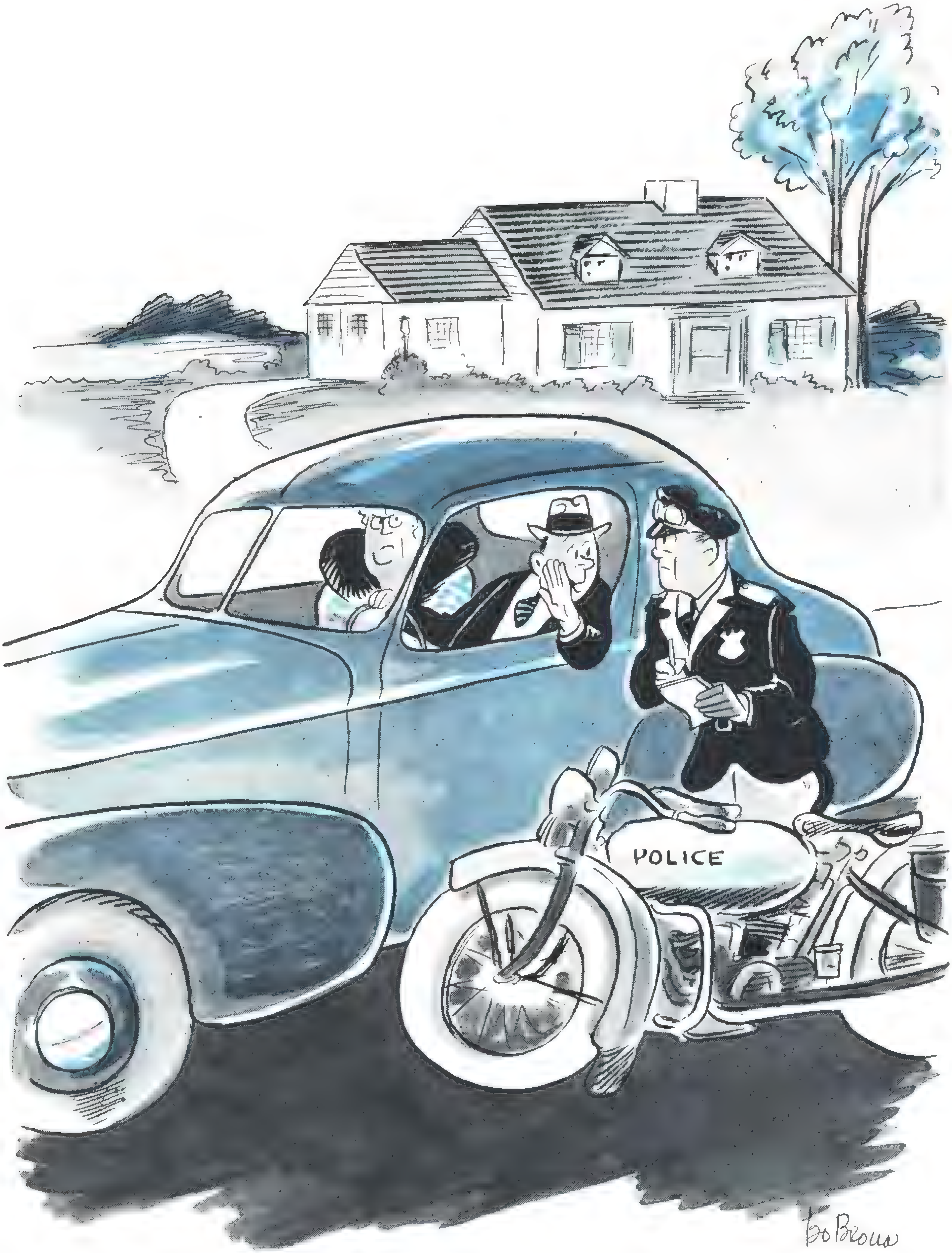
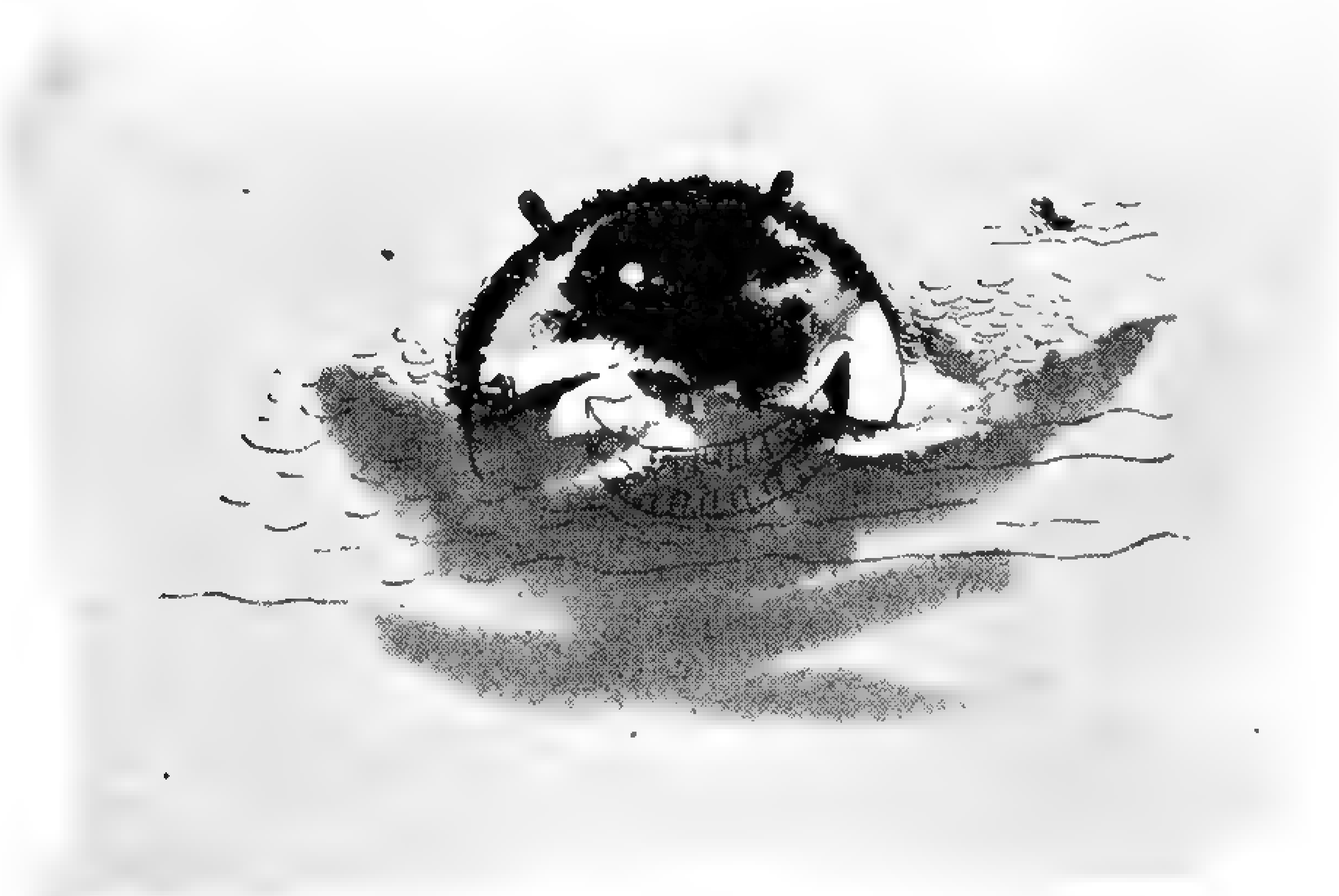

POLICE
Bo Brown

"My accelerator got tangled up with my exultation—I'm driving my mother-in-law to the station"


WEITHAS

It haunted the men during the long days on the raft, mocking at them while they drifted

The Mine that Laughed

by WILL F. JENKINS

There were three men on the raft. They were young men, but they had been on it for a long time, and they were gaunt and bearded and sun-blackened. The sun shone down mercilessly and sucked moisture out of their bodies. The wildly heaving raft stank of sea water and hot rubber. Spray fell upon them, and dried and left little salt crystals behind to work into their skin where the sun had burned it to redness. It was midafternoon. A stiff breeze blew and made a choppy, restless sea, but it pushed the raft toward the southeast. Far away, directly in the line of their motion, a cumulus cloud showed low down upon the horizon. They had watched it with bloodshot eyes for hours, and it did not move. That meant, of course, that there was an island underneath it, and a sizable one. All three knew it, and they could guess whose the island was. Once, some hours since, they had seen a mote of a plane flying toward that invisible island, winging its way along the edge of the world. But they had said very little about the plane and none of them mentioned the island. It would be ironic to land there and to have endured so much only to achieve imprisonment—or worse—at the hands of enemies.

There was Daly, who was twenty-four and their leader. He was whiskered and thin and now careworn because of his leadership. There was Cowan, who was twenty-three and defiant of all that afflicted them. His eyes burned angrily as he looked at the horizon. And there was young Lightfoot, who was not quite twenty, but bearded like the others and even more gaunt.

Something made Daly turn his head, and he saw It. They never did call it by name, but it had a personality of its own from the beginning. It was a round thing floating soggily awash in the water. There was green seaweed trailing around it like human hair. There was a short firing tube protruding in the center, surprisingly like a snub nose. And there was a streak of rust which looked like a blandly smiling mouth, and two dark patches which it took no imagination to pretend were eyes.

The raft drew close to it. Soon there was no more than fifty feet of heaving water between the men and the Thing. To the men, half-starved and fevered as they were, it had the appearance of personality and life. It looked like the embodiment of a blandly malevolent face, taking material form to approach and savor their despair. It seemed very much amused by the spectacle they presented.

Daly regarded it. It was perfectly natural, of course. It was merely a floating mine which had broken from its moorings and now drifted happily about the open sea. But it did have a face, even if its features were a firing tube and a streak of rust and two dark patches of discoloration.

"Quite Oriental," said Daly. His voice croaked. Their water ration was very small. "Distinctly Oriental. Looks like he's pleased with himself, too."

Cowan growled. He bristled because of the mockery in the Thing's expression. He knew, of course, that he saw no more than metal and paint and rust. But it was a good idea, anyhow, to hate outside things in a situation like this. One was less likely to hate his companions.

Lightfoot was the youngest of the three, and therefore the most serious-minded.

"One of our ships could hit that," he said with difficulty. "D'you suppose we ought to try to sink it?"

There was a revolver in the pocket of the raft, but a shot that would set the Thing off would surely wreck anything within accurate pistol-range. There was no other way to sink it. But for a long time the three had been utterly helpless to affect even their own fate. They seemed to be drifting toward a continued impotence in the hands of the Japs. They therefore hungered to do something—anything—which would alter the decrees of fate or chance, whether it affected their own fate or not.

Daly considered while the raft and It floated toward a point of greater nearness.

"We could put a line on it," he considered. "It would slow us up a little, but not much."

"If we hit that Jap island after dark," said Cowan hungrily, "and if the tide's right, we could let it drift on into the lagoon entrance ahead of us. If there are Jap ships there it might hit one of 'em—"

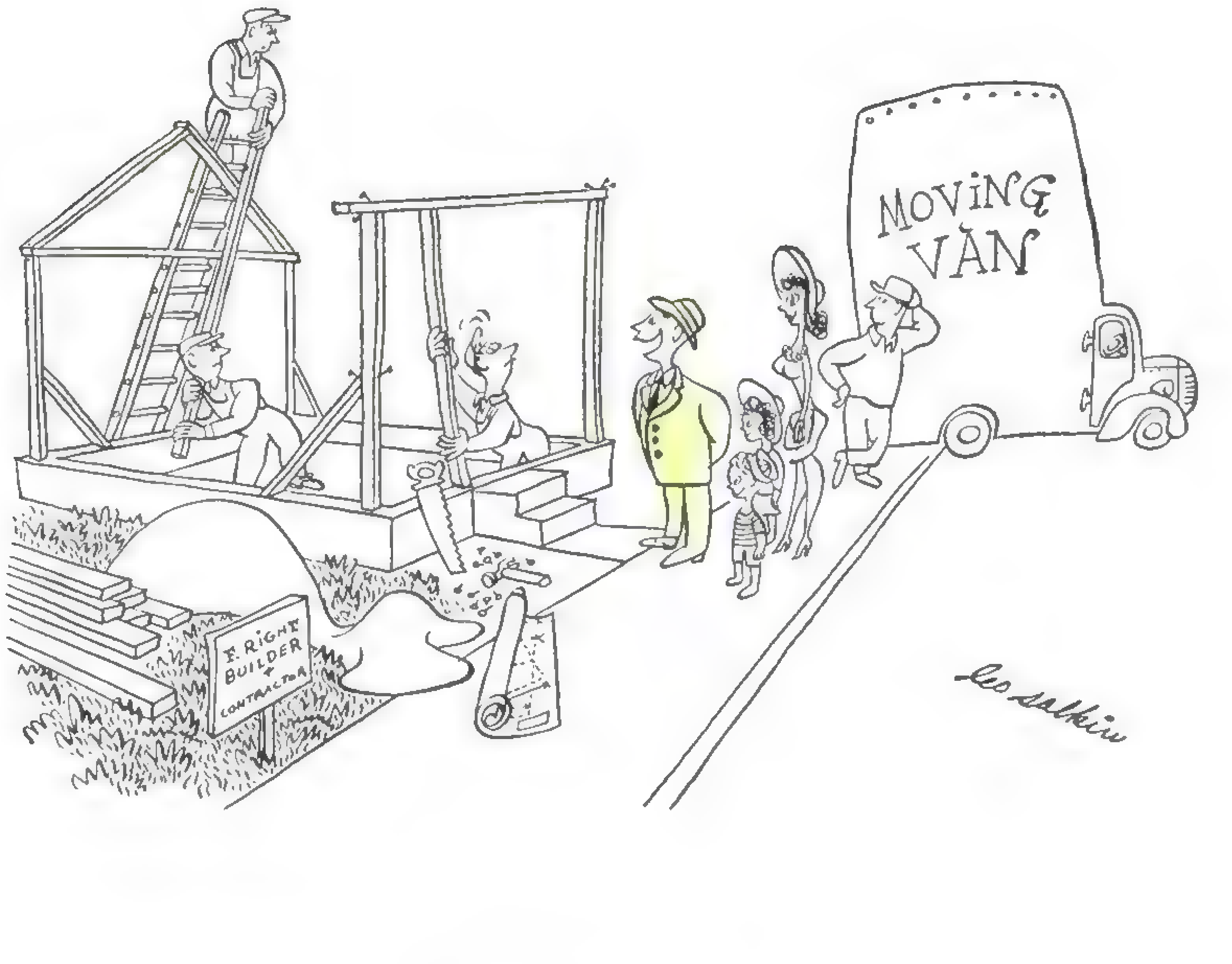
Lightfoot said urgently, "We might be able to tie some coral blocks to it, so it would anchor right in the entrance . . ."

Daley said, "Yeah."

The two schemes were moonshine, but he was their leader and understood their craving for purpose, for some activity beyond mere endurance. He got out the paddles from the pocket of the raft. He paddled. The expression of It did not change. It beamed at him in a delighted malignancy. When really near—ten feet or so—the others steadied the raft while he threw a noose over it. The noose was merely heavy cord, which sank below the round object, but tightened on the mooring bolt below, to which was fastened the length of rusty cable.

Daly backed the raft away to the length of the cord—forty feet, perhaps. The mine—the Thing—It, bobbled and twirled at the end of that tether, as if charmed to be assured a reserved seat at all the future sufferings of the men.

Time passed. The sun sank low. When it almost touched the sea, the men divided their rations for the day. They were pitiful. Night fell. The men's discomfort lessened—but not very much. The food was ecstasy, but only while they consumed it. For the rest, the raft rode up the steep sides of choppy seas, and teetered sickeningly on their tops, and wabbled down into the troughs—and then did it all over again. The Thing followed, beaming. During the dark hours It gigglingly edged closer. Once it was only five feet from the raft, and they made ready to fend it off *(Continued on page 220)*



"Almost done?"

Exact measuring and quality ingredients comprise the open secret of good drinks

Setting Them Up at Home

LAURITZEN

by LAWTON MACKALL

"Quite an outfit you've got here, Jim," says his guest, admiring the bar's sleekness and climbing aboard a high stool to survey the bottles and glasses shelved on the wall in the back. "Did you buy it, or build it yourself?"

"Fifty-fifty," says the bow taker, modest-like, now ready to take orders.

The modesty of these hobby bar hosts! Pre-shrunk violets. With hardly a flaunt or a strut, they'll trot out a Waring electric mixer and concoct you a Tropical Daiquiri—2 ounces white rum, juice of 1 lime, 1 teaspoon sugar, agitated with fine ice and then poured out through coarse mesh strainer (which lets a lot of the ice come along) into oversized champagne saucer glasses—a drink that a professional would garner fame and fortune with. They build Old Fashioneds, Tom Collinses and juleps that recondition the human system in three cool sips.

The willingness of guests to play thirsty tapers off sharply where potions are not so hot, smacking suspiciously of the cat-and-dog bargain basket, labels undisclosed. A cheapster who smuggles off-brand wares into the picture by refilling or by using ornate "bar bottles" is heading for a show up. Happily such ignobilities are foreign to the code of the typical greatheart who sets up a bar for doing the honors unto his friends; there is nothing of the piker in his nature.

And good drinks are easily achieved. All it takes is first-class ingredients and exact, instead of hit or miss, measuring.

So you'd like to vie with the professionals and rely entirely upon your eye? Then spend forty-eight hours a week manipulating a mixing glass so that it acquires invisible level marks, comparable to the tone spacings that a violinist's fingers deal with on his fiddle strings.

Otherwise use a jigger measure—as do the whitecoated performers at some of the biggest, busiest bars in America whose patronage is steady because proportions don't vary Especially practical is the four jigger, its quartet of capacities ranging from ¾ ounce (½ jigger) to 1 ounce (alias 1 pony) to 1½ ounces (1 jigger; standard cocktail slug) to 2 ounces (alias pair of ponies; enough liquor for a Collins, Fizz, or generous highball). There are also patented pourers which, installed in bottle necks, dole out precise doses; and quite a few other ingenious devices for keeping mixology in accuracy's groove.

Under party stress, a host can operate a mixing glass marked with multiplied-proportion levels, and turn out cocktails by the round. For that matter, Manhattans and Martinis, which you know are going to be in lively demand, are producible the day before. Repose in bottle in the refrigerator makes them all the clickier when poured onto their respective cherries and olives (or maybe you prefer your Martini's dryness un-olived, with just a tossed-in twist of lemon peel). Indeed, cocktails began their career as tasty novelties put up to take along to a picnic or party; hence the present-day popularity of ready-bottled cocktails makes sense, provided that reliable producers are adhered to—otherwise you are purchasing a pig in a poke and don't blame me for any disgruntlement.

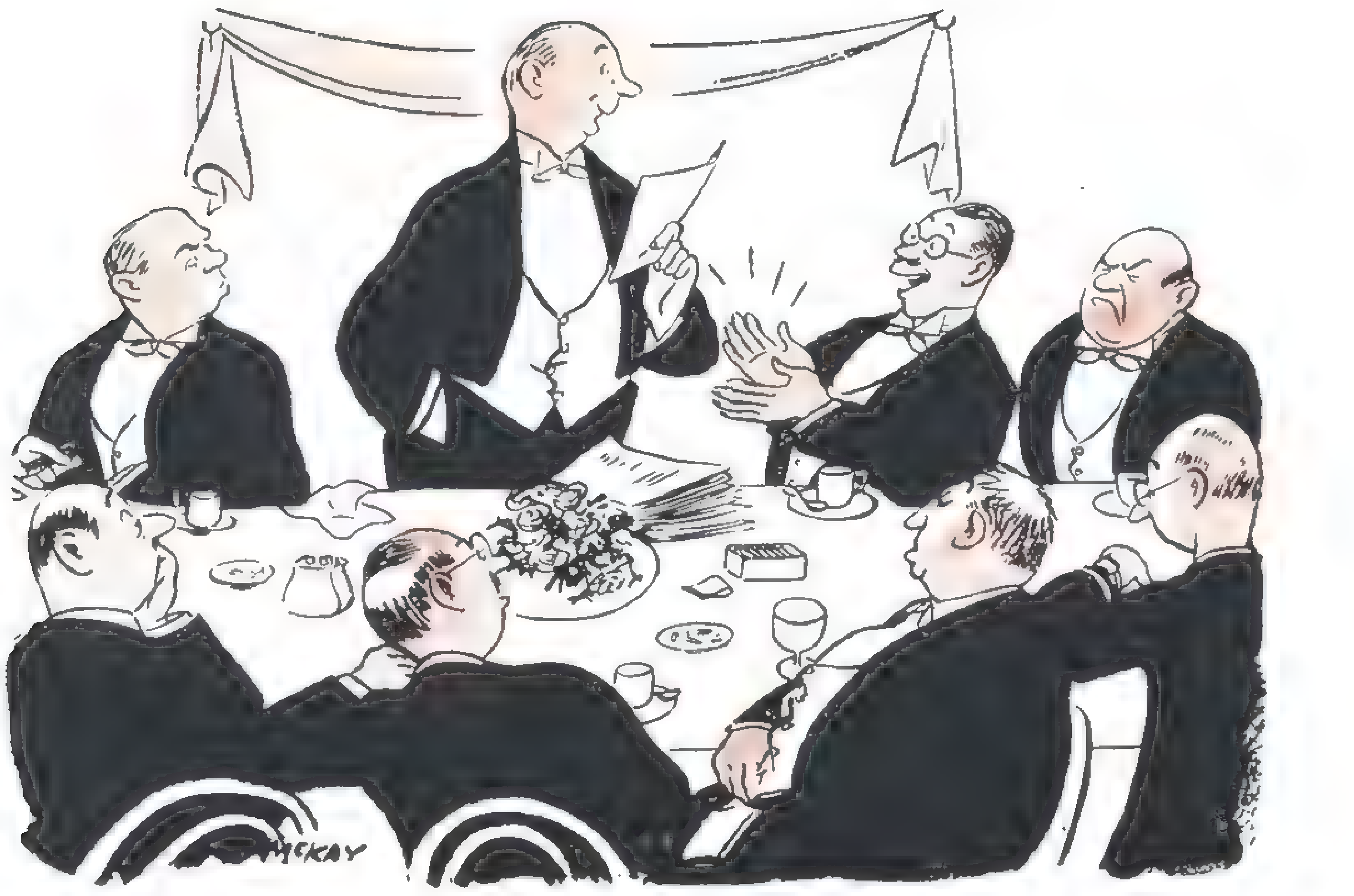
Sloppy performance is generally the result of slipshod management of ice, a commodity which goes drippy at the drop of a hat. Professors at bars in the topflight hotels and restaurants have the benefit of three kinds of ice, stowed in conveniently located receptacles where tendencies to melt are forefended by refrigeration. For highballs, Old Fashioneds, etc., there's a supply of cubes. For drinks to be shaken, there's cracked ice, ploughed into with a scoop. For frappés, Planters' Punches, and such, there's shaved ice. (Where call for ice of this third type is less active, it is made to order with a shaver; main thing is that it's shaved ice, not muck.) In addition, there is fine ice, required for juleps and frozen Daiquiris; made by pounding in a sturdy bag. The amateur can hardly hope to possess such ice scope.

However, thanks to modern refrigerators and their prolific trays that shell out cubes in litters, he can get by splendidly, manufacturing his cracked ice with the aid of a gadget designed for efficient cube fission, doing a shaving job when needed, and making his fine ice in the sack socked with a good-looking mallet, anvil-chorus style—glass brims supplying the missing clinks. House policy forbids any drink's downfall by creeping dilution. Party punches or wine cups are dumped into their gala bowls or pitchers already chilled, and there they meet generous hunks of ice.

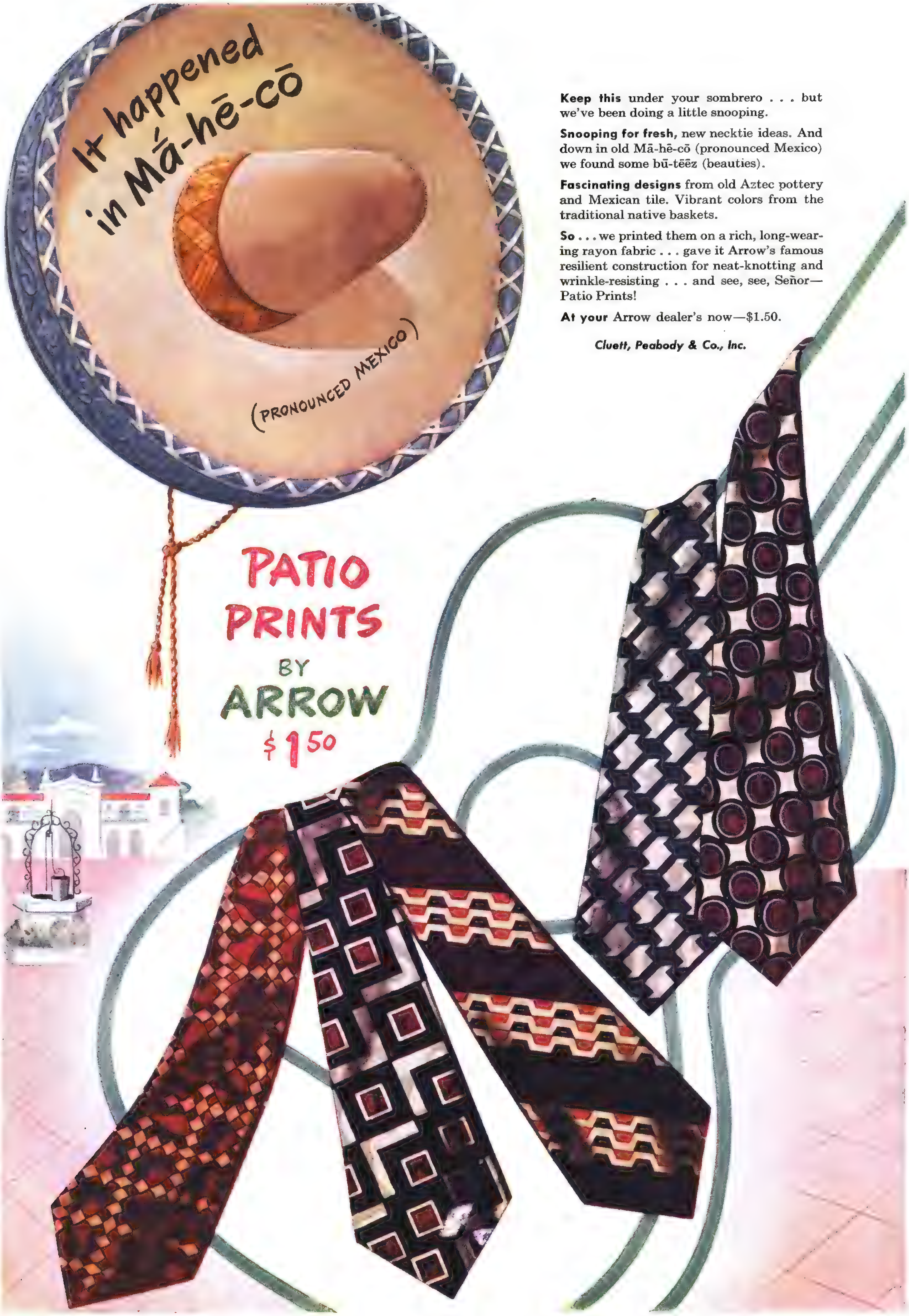
Fruits, whose color and zesty character highlight the allures of so many drinks, come in for special staging. A platter of neat orange or lemon slices is pleasant to gaze upon, but less so if some heedless gink has dropped cigarette ashes on it. Hence one's citrus supplies should be within prong or tong reach, but not in the thick of conviviality. And the same goes for cherries, olives, pineapple sticks, etc. Juices may be prepared beforehand, but not too long in advance, or they'll lose tang and vitamins. Also needed, of course, is a cache of orange and lemon peel cuttings to wring over drinks for pungent oil's sake. Clever gadgets are to be had that do the extracting for you, saving you the chore of twisting and thereby keeping your fingers out of the mixture. In fact, the fruit department has its complete set of equipment, from knives and juice extractors up. And that's just the beginning of the gadgets that bloom around a hobby bar.

As for glassware—stemmers, highballs, Old Fashioneds, Delmonicos, toter sets, snifters, bitter bottles, decanters, stirring rods—mine host is the chooser, with the accent on individuality. He set out to have fun in gay and colorful style and this sip circus is his creation.

So step right up, fellows, and accept a hooker of home life. ⧺



"More! More!"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FASHION'S HALL OF FAME

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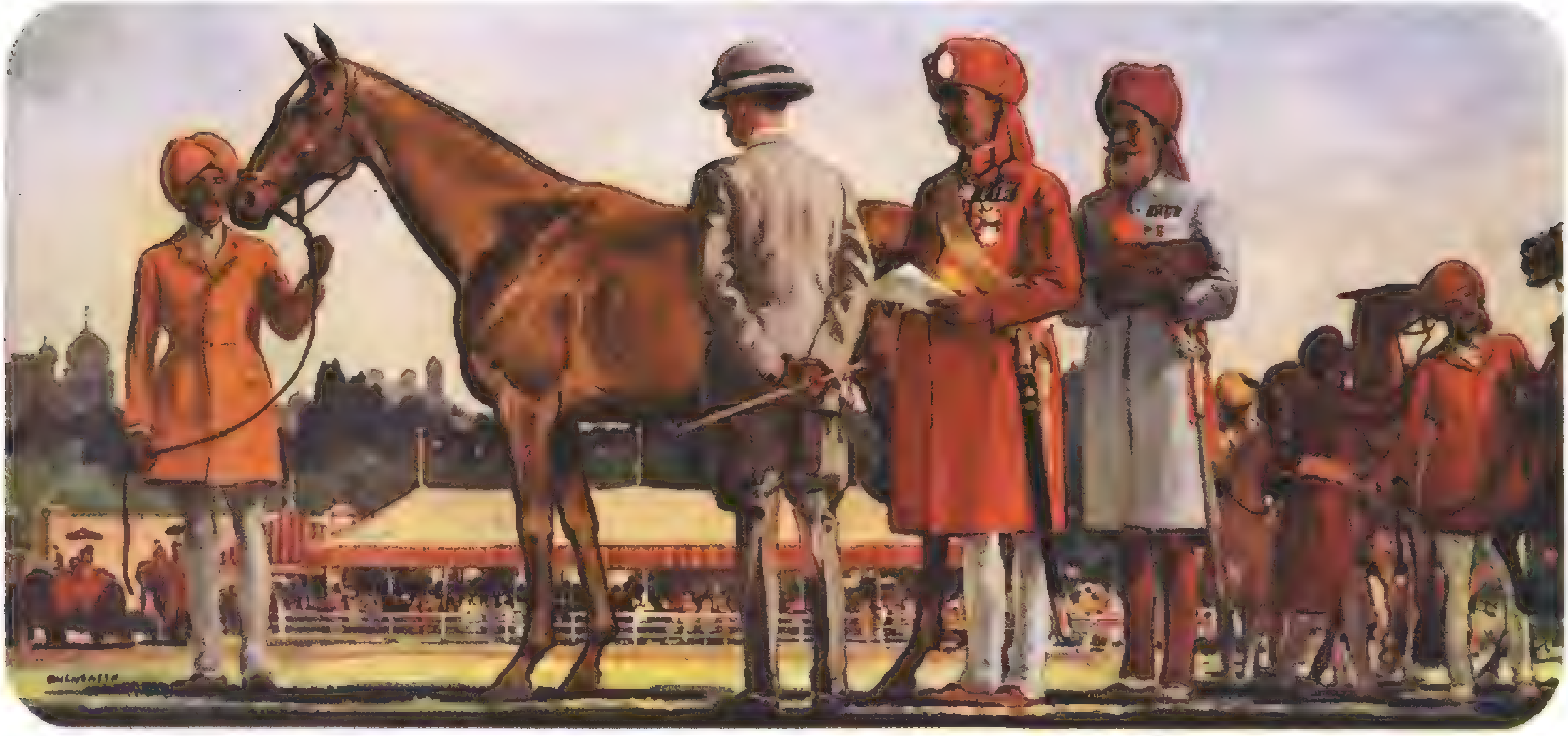
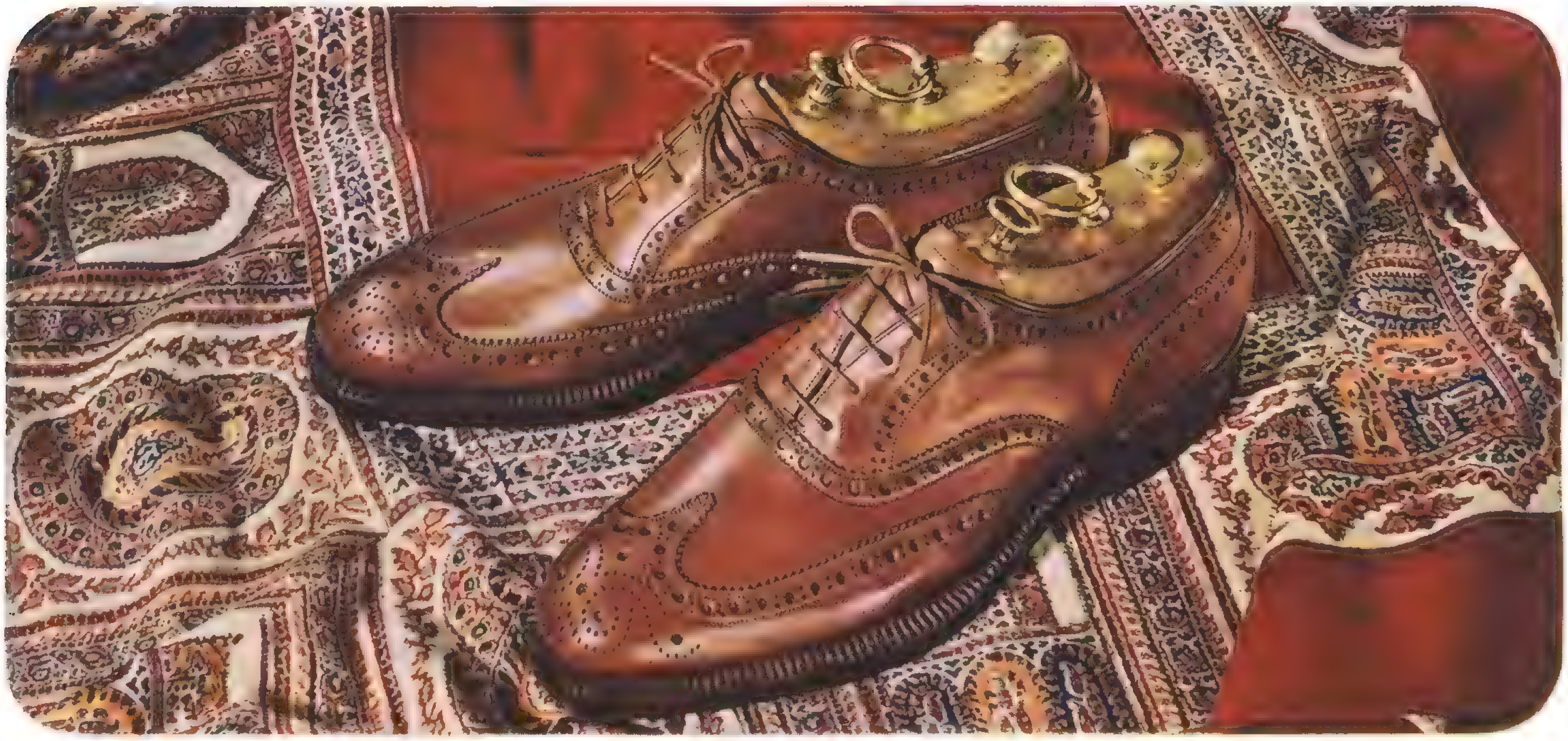


You Owe it to the Rajah!

Campaigning together since 1818, Englishmen and the Princes of Rajhputana have interchanged many a custom.

British cavalry men were quick to learn the advantage of Indian dress over their own heavy boots—adapting it directly in riding breeches that have become famous with horsemen the world over—*Jodhpurs,* named after the Rajah's capital.

Worth a Rajah's ransom to well-dressed men is another famous name—*Nettleton.* For it sums up everything worth having in a shoe. Nettleton *original* styling keeps a man out in front! And the way Nettletons set the pace . . . there's matchless *satisfaction* mile after mile!



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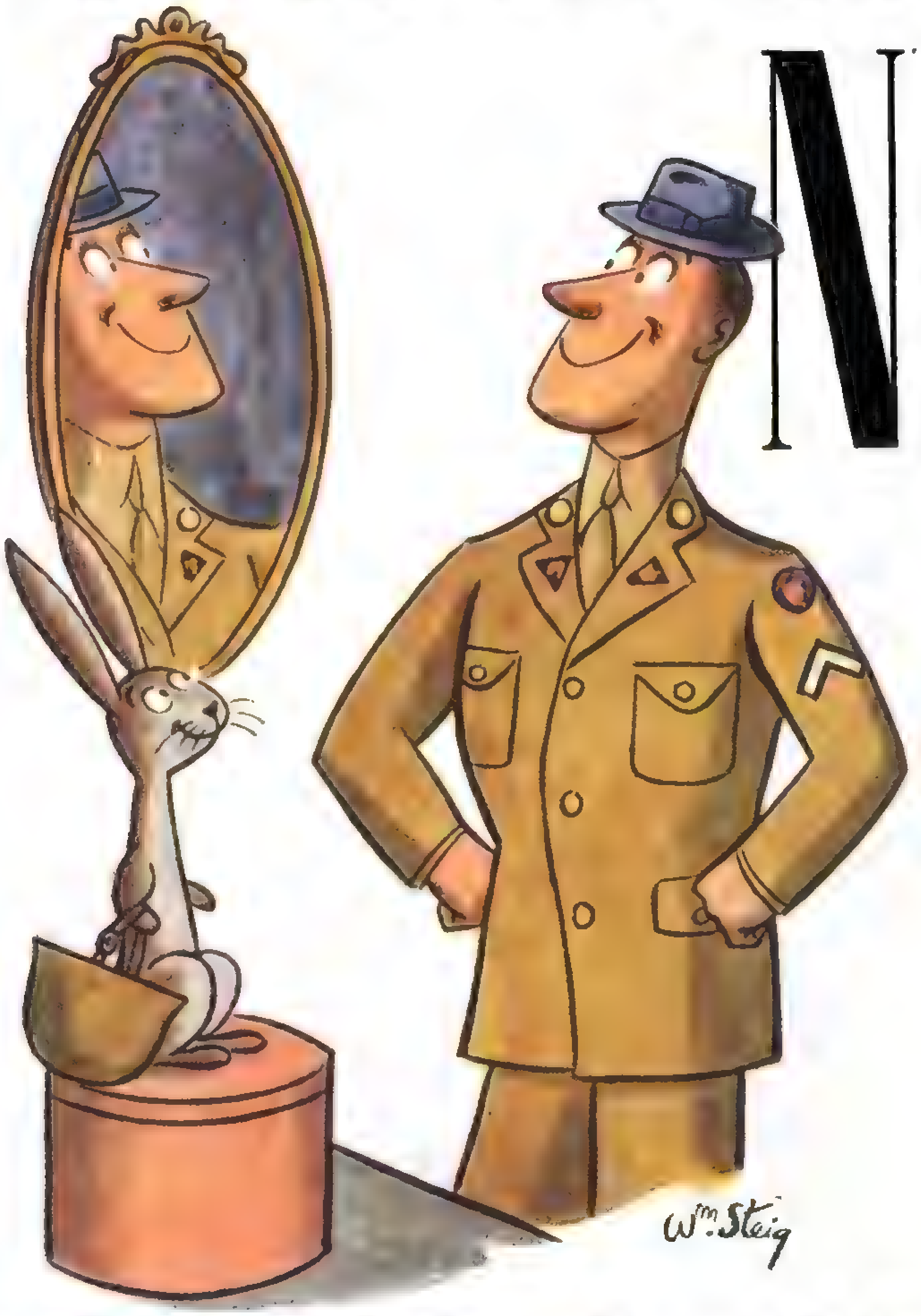

A new series of Lee hats for Spring
...tops in *styling*...tops in *color!*

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SHELL-TONES BY LEE

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LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Man the Kitchenette

Follow this guide for brewing that wine of the Orient known as tea

by ILES BRODY

If it depended on me I'd have a damn fine statue erected to the unknown Dutchman who first brought tea to New York. And I'd add a laurel wreath because he didn't bring it in tea bags.

Right after the unveiling ceremony, I would ferret out the name of one Thomas Sullivan of the same city and obliterate it from the records of civilized man. For it was he who thought up those old-maid delights, the darling little, cursed, muslin sacks.

But let's be fair—it was not he who prescribed the cup of lukewarm water that usually accompanies a bag of tea. That results from the stupidity of wantons who operate the faucet like robots, and are too lazy to boil fresh water. They don't know or care that the heavenly beverage inspired an immortal Chinese poet to write *The Holy Scripture of Tea*, or some thousands of years later prompted Doctor Johnson to boast: "I am a shameless tea drinker—my kettle has scarcely time to cool; with tea I amuse my evening, solace the midnight and welcome the morning."

It should stand here in italics, before I go further in your tea education: the prerequisite of a good brew is that *the angrily boiling water be poured over the loose tea leaves just taken from a tin or glass container*, for the aroma of tea is even more elusive than that of coffee.

American girls who think that a carmine lipstick, a dazzling smile and a Varga chassis are all they need to lasso their man, had better learn something about tea. For during the war nearly eight million servicemen came in contact with tea-drinking nations.

The G.I.s have sampled the unforgettable delights of a perfect brew, and they have returned as fanatic on the subject as London lords and cockneys or the mandarins and coolies of the Yangtse-Kiang.

Do you think these new and enthusiastic cultists will stand for that bitter draught—that pitiful cup of dark-colored, lukewarm water you throw at them? Hell, no! I can tell you that they won't! Not even if you offer it while reclining on your best polar-bear rug in front of a fire in which cedar logs are crackling.

You don't even know the first thing about buying Tou, Tseh, Chung, Ch'a, or Ming, which are the various classic Chinese names of the heavenly leaves, already idolized in the East thousands of years ago, for their power to relieve fatigue, repair the sight, strengthen the will, and delight the soul. And it's the same in England today. How do you figure the Battle of Britain was won?

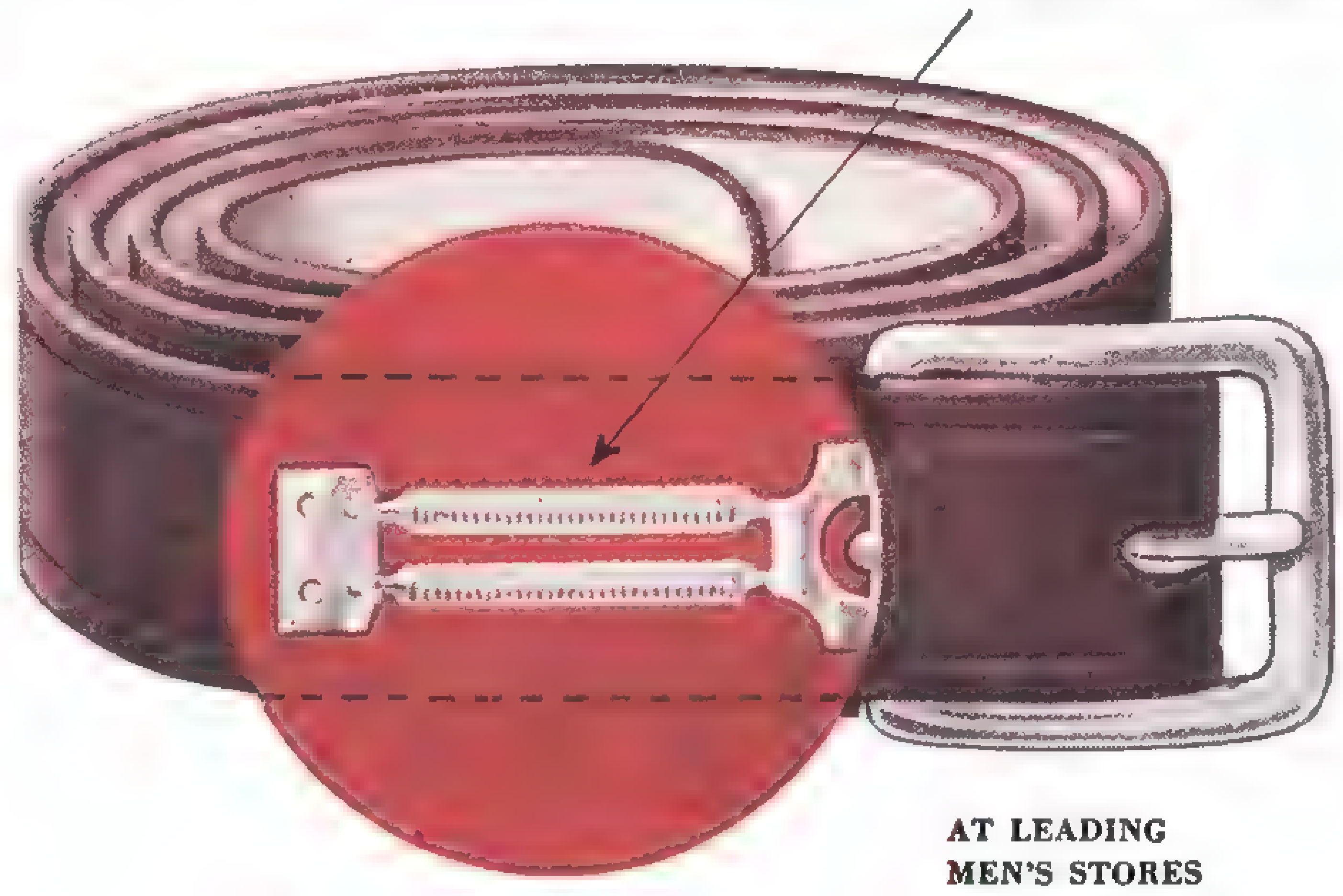
But since I promised so lightheartedly, first I'll put you straight on the difficult art of tea buying. It isn't easy nowadays, for at the very outset of the war the leaf had to be rationed on international levels. This was essential, of course, because tea is mankind's most popular beverage. This wine of the Orient, which possesses none of the inconveniences of the Occident's fermented drinks, has fifteen hundred million adherents, while only around five hundred million people are coffee drinkers. So you can imagine that the annual 875,000,000 pound output doesn't go very far. Don't fret, though—a hundred million pounds of tea still reaches the U.S. each year, mostly from India and Ceylon via England. Since the start of the war no tea has come from China, Japan, or Java. While formerly there were scores of blends to be had at a decent grocer, today the process is vastly simplified, and there are merely nine different types on the market: Fine Leaf, Medium, and Fair Leaf; Fine Broken, Medium Broken, and Fair Broken; and Fine Fanning, Medium Fanning, and Fair Fanning.

ACT I SCENE II

Now if you asked me which kind to buy, I couldn't give you an honest answer, for much depends on your particular taste in tea; in England a family of three may breakfast on three entirely different blends—papa would prefer the blackest Indian kitchen tea; mama, a pale Chinese Keemun; and the apple-of-the-eye, a mahogany-colored Ceylon. To my taste in modern America, the Medium Fanning is best; it yields a marvelous cup of strong, aromatic brew.

But the nine types are only an emergency arrangement. Precious teas will be back very soon, and

Continued on page 122



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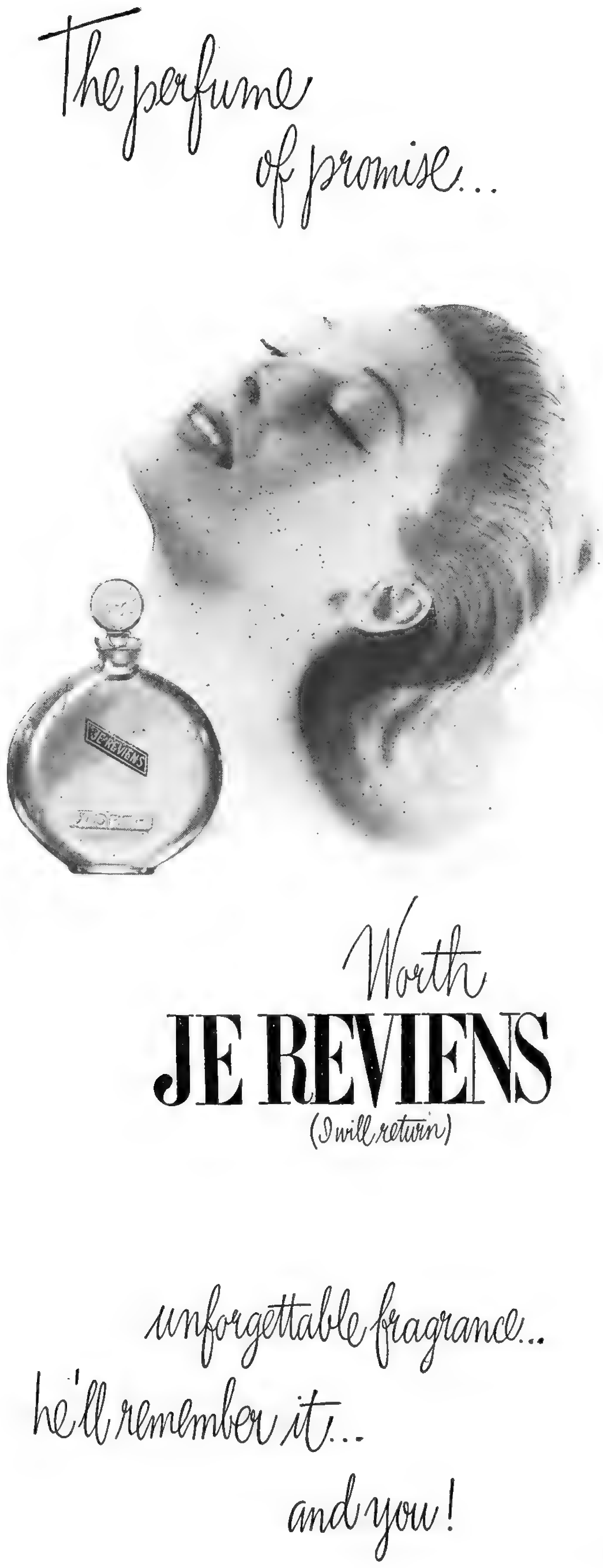
The perfume of promise...
JE REVIENS
Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)
unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 121

you'll again be able to get the famous Earl Gray Mixture. This was one of the most heroic of teas, blended back in 1830 by a London grocer, George Charlton, especially for the Earl. It was a superb combination of the finest Chinese and Indian teas, slightly scented, and selling in a normal world for five shillings a pound. When Charlton died, another London grocer, Jackson, (still on Piccadilly) bought the secret from the widow. However, Jackson forgot to patent the mixture, with the result that other merchants copied both the blend and the trade-mark, although seldom achieving the same perfection. The Earl, after whom the blend was named, never bought more than a half pound at a time, and this is a good point to remember, because as I've said the aroma of tea is as volatile as the affection of a coquette.

Soon, if you are friends with an important Chinaman, you'll once more be able to get a little honest-to-God Orange Pekoe—for there actually is such a tea—one of the finest and rarest that ever came from the Orient. However, it was so flavorful, so good, and the name so appealing, that the nomenclature was stolen for all kinds of tea.

The expression "Orange Pekoe" is also used in grading of the sizes, right after the leaves are plucked and processed. But every serious tea drinker knows that this is only a commercial description. The moment the tea is auctioned in Colombo or London, and blended and packaged, it loses its grading name and is christened in honor of the estate or district where it was grown.

But let's return for a wonderful moment to that genuine Orange Pekoe. It was scented with orange blossoms; thirty pounds of perfumy blossoms were added to a hundred pounds of superb tea, and mixed for two days, after which the petals were picked out. But, of course, the picking could never be a precise job, and sometimes a few petals were found by an undeserving Occidental Devil in a pound of real Orange Pekoe. The Chinese also scent their finest vintage teas (vintage years in tea are just as important as they are in wine) with roses, gardenias and peonies. And don't for a moment think that these are reserved for mahjong playing, shriveled, lemon-faced Chinese dowagers. I doubt, in fact, if women ever get a whiff of these precious teas, in a wise country where a woman is only a woman but four fluid ounces (a cup) of tea is a good drink.

Even my most rabid, Jap-hating Chinese friends say that the greatest tea is grown in the little Uji district, near Kyoto, Japan. Of course, I can't check this, for there is no Uji tea available in America. On the other hand I can testify that the best teas are drunk in Russia, and for a simple reason—the tea is carried overland by camel caravan (via Mongolia) from China to Russia. Thus it escapes a long sea voyage, and retains all the delicate flavors which are often impaired, if ever so slightly, by the ocean trip. The teas reaching Russia (usually a formidable Lapsang Souchong, or a Bitter Orange, or a Kintuck or Keemun) have a faint tarry flavor and a wonderful reddish color.

The late J. P. Morgan was very fond of Russian tea, and when he first tasted the Harvard Club version of it, he politely but majestically replaced the cup on the table, excused himself, repaired to the door and dispatched his coachman for a tin of tea from his lead-lined tea caddy at home.

The British are very proud of their Indian Darjeeling tea, grown on the slopes of the Himalayas, but every connoisseur knows that the Darjeelings attain perfection only when the green fly attacks the tea plant and—fairly ruining it—leaves just a little, which produces the world's finest-flavored, most sought-after teas. Strange, isn't it? It is just as odd that in Upper Assam, when the tea plant is most luxuriant and wonderful

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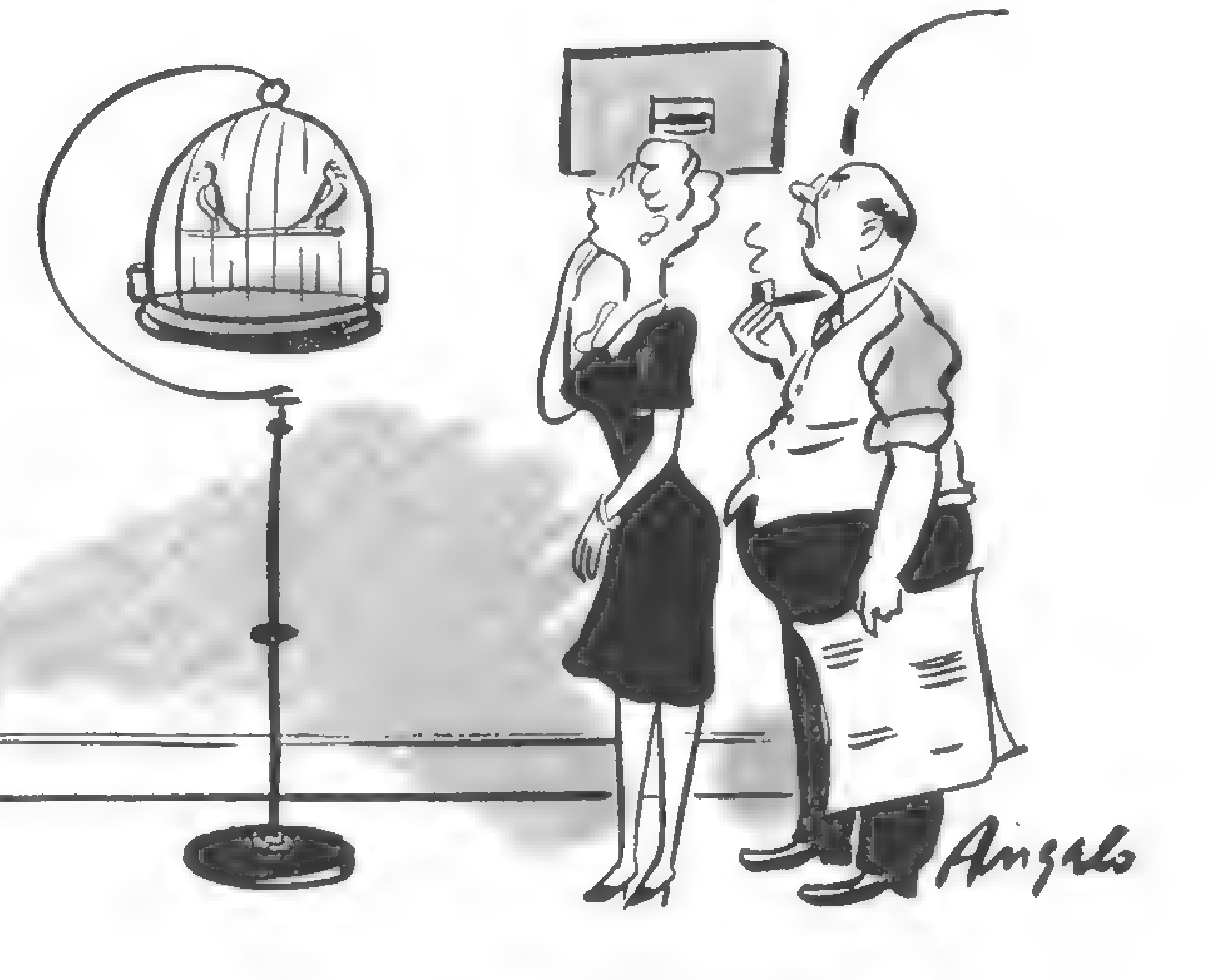
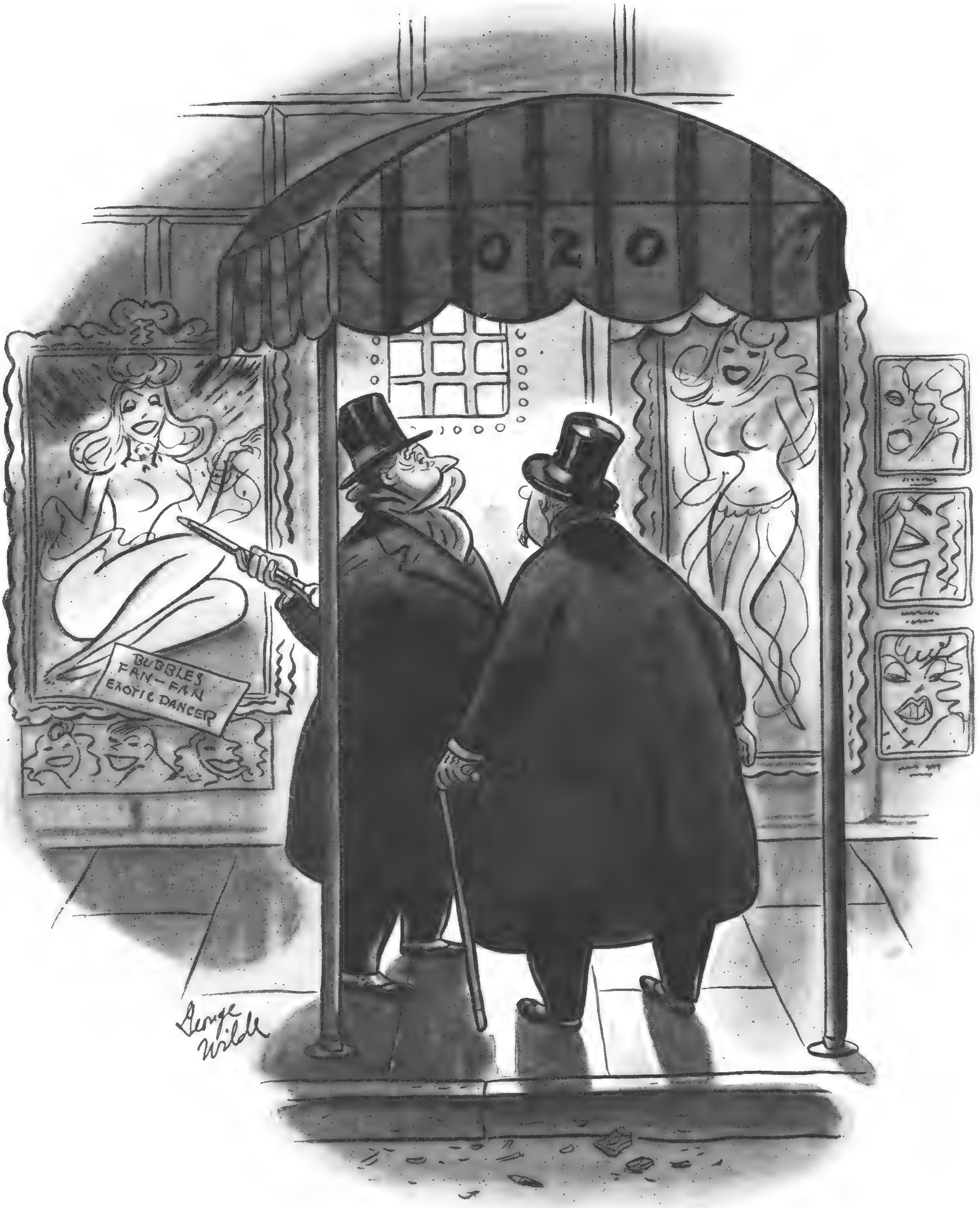


"I knew it wouldn't last"


020
BUBBLES
FAN-FAN
EXOTIC DANCER
George Wilde

"And not only that—they also serve Pepsi-Cola!"

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 122

in appearance, it is worthless for tea producing, while the yield is good in the fall, when the plant looks like a wet chicken.

Fair grades of tea also come from Nyasaland, Uganda and French Indo-China. A Formosa, Sumatra, or Java tea is not to be belittled, either, but as I have told you, at the moment we get only Ceylon and India teas, and these from the British Ministry of Food. This is because Lord Woolton, the Minister until recently, bought up the world's whole supply two years ago, rationing it at home and alloting reasonable quantities for other countries. He excluded British children under five but was generous with men and women over seventy and gave them an extra supply at the beginning of every rationing period.

There are three main classes of tea: black, green and oolong. The leaves of black tea are allowed to wither and then ferment; green teas are not fermented at all—in fact the leaves are heated to prevent it; and oolongs are partially fermented.

Water is important in making a cup of tea, but its quality can be balanced by judicious tea mixtures. For instance, in London, where tea is breath-takingly good, the water is hard and chalky; in the North of England, where the water is soft, tea is delightful but not quite the same as in London. In other words, tea must be suited to the water. Water is excellent most anywhere in America, and the tea we are getting is good also, but people, here, have no idea how to brew the cup, because they think this beverage banal.

There are three stages of boiling: the first, when little bubbles like so many fisheyes swim on the surface; the second, when the bubbles look like crystal beads rolling in a fountain; the third, when the billows surge wildly in the kettle. This is the moment when the boiling water, now at 212° Fahrenheit, must hit the leaves. The "old brown teapot," a common-looking thick earthenware affair, is best for brewing, and it must be rinsed with hot water before the leaves—one generous teaspoon per person—are placed in it. Then, after you have poured the boiling water over the leaves, put the teapot on top of the kettle in place of the lid. And tea must never be poured into another, handsomer pot, for serving.

Lewis Carroll, author of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, brewed his own tea when he was an Oxford don—but instead of placing the teapot on the kettle, he took it in one hand, his golden remontoir watch in the other, and walked up and down his room for exactly six minutes before pouring a cup. "It is no use to have tea before the water leaches out all the delicious flavors from the leaves," he was wont to say.

Lewis Carroll was wrong. Tea has to be infused only a little over three minutes. During these three minutes, *all* the theine (the stimulant alkaloid) and *all* the flavorful oils, are fully extracted. With prolonged infusion, the tea will merely get bitter and black, and will contain more tannin, an agent which may, upon rare occasions, slightly retard digestion. Even this can be avoided by adding a pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

The fine green Chinese teas must not be infused longer than two minutes, for they should be drunk rather weak, without milk, sugar, lemon or rum. Thin, skimmed milk is best for black teas (be sure to pour the milk in first, then add sugar, and pour the tea last). Cream is ruled out on account of its overwhelmingly rich flavor. Rum in tea is very pleasant, but it must be a good rum, and not more than a teaspoonful to a cup, with sugar added. Russians often have their tea with slices of lemon, but not lemon juice, for too much of the citrus fruit changes the flavor of tea into that of an odd lemonade. The lemon slices are just allowed to swim on the surface, and our Allies bite into bits of sugar as they gain strength from their favorite libation.

Tea quenches thirst, gladdens the heart and makes one think better. Tea began as a medicine and grew into a beverage. It is a man's drink if there ever was one—or did you think that the stimulation of the brain in women can be helped? If you are addicted to benzedrine and want to shake off the habit because of the unpleasant aftereffect, try tea, which doesn't know what "letdown" means.

Corneille Bontekow, famous seventeenth century Dutch physician, maintained that tea is the only thing that can cure stomach disorders and so instructed his patients to drink a hundred cups a day! Doctor Johnson merely drank twenty-five, and once, when Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was a bit high, observed loudly that Johnson had already drunk eleven cups of tea, the Doctor was peeved. "Sir," he said, "I did not count your glasses of wine, why should you number my cups of tea?"

It is fitting that such an all-'round beverage was discovered in the country of Confucius with its age-old wisdom and philosophy, for the Brotherhood of Man is achieved only in a teacup . . . ⋕

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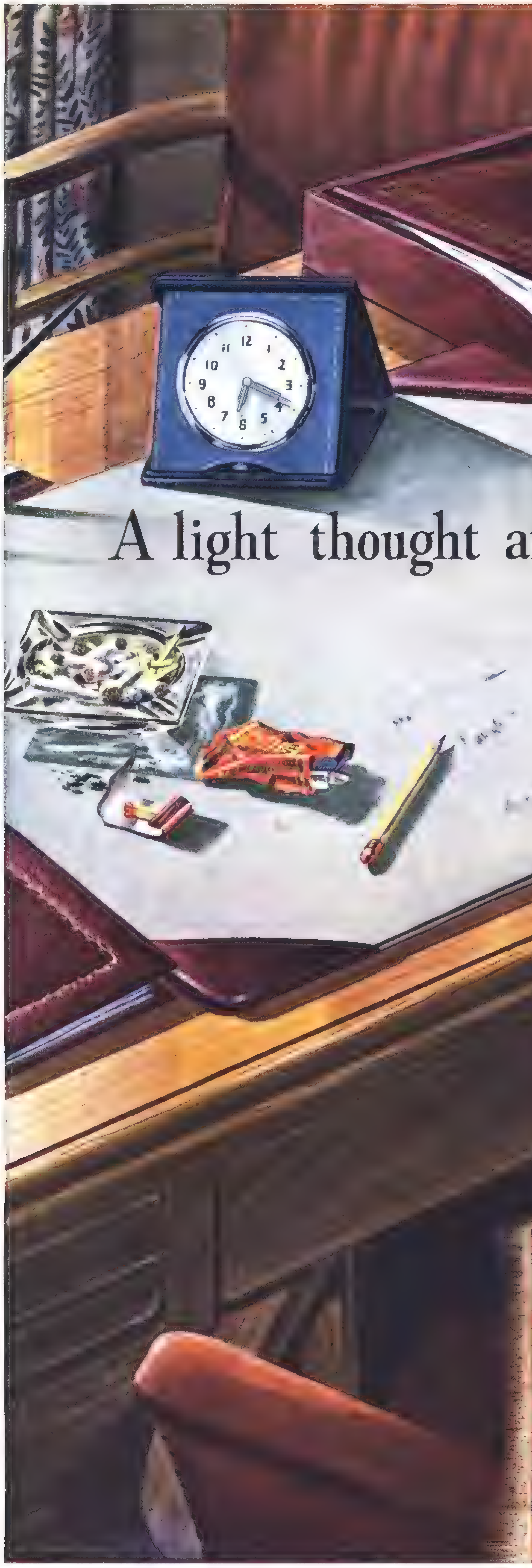

When your office door clicks
Behind you at six,
When at last you call it a day—

It's pleasant to think
Of that wonderful drink
Which soon will appear on a tray.

James B. Wilson

A light thought after some heavy thinking

To get all the pleasures out of a pre-dinner drink that only a good whiskey can put into it—have yours made with Old Thompson. A palate-pleaser, Old Thompson is a Manhattan-maker from way back. . . . And, too, it's blended in Kentucky by Glenmore, so the touch-of-quality is definitely there in every sip.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky

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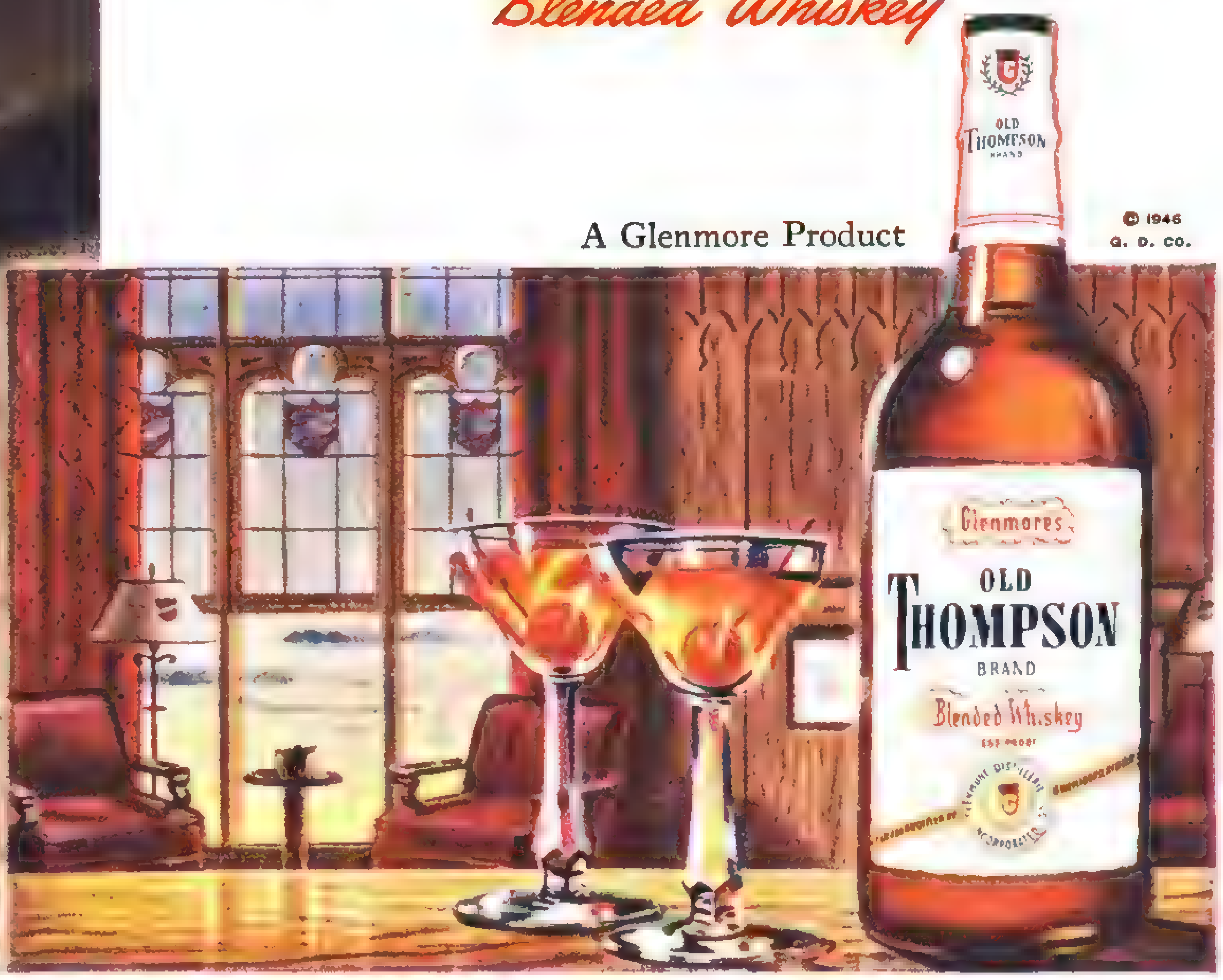
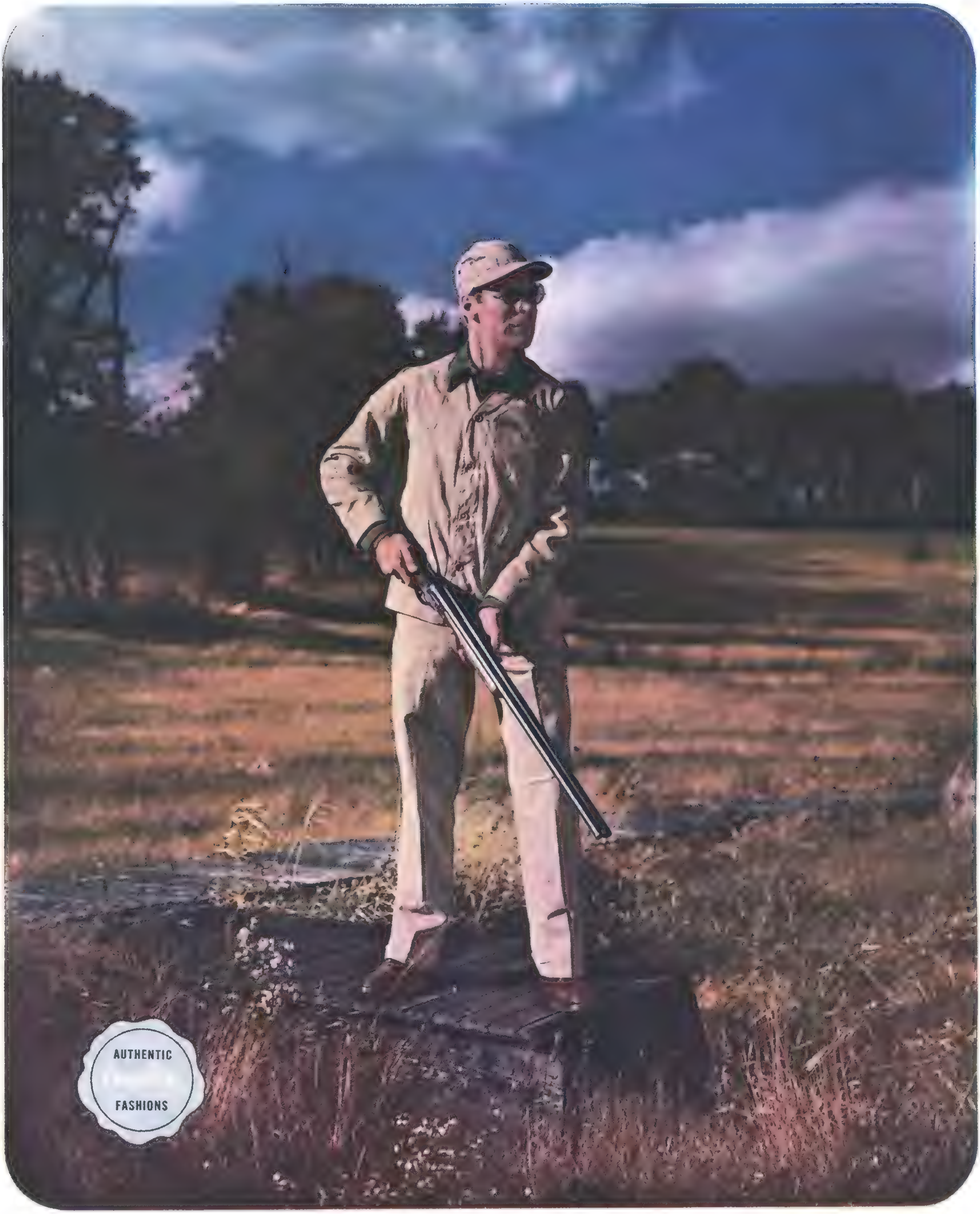


A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS



SHOOTIN' MATCH

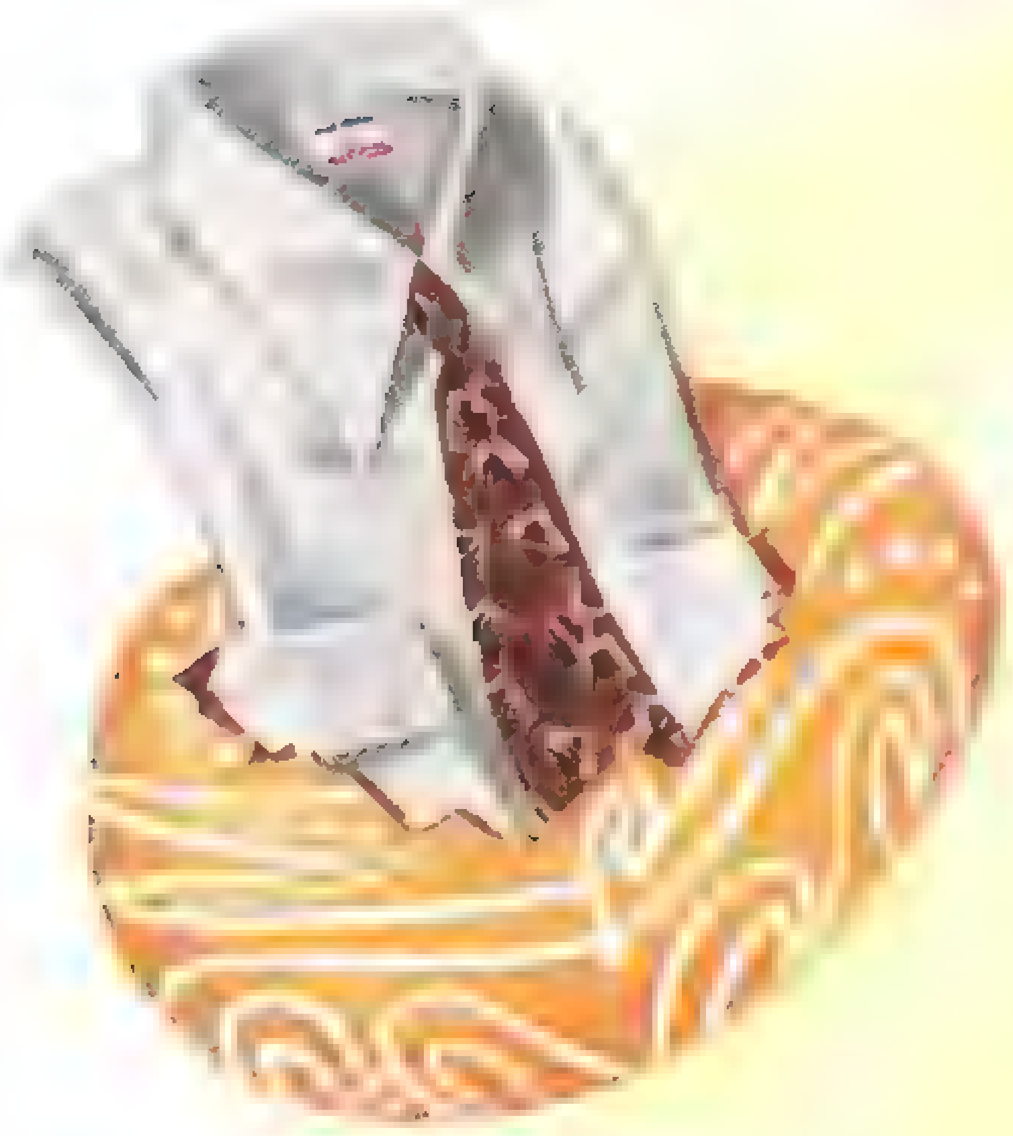
Photograph by Sydney Ravitz

Skeet should acquire many fans now that a lot of guys are pretty good with a gun. And when you're potting clay pigeons, you call it sport . . . not war. This sportsman, photographed at a Long Island country club, wears a shooting jacket of processed cotton, which has a kick-resisting quilted shoulder pad. Great attention has been paid to freedom of action. The neckline is without collar, and bellows pleats at the side, with inserts of knitted fabric, give extra "give." With the jacket he wears trousers of processed cotton and a heavy wool shirt in a barleycorn weave. His matching hat, with the round crown, is what shooters call a "Canuck cap." With sunglasses designed to prevent glare, he's all set. Now it's up to his skill and his gun.

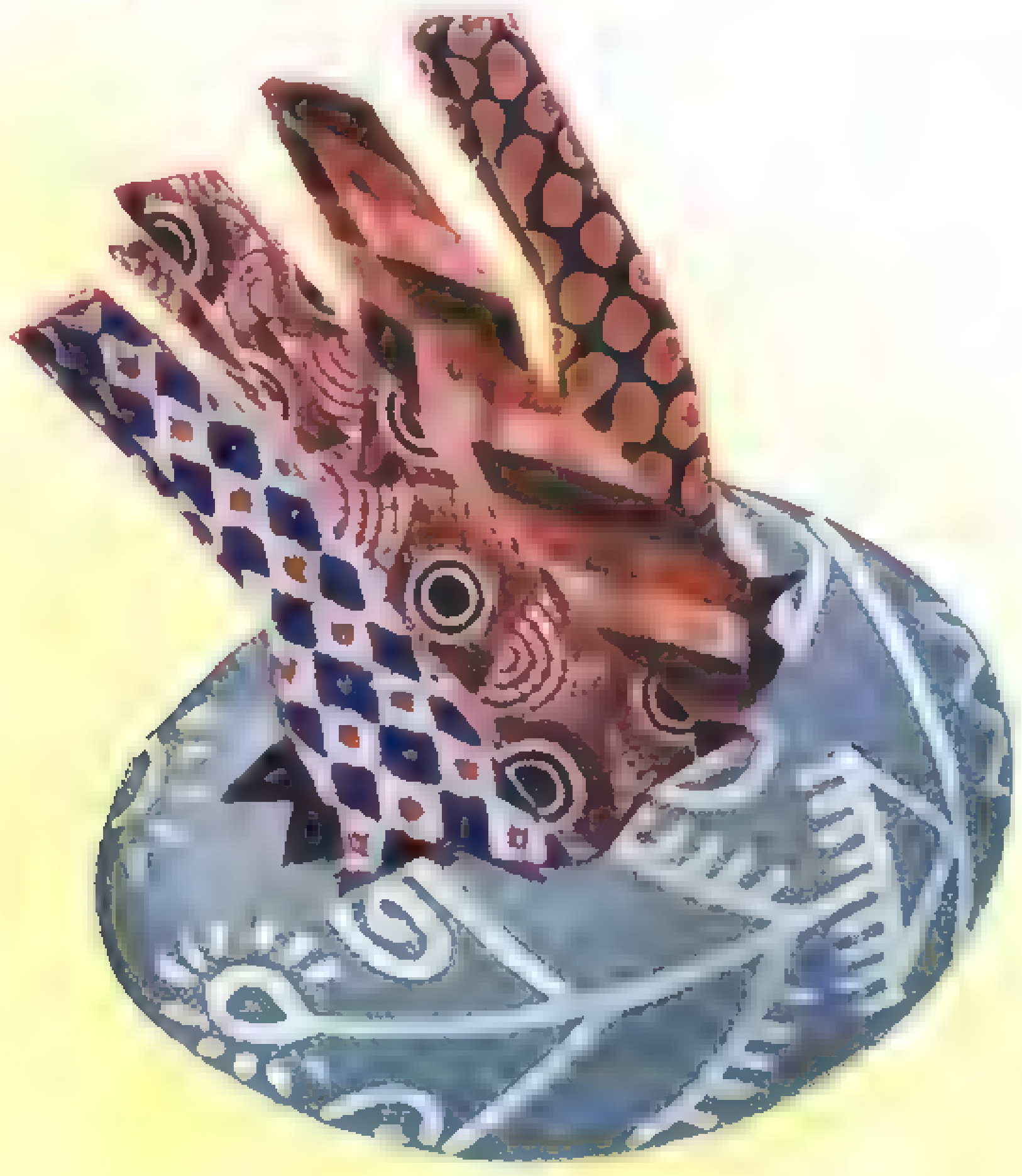
(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Spring is Bustin' out All Over

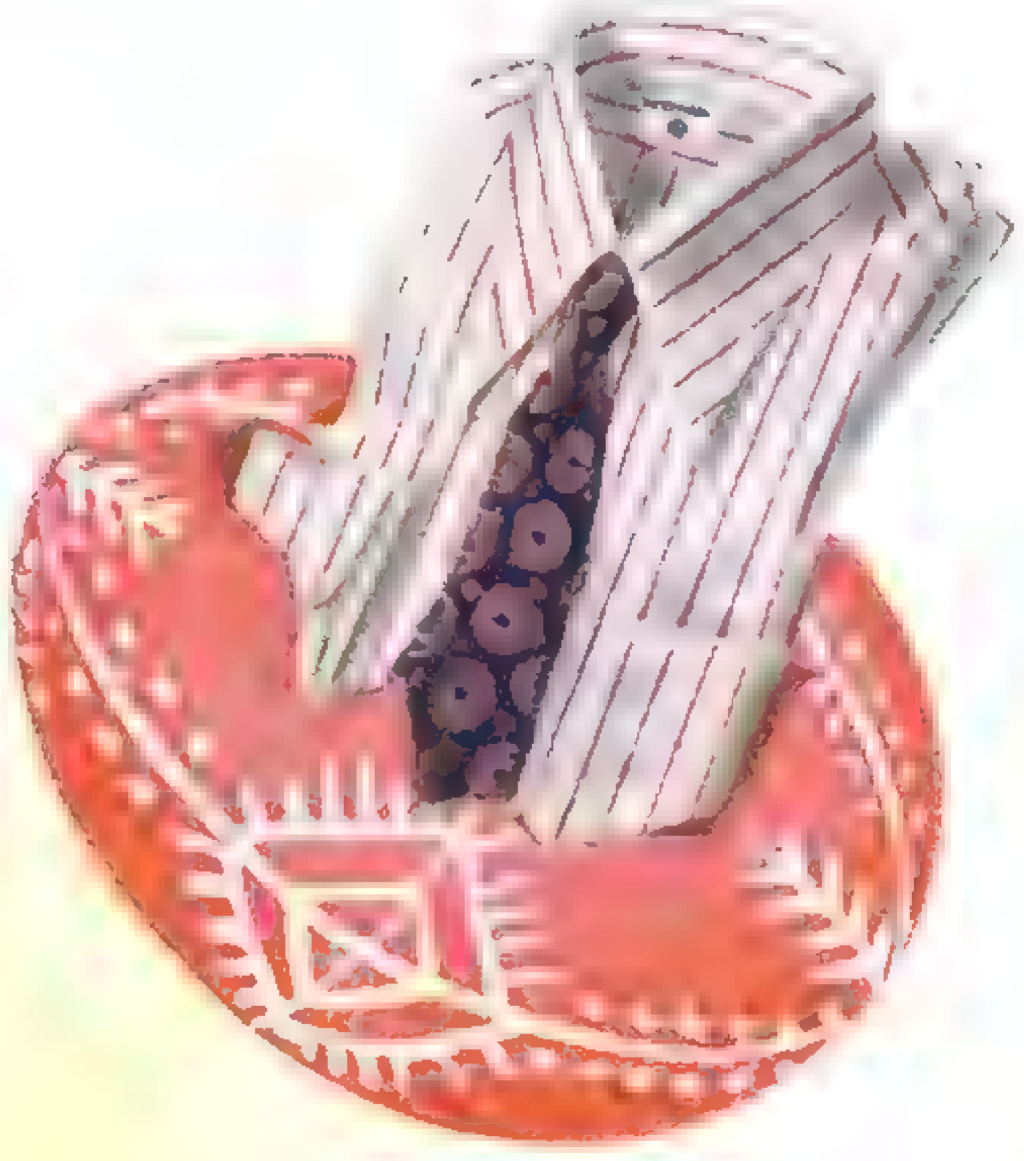
Van Heusen's bustin' out too—with lots of wonderful new shirts, ties, pajamas and sports shirts to brighten up your Easter outfit! You'll burst with pride when you swing out into the Easter Parade—dressed up by Van Heusen . . .



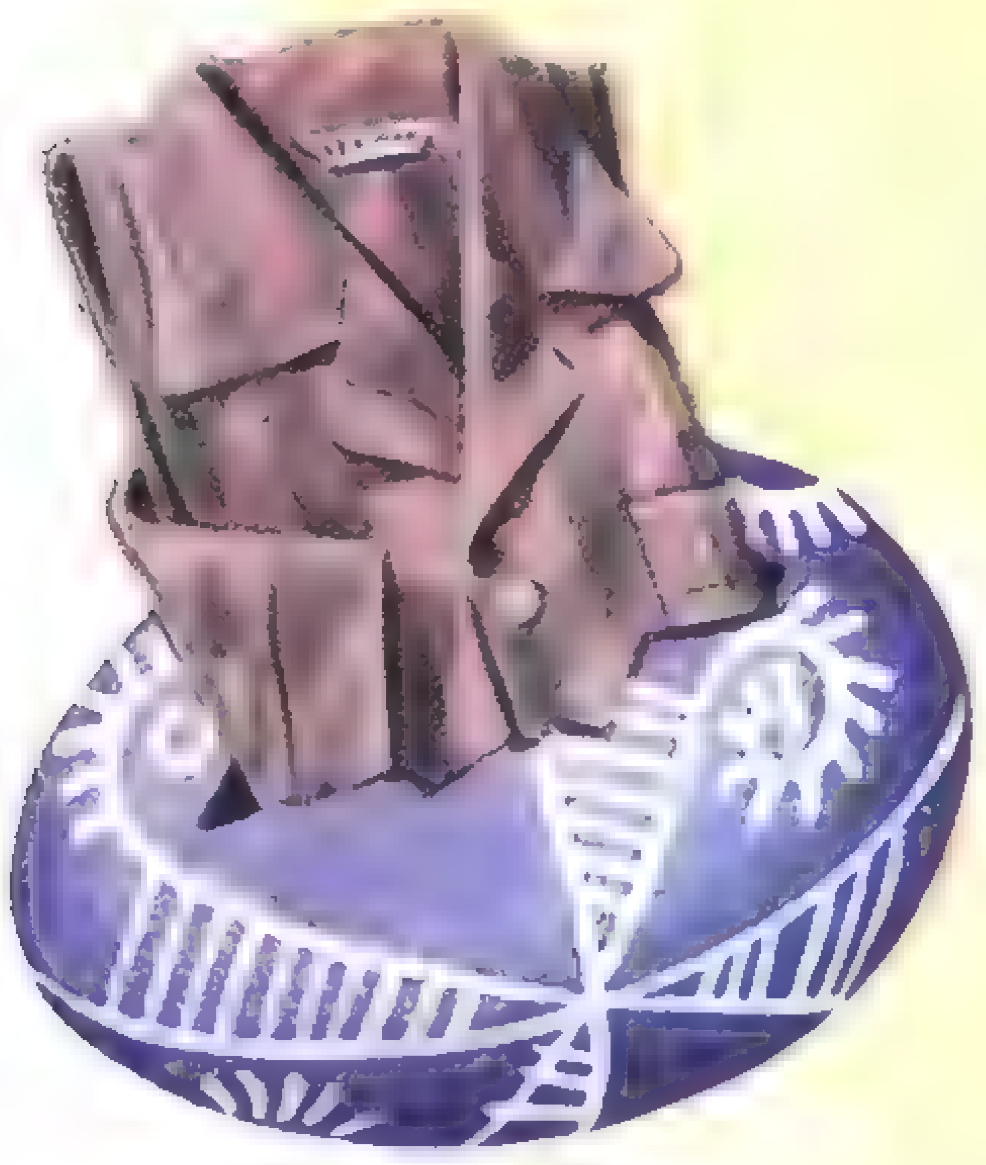
You're a Swell Egg in a Van Heusen Shirt! Because Van Heusen's swell sewmanship means superior fit and fabric, smarter style. All Van Heusen Shirts are Sanforized and endorsed by the American Laundry Institute.



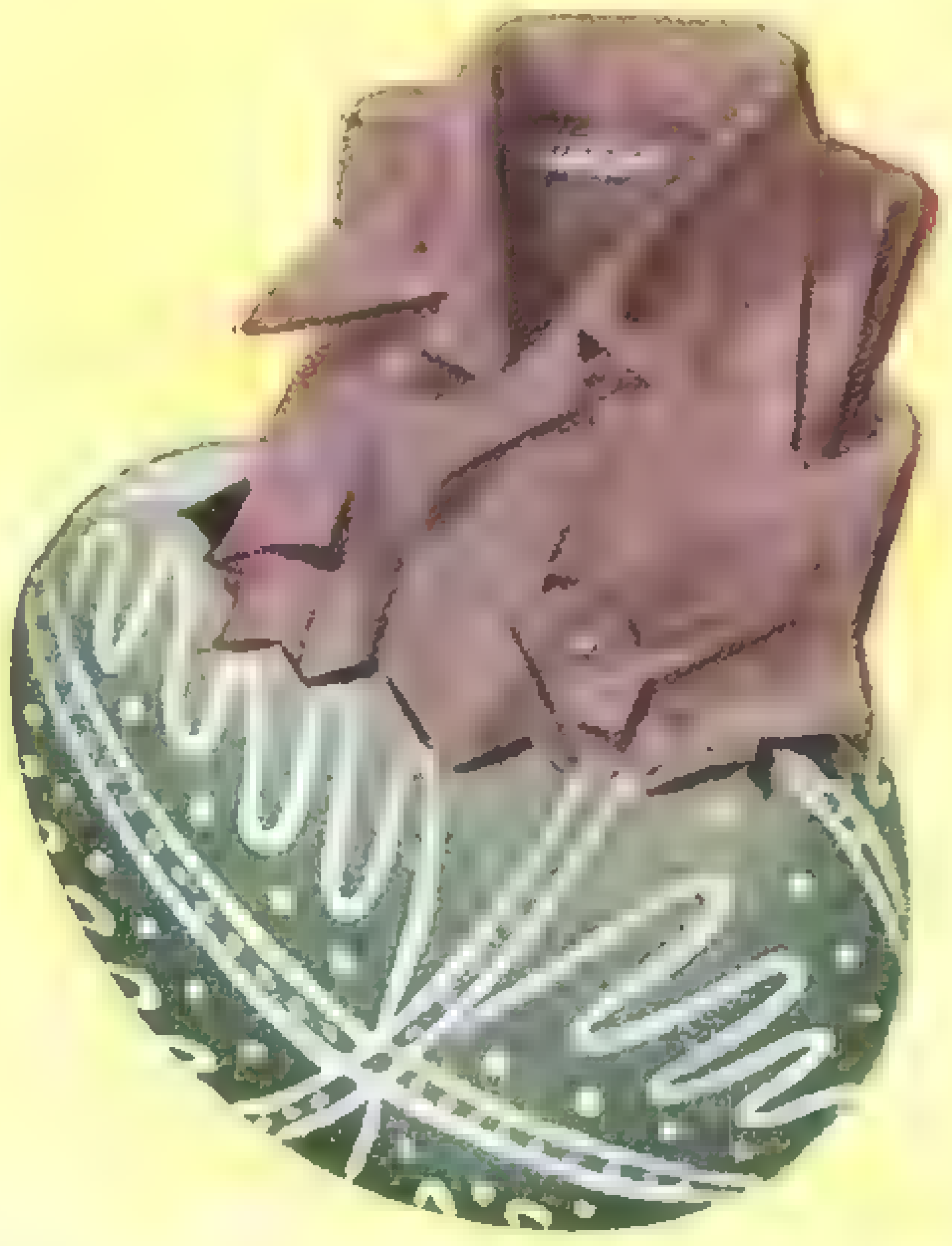
Something to tie in with your smart new Van Heusen Shirt—Van Heusen Ties in a wide range of Spring-time colors and patterns. They put the finishing touch of color on your new Easter outfit.



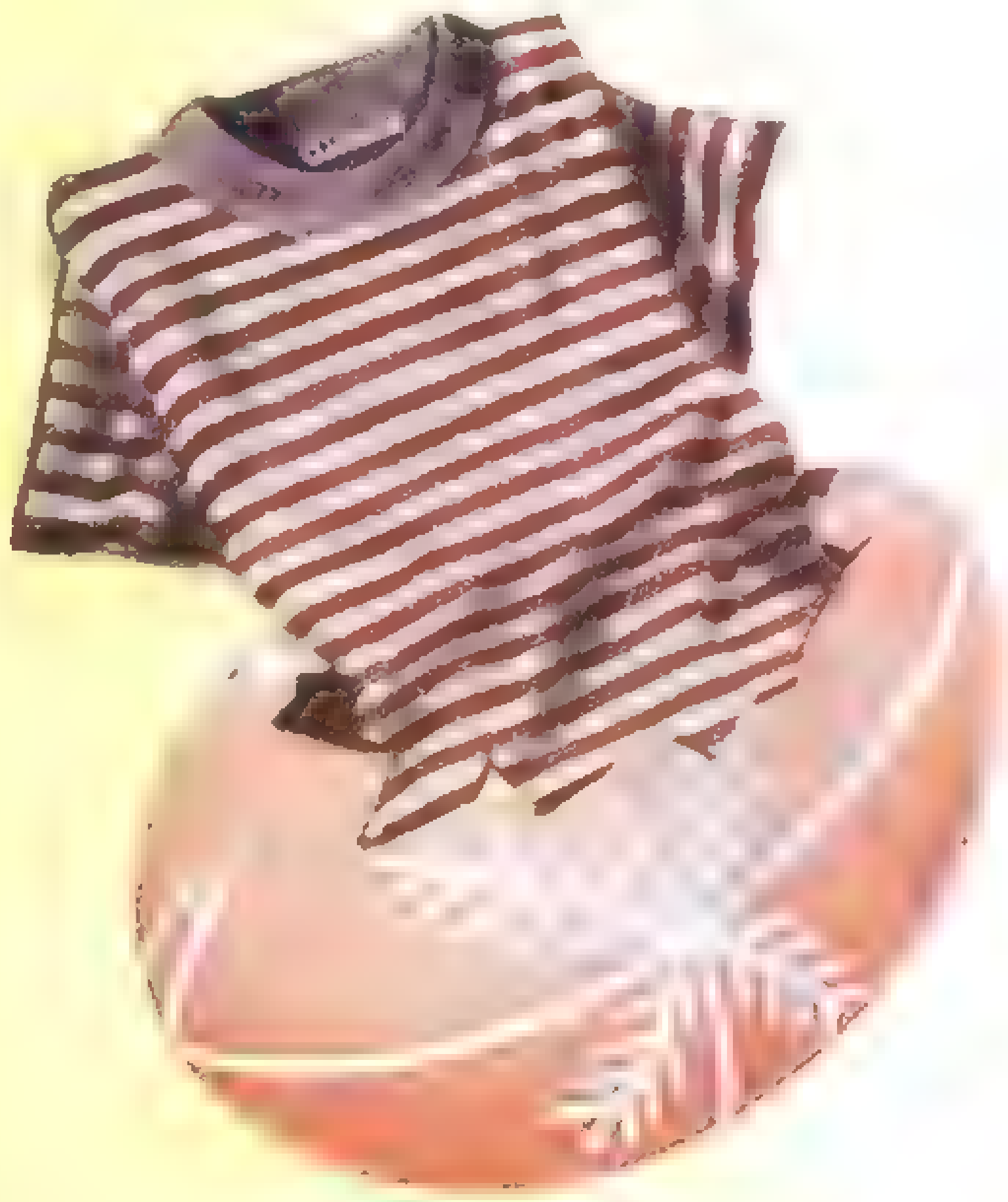
Strike the right note in Van Heusen stripes. Happy stripes for the happy season. Corded stripes. Narrow stripes. High, wide and handsome stripes. Stripes in the latest colors . . . all with famed Van Heusen collar styling.



Float to sleep in style, wearing Van Heusen Pajamas. You'll sleep tighter in them because they're loose in the right places. Extra full cut at crotch and armholes for greater sleeping freedom.



Van Heusen introduces you to a new line of good sports—sport shirts that are generous in comfort, coolness and smart new style. Choose from a wide variety of patterns and colors in luxurious new fabrics.



Just say Van before you say Tee, and you're sure to get cool comfort in Van Tees...really superior tee shirts in unusual stripes, colors, weaves.

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SHIRTS · TIES · PAJAMAS
COLLARS · SPORTSWEAR

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Headed for Greatness
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RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY

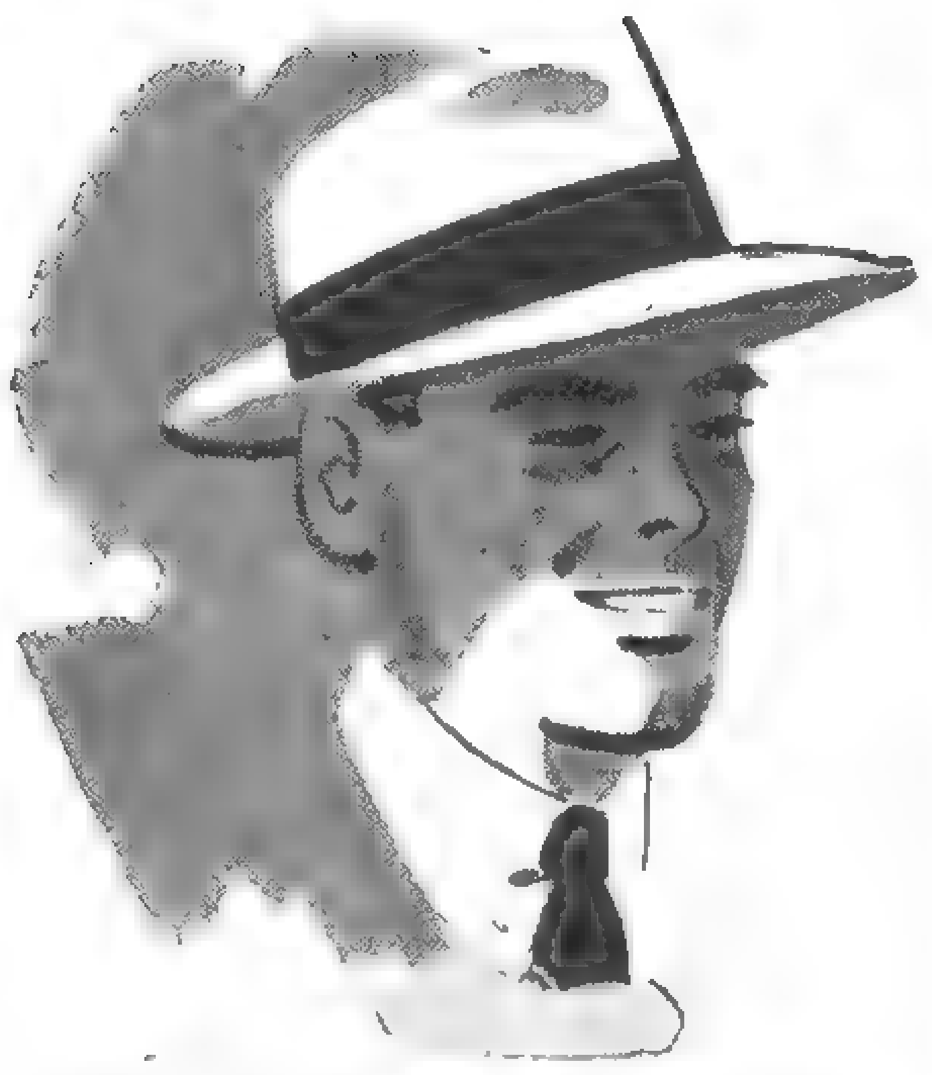
You'll agree it's "Mellow as a Sunny Morning"

The rich, smooth flavor of SCHENLEY Reserve . . . Mellow as a Sunny Morning . . . is the result of quality ingredients skillfully blended. Those who appreciate the finest have made it America's most widely enjoyed whiskey. Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

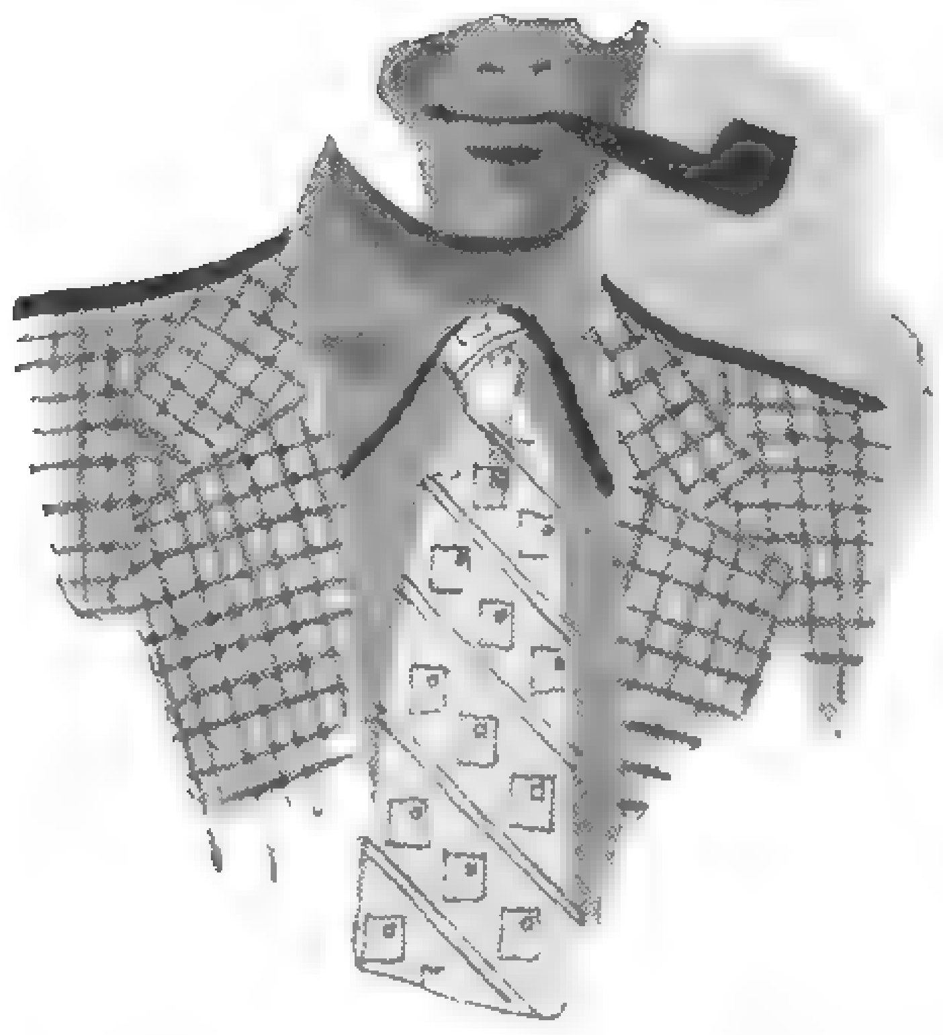
On Gowithoutism

Casualness can be overdone re hats, garters and ties

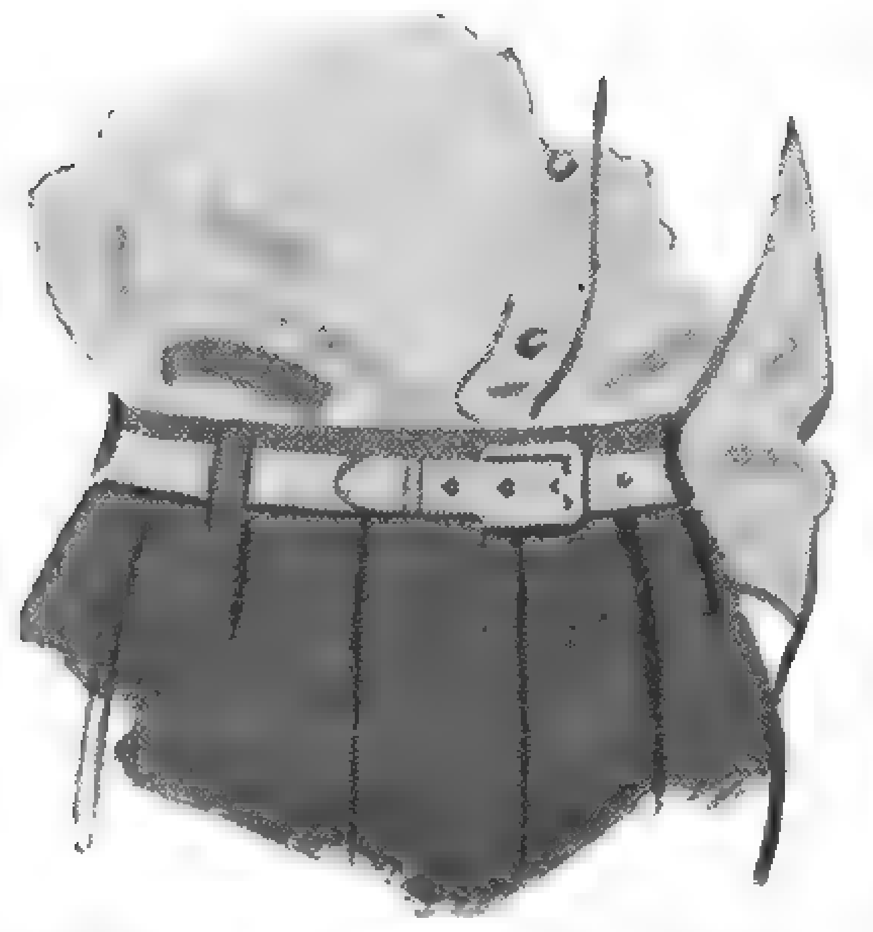
by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**



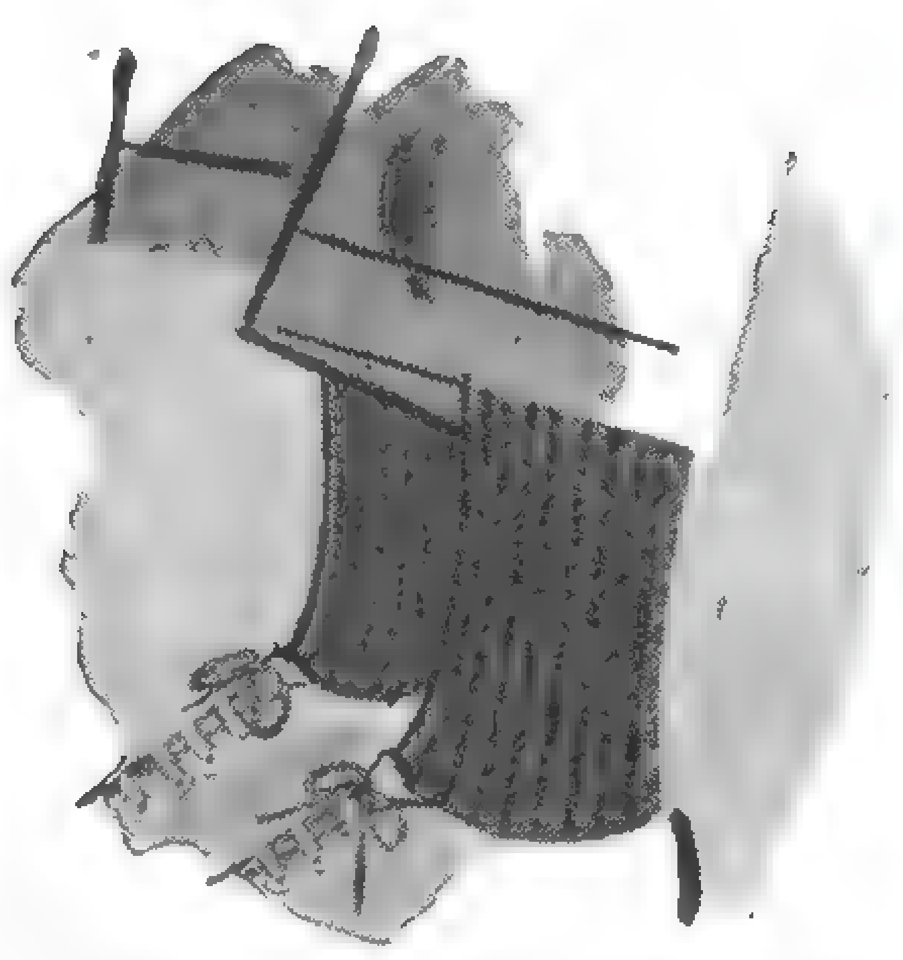
The hat is essential to good grooming, allied to clothing.



A tie improves appearance of neck when a sport shirt is worn.



Trousers are kept in place if held up by belt or braces.



Socks are trim around the ankles if supported by garters.

Accessories are an important part of a man's wardrobe and their omission detracts to a great extent from the appearance of the wearer.

Starting at the top, the well-dressed man always wears a hat for business, sports, country or resort wear.

Whenever you happen to see a man on the street without a hat no matter whether he is wearing a topcoat or just a suit you can put him down as an adult infantilist—who never matured beyond the sartorially speaking Joe College period.

The hat serves as a means of reflecting a definite theme in dress, and each type is keyed to certain kinds of clothing. For example, the Homburg hat has a note of formality that is created by the dark, smooth-finished worsted business suit.

A rough-textured felt hat is allied in a similar way with tweed country clothes. A pork-pie processed cotton hat has a practical finish for golfers.

A man who does not wear a jacket or a tie has no right to wax indignant when the headwaiter of a fairly formal restaurant refuses to seat him. A sport shirt opened at the neck may seem very what-a-man and may also be cool. However, its wearer is not completely dressed.

Lightweight jackets, designed for summer, are reasonably cool and recommended in the interests of good manners.

Another bad habit acquired by some men is that of wearing no belt or braces. While the trousers may fit closely at the waist, they invariably sag, and droop at the cuffs.

Garters play an important role in the noble cause of better grooming. True enough, some anklets have elastic tops which tend to hold them up and these do not require garters; however, the non-elastic top socks unequivocally call for garters.

Country club locker-room arguments are pro and con on the advisability of wearing an undershirt. It has been proved by actual tests that a man is more comfortable on a hot day wearing an undershirt than he is without one. The thickness of knitted fabric serves as an insulating area that absorbs perspiration and permits it to evaporate. On the other hand a man without an undershirt invariably finds that perspiration causes the outer shirt to cling to his back. ⵜⵜ

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PIONEER Stretchway BELT with "WAIST ACTION"

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The easy give and take of this concealed spring does the trick
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For complete comfort and smart style, make your next belt a Pioneer Stretchway! Because of the "concealed spring," Stretchway is never too tight or too loose—it's exactly fitting, always! Ask for Pioneer's Stretchway at your favorite men's wear counter. Custom-crafted leathers, with handsome "jewelry" buckles. Stretchway belts are priced at $1.50 to $5.

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Among America's Great Whiskies

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Going the Rounds with Esquire

A YOUNG white-collar girl was speaking to her escort in a Washington restaurant of the many bearded American sailors she had noticed of late.

"It's the most amazing thing I ever saw," she said. "We were in this place the other night and three of them—and not one was older than I am—came in, all of them with full beards."

"Probably back from overseas service," said her escort. "Were they wearing ribbons?" he asked her.

"Oh, no," she replied in a startled voice. "They just let them flow loose."

—*Bomb-Bay Messenger.*

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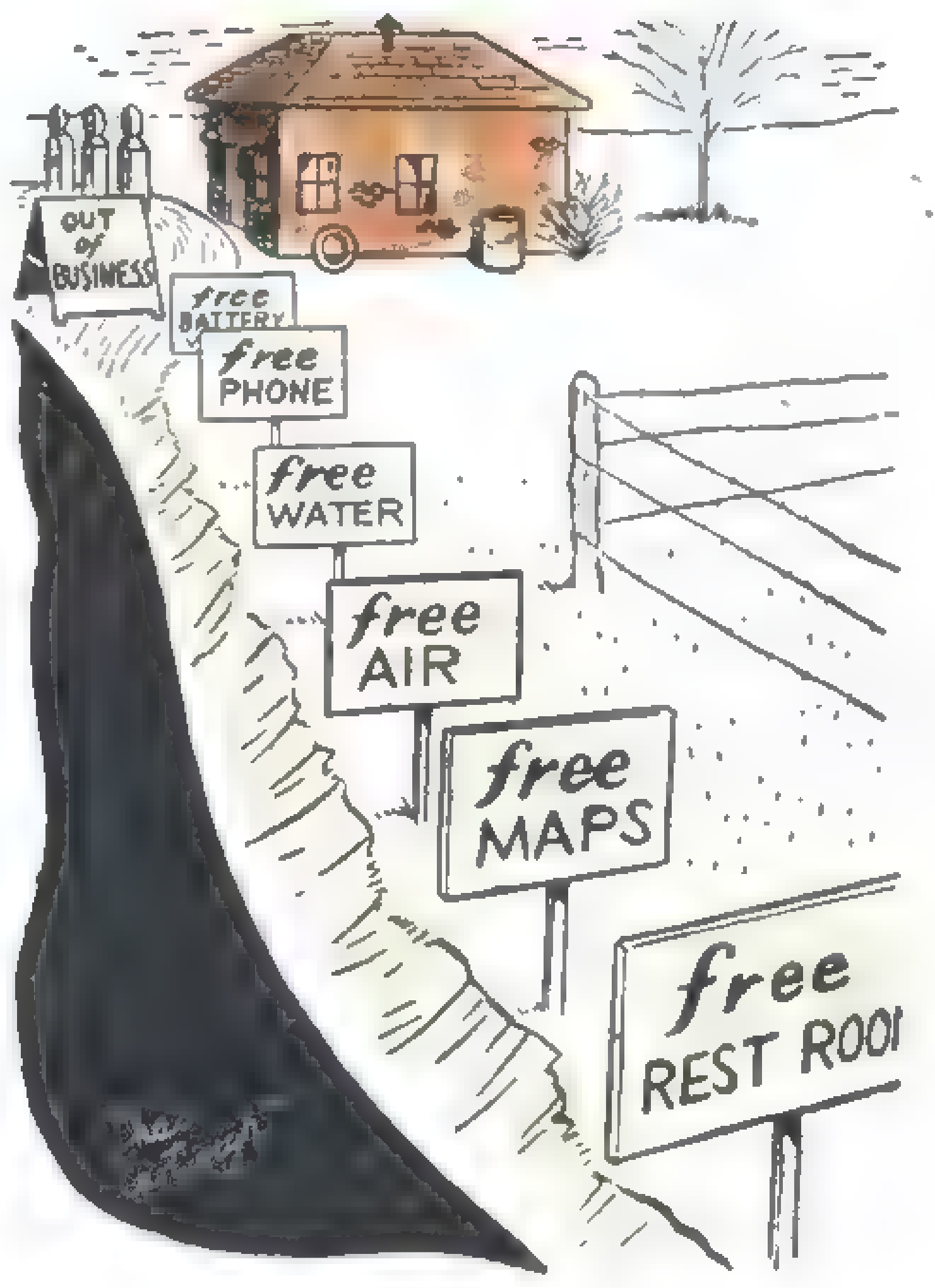


Guest in the House or How to Treat a Returning Soldier

I'm happy to discover that the country's leading minds
Are teaching wives and sweethearts how to mend the tie that binds.
A professor from Columbia or Chicago or from Yale
Can demonstrate in textbooks how to sooth the war-torn male.
With the force of Comrade Stalin or the charm of Mr. Eden,
He's as full of information as a traveler from Sweden.
His book, my love, will guide you from the day I make my landing:
It will help you to adjust me and will keep you understanding.
But just to aid you further I've prepared a little list
Of marvelous suggestions that I know the author missed.
You must never dream of speaking to an erstwhile gladiator
About a plugged up furnace or a faulty ventilator.
When the cellar needs a cleaning or the closet needs a shelf
Leave me dozing on the sofa. Go and do the job yourself!
When in bed at night I'm reading, never freeze me with a look,
Simply tiptoe to the bookcase and bring back another book.
When I'm telling funny stories never flash storm warning signs.
Like the straight man, oh my darling, it's your job to feed me lines.
If at parties or occasions, like the "Big Game" back at State,
I seem a little tipsy I am also feeling great.
Never fret me with your worries such as bills long overdue
You should always try to keep me on the sunny side of you.
Avoid the slightest friction for I can't stand petty fights
And remember I'm protected by the G. I. Bill of Rights.
If you'll follow what I've outlined
I am certain we'll arrive at
A great design for living for a former Army private.
And should this really happen I shall cut the maddest capers,
The day I'm through with marching and receive my walking papers.
But as Paradise would bore me I think that I'd prefer
To have you always natural and exactly like you were.

—*James Menzies Black, Jr.*

•

Doctor: "This is a very sad case. I much regret to tell you that your wife's mind is gone . . . completely gone."

Husband: "I'm not surprised, Doc. She's been giving me quite a piece of it every day for five years."

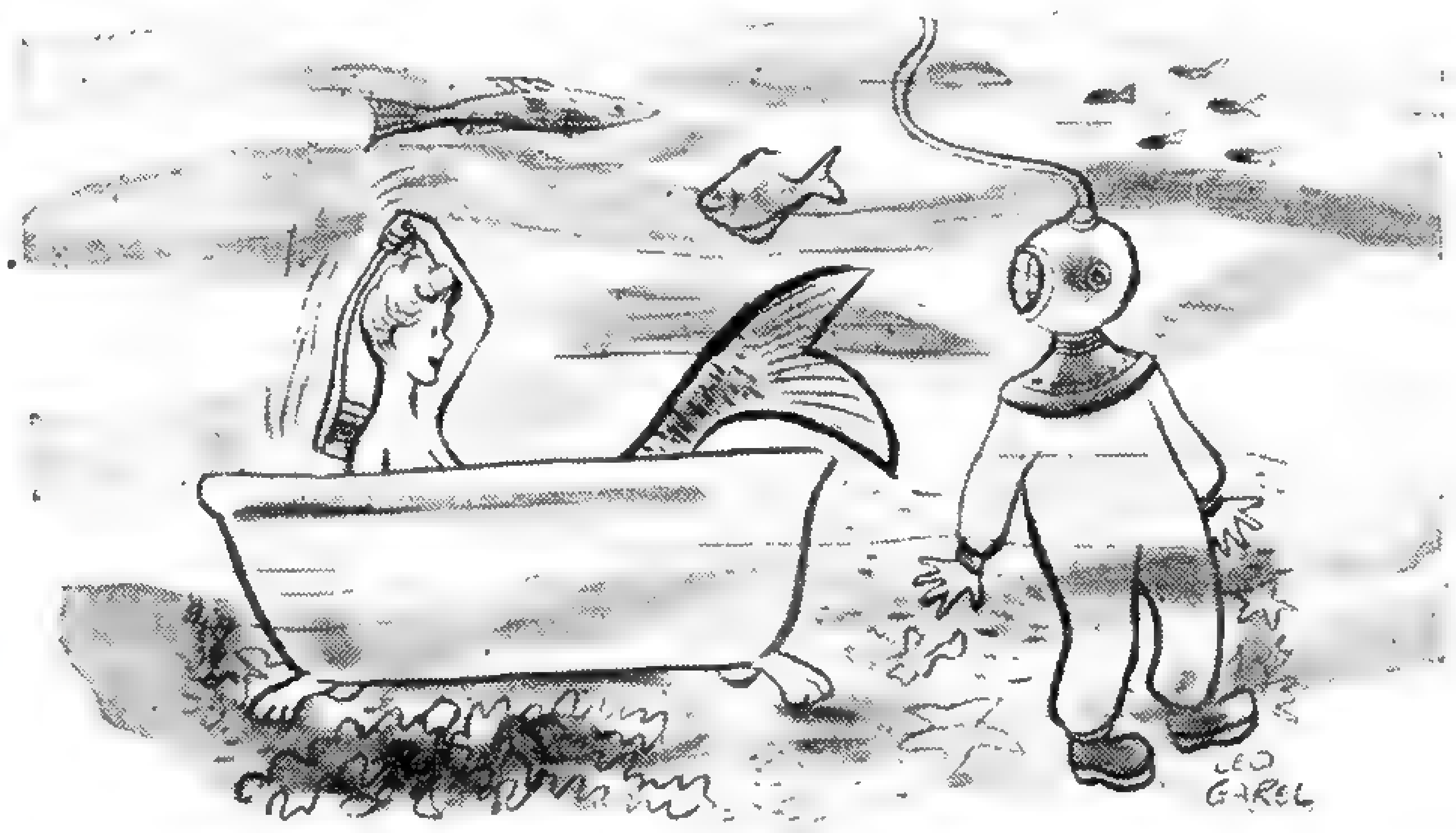
—*The Transmitter.*

•

"Ah, Watson, I see that you still have on your winter underwear."

"Marvelous, Sherlock, how did you deduce that?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson, you've forgotten to put on your trousers." —*Skywriter.*



The WEATHER-READY Coat

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ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

What's New?

By this time you may have bought the first postwar novelty in record-players, the one in which you simply slip in a platter and it gets played. Seems to be adapted so far for a single record at a time.

Wanted

No matter what system of multiple-playing you use, you are aware of difficulties. The waits and the mechanical noise between continuous parts of a symphony, or even between adjacent records, are a nuisance. And while record-changers can carry ten discs, most recordings come on *both* sides of 5 or 6 records; so you have a job to do in the middle. I submit that a vastly improved mechanism, to which the actual recordings are geared, should be devised.

Needles

I think I have heard all the playing devices (needles and other pickups); all are improvements on the pickups of twenty years ago; none is yet so good as to bar improvement. Very little radio reception is perfect either, but what we want for phonographs is the *sense* of a non-mechanical pickup, permanent and undistorted.

Surfaces

The war played hob with the materials used to take the recording, and now you can expect better surfaces all around, as well as such new materials as vinylite. Frankly, the quality of an ordinary machine, the dust in the grooves, the dying needles and the half-dead tubes, all make it impossible for the average listener to take advantage of a perfect surface, if he ever gets it.

Standards

For his soul's good, the manufacturer should have his knuckles rapped when his output is faulty. In my experience, no company has been immune to surface noise, none peculiarly careless.

Long-felt Want

The playing of records will never be a complete happiness until failure to return records to their proper albums becomes a crime punishable by death.

Devolution

Most important development in recent years is the appearance of a dozen small companies, two or three of which are obviously planning to challenge the big ones. The industry now has centers from Bridgeport to Hollywood, with focal points at Camden and Chicago.

Specialists

Among the new companies are specialists, chiefly in jazz. They are picking up bands which are still hot, instead of waiting for them to sweeten themselves for popular taste. Also, as noted here before, a small company may have a political point of view as well as a musical one. We live in a pluralistic universe and our recordings should show it.

The Spoken Word

Stories, orations, political addresses, the Bible are all being read or played for the recorders. Most of the results are still unsatisfactory, having less body than the same material presented as radio. But transcriptions of radio programs seem limited to the Corwinesque—masterpieces in the commercial vein are not on sale.

One Customer

I, for one, would be glad to buy a series of excerpts from the works of Fred Allen and want very much to have the "Hi, boy—Hi, Junior" routine of Jimmie Durante. Word has just come of a record by Fibber McGee and Mollie—but what they recorded isn't clear. Certainly if Sinatra and Tibbett can record what they sing, the comedians can do their stuff and eliminate the commercial as needed.

Honest Confession

Reviewers of records are, for the most part, actually reviewing the music they hear. On the classic side they discuss cuts and balance of instruments and interpretations; on the popular, it is often a personality (or a well-belabored voice). This can't be helped, but I often wonder whether the reader is getting what he wants.

Selection

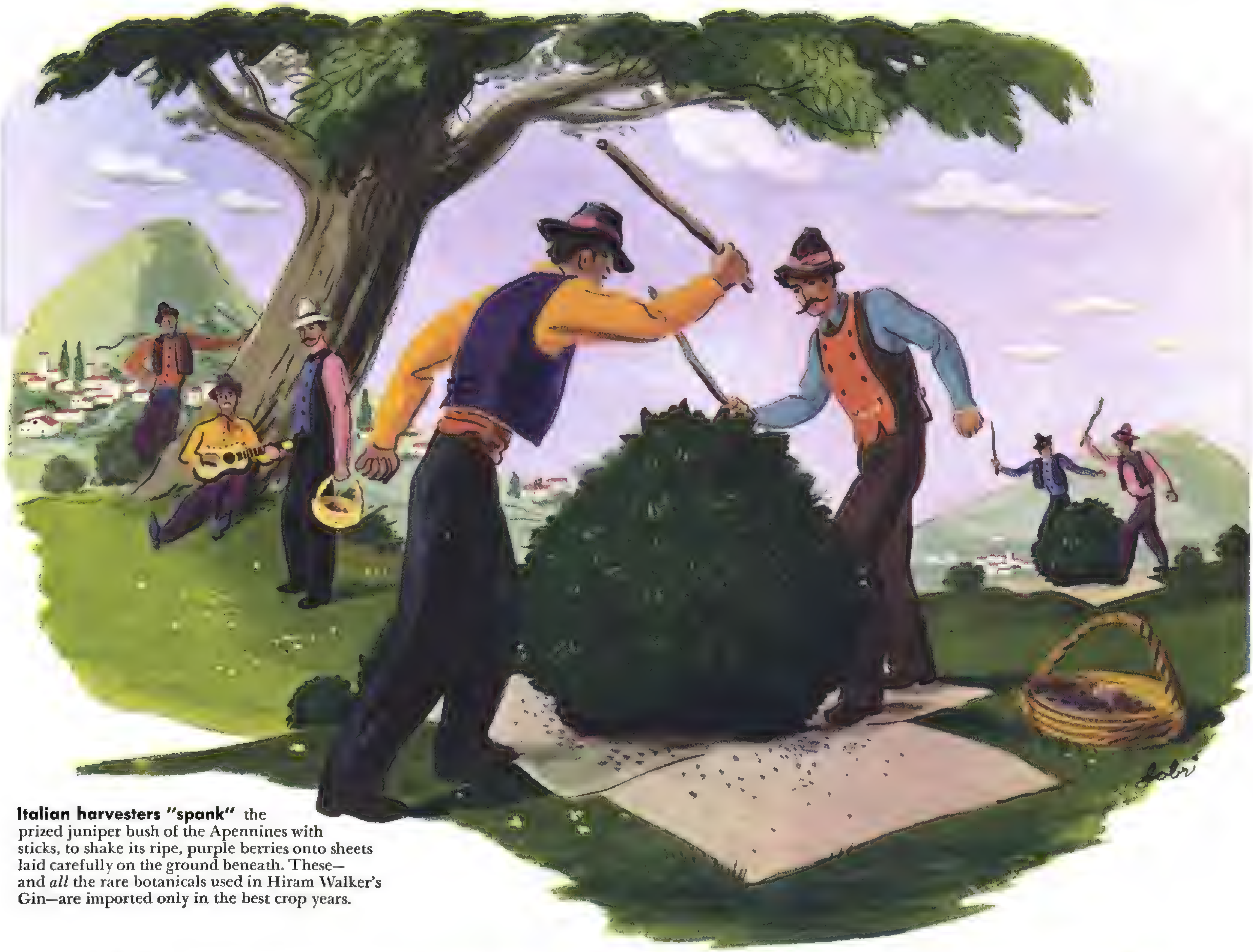
During the first six months I worked in this spot, I saw to it that the names of Bing Crosby and Duke Ellington appeared each time. (No apologies; they still deserve constant mention.) This was a prejudice—or an "editorial judgment." There isn't room to list half of the records produced each month; as special records are noted on other pages of this magazine, I try to give a fair picture, omitting what I know to be trash and being wary about "the list."

The List

All the big book-publishing houses have lists, and live on them. Educational books, sets, fine editions, classics and so on. The recording companies do the same; and get out new editions of the classics whenever a fresh star records an old favorite. I don't know why anyone should need more than two or three versions of any toccata—but I know that to keep alive, new violinists must play all the toccatas. It's not far different in popular music—there have to be fifty versions—among which five are good. That's why one takes notice of the list—the expected thing—and keeps a sharp eye out for the exceptional.

Coming

Next month this review reverts to its proper form, with specific names, opinions, and even name-calling if need be. All the above signifies is that you can't review records and ride transcontinental trains at the same time.



Italian harvesters "spank" the prized juniper bush of the Apennines with sticks, to shake its ripe, purple berries onto sheets laid carefully on the ground beneath. These—and *all* the rare botanicals used in Hiram Walker's Gin—are imported only in the best crop years.

Why we use imported botanicals exclusively in making our gin

Albert Hall (*right*), New York architect, gets a "Welcome home" drink from his neighbor, Henry Getty. Mr. Hall, who has returned from 3 years' service with Army Intelligence, also gets three tips on how to make a perfect Martini: (1) make it dry; (2) make it ice cold; (3) and *always* make it with Hiram Walker's Gin.

FINER, COSTLIER botanicals make Hiram Walker's a finer gin—that's the A-B-C of it.

So these choice herbs, roots and berries are imported by Hiram Walker from the many lands where each grows best . . . subtle coriander from Czechoslovakia, tangy Valencia peel from Spain, zesty cassia bark from China, to mention only a few.

And—what's more—Hiram Walker gladly pays a premium price to import all these botanicals only during their best, their "vintage" years.

But the best way for you to discover why we use *imported* botanicals is to make your next Martini with Hiram Walker's Gin—and taste the delicious difference!

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Distilled London Dry
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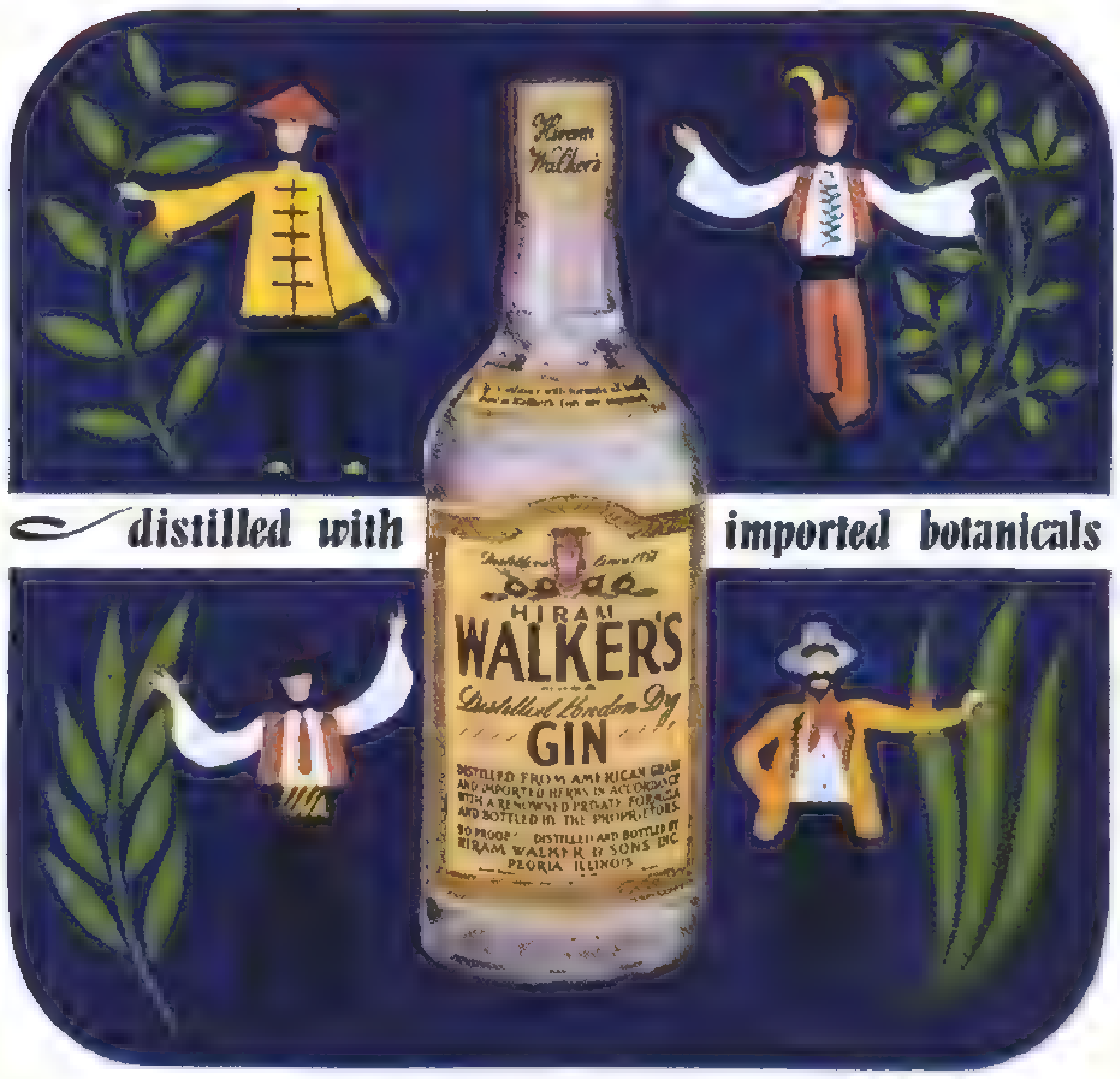
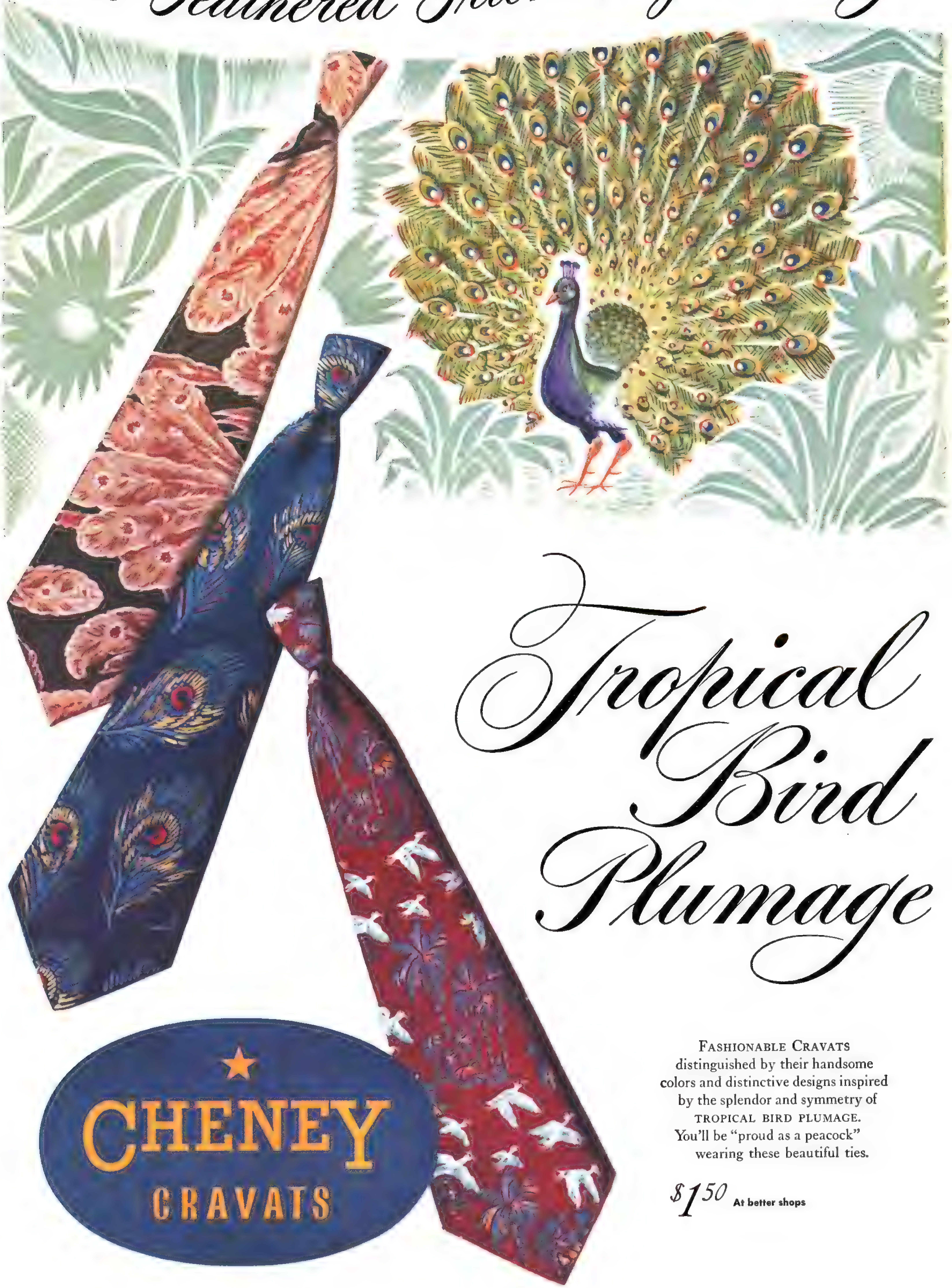


90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain.
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1946

"Fine Feathered Friends" by Cheney



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"I've learned as sons grow older,
From Dads they grow apart;
But when we golf together, why—
We're Dad 'n Lad at heart!"

The cup-winning couple: Dad 'n Lad in matching McGregor Drizzlers. A handsome twosome that laughs at wind, wet and wear because their jackets are made of a grand new AMERITEX FABRIC that feels light, but performs ruggedly. Treated with NORANE durable water-repellent, and awarded the Crown-Tested Green Light for color-fastness and service. Dads' sizes, 34-46, $9.50. Lads' sizes, 8-20, $7.95.

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RESERVE
AT ITS PRE-WAR BEST
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE

Next move is yours

Yes, because the *first* move was ours—bringing you *the finest-tasting Three Feathers in 63 years*—smoother, lighter, richer than ever—to make the finest Old Fashioned you've ever enjoyed!

THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
First Among Fine Whiskies

Blended Whiskey 86 proof. 65% American grain neutral spirits. Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York

Speech to the Heroes

Continued from page 57

come in the other rooms brought home to the Supreme Leader the realization that here, at last, he had come to the really gravely wounded. He realized, too, that this isolation of the most serious cases was not only for their own good, but for the beneficial effect on the others, not to be compelled to share the suffering of those worse off than themselves. He approved. Still, he was so accustomed to the sudden flutter and rustle of recognition whenever he entered a room, that this complete disregard of his presence was a little upsetting.

When Xanthus suggested that perhaps, for the sake of the suffering soldiers, it might be better to withdraw from the room, the Supreme Leader barked a loud and determined "No!" Xanthus knew that tone of voice, and only listened for whatever might follow, not daring to try to parry one of these lightning decisions for which the leader was famous.

"It is here," said the Supreme Leader, "that I shall broadcast my speech. These are the men who deserve it most."

"That is a thought," cooed Xanthus, "that is worthy of you," and he looked around the room as if trying to judge its acoustics. Tonight's was to be a very important speech, one toward which all propaganda had been keyed for weeks, and not the least word or intonation should be lost or marred. The heavy silence bothered Xanthus, that and the realization that, in spite of the fact that nothing seemed to be amiss, the director looked most unhappy. It might be better to get out of here, but the Supreme Leader was in one of those moods when he couldn't be wheedled.

"It will take a little time to extend the microphones in here," he temporized, "and we had planned to have it in the next . . ." but reading the warning signal in those famous eyes he hastened to say, "but it can be here just as well. I will order all programs interrupted on all stations . . ."

While the lines were run in, and the reading stand with its little light was mounted in the center of the room, the Supreme Leader bristled with impatience. It pleased him to be upsetting Xanthus, to be speaking from where he felt like speaking instead of from where Xanthus might have arranged to have him speak. The self-sufficiency of Xanthus was sometimes enraging. He even liked the room's dimness. Xanthus knew perfectly well that he preferred not to see his listener's faces, that it was harder to remember, with individual faces in sight, that half the world was listening to his words.

The longer it took Xanthus to make the arrangements, the more impatient the Supreme Leader appeared, but at the same time the more he enjoyed the inconvenience and discomfort he was causing Xanthus, with this rupture of all the prearranged plan. Xanthus thought he was indispensable. Ridiculous! Apart from himself, nobody was indispensable. The highest priest can always be replaced; only God cannot.

Now the other lines were being run out to the other wards, so that everyone in the hospital could hear; now all stations were carrying only the fanfare that would allow crowds of listeners time to get grouped around loudspeakers across half the world. Now, as Xanthus raised his hand, all those gathered in the room were silent; the patients were silent too, and now the silence was broken by the clear voice of Xanthus saying into the microphone:

"Soldiers, the Supreme Leader now addresses you!"

The voice of the Supreme Leader is also clear, but sharper, a radiogenic voice, its only defect, a certain strident vibrating harshness, actually adding to its distinction. Even the slight echo of the room, which might have been avoided by the skillful placing of drapes, seems only to add to the impressiveness of the speech. The wounded in the rows of cots seem to be holding their breaths at this historic moment which a whim of the leader's has called them to witness.

Xanthus listens with his eyes closed, marking not the words, but the intonations. It was he who first taught the Leader this declamatory technique, he who still marked on the margins and over key words the little indications of the emphasis to be employed. But listening, he realizes that these instructions are really no longer needed; that the Leader now instinctively surpasses even his own calculated effects, to clothe with the sound of doom the most banal phrase, to endow with a seeming cosmic importance the most shoddy commonplace. The speech starts with the Leader's reminiscences of his own experiences as a common front-line soldier, goes on through the struggle for power, summarizes all his efforts for world peace, explains the world-wide conspiracy that thrust the unwanted war upon him, rises to a final climactic last warning to the warring powers to give up the hopeless struggle before they are overtaken by an unspeakable fate. As the last words are pronounced, they seem to hang in the air like smoke, and their echo disappears as slowly.

After the dead silence before the microphone is detached, there is a rustling sound of shifting movements as the reading stand is carried away and the group starts to move toward the door.

Now the door is opened wide, and two guards stand on either side, as the Supreme Leader and his entourage start toward it. Then on the doorsill, like a sudden vision, in the light from the corridor outside, appears Fräulein

Continued on page 138

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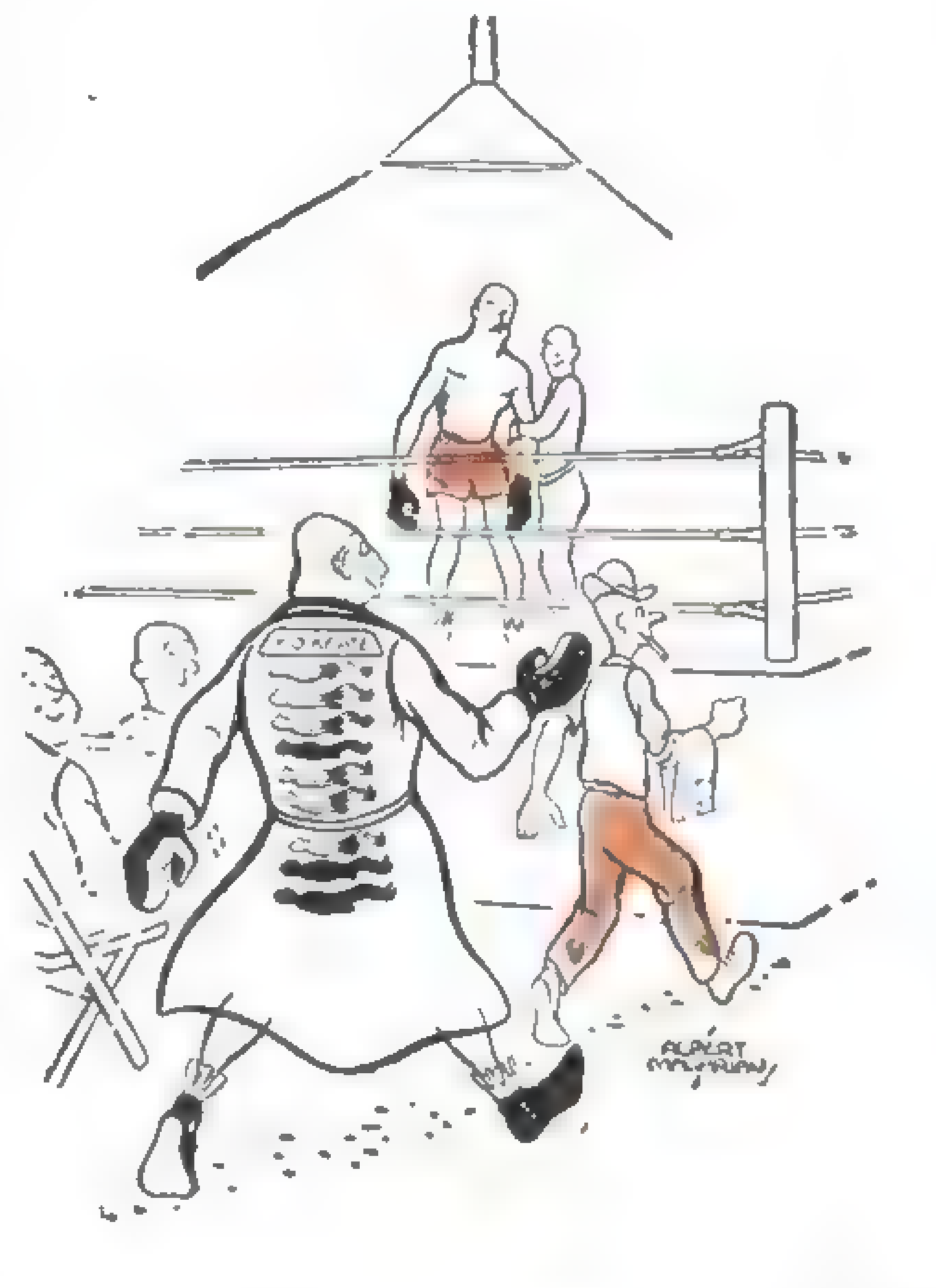
Speech to the Heroes

Continued from page 137

Helga in the blindingly snowy white of her nurse's uniform, her gleaming golden hair giving her the white-and-gold radiance of an angel. Her smile, too, is beatific. Xanthus makes a mental note to visit the hospital soon, alone.

"My Leader," she says in her natural voice, regarding him with an innocent curiosity, "deign to permit me to present you most respectfully with this insignificant souvenir, on behalf of the hospital's workers, and to tell you how happy we all are that you have visited us."

Fräulein Helga is very young, and fired by no particular ambition. She is not out to curry favor, and finds her lot in life anything but discontenting. Besides, Major Farrell told her just this evening that beginning tomorrow she's to have pleasanter work to do. She feels pleased to have this opportunity to address the Supreme Leader individually, but wonders why everybody has been making such a fuss over the preparations for his visit. That young captain, for instance, who would be a good-looking boy if he would only unbend. When he talked to her about her part in this ceremony it was as if he were addressing another soldier. Fräulein Helga feels fine, and she smiles in a way that shows it.



Her smile is returned by the Supreme Leader. He would smile just the same if he were confronted by the mustached Supervisor Fräulein Ilse. Two orderlies have now brought in the present, a reproduction almost three feet high, made entirely of matchsticks, of the Supreme Leader's own favorite residence. "A veritable masterpiece," says Xanthus, "of human patience and ingenuity."

"Pretty, very pretty," says the Supreme Leader, tapping the cheek of Fräulein Helga, and he says it with the air of a connoisseur, yet he is referring not to her but to the present, which he really seems to consider not only very ingenious but in very good taste, too. He inspects it, lifts the cupola, appears enchanted. Inside the cupola is an inkwell. While he opens and lowers the cupola, Fräulein Helga's attention wanders.

"But these," says Fräulein Helga suddenly in the voice of a querulous child, pointing to the rows of beds that line the room's two walls, "these are all the dead ones! Has my Leader spoken to the dead? What a lovely thought!"

Remembering his misgivings about this room, Xanthus hisses between his teeth. Good God, the months of patient work it will cost him now, to repair the havoc that will follow that one sentence of this babbling babe!

For the Supreme Leader has blanched as if struck across the face, shuddered and flung himself out of the room like one either pursued or possessed. Xanthus flies after him, but not without pushing Fräulein Helga aside. And in the wink of an eye the room is empty, save for the dead, the director, and Fräulein Helga.

Her pretty face wears an expression of stupefaction. She wonders whether she did something wrong. But she presented the present without muffing one single word! The Supreme Leader even patted her cheek in his pleasure and satisfaction! She was going to write her parents about that and ask them to be sure to show the letter to all the neighbors. And he did speak to the dead! That too she was going to put in the letter, because it was something different and unusual. But why did the Herr Minister shove her like that, and everybody look at her all at once, and why is the director looking at her now as if she were a criminal? It is too much for her, and she forgets that a nurse must always be impassive, no matter what, and bursts into tears . . .

The director has overcome his impulse to rush after them, to try to explain that he did take all the precautions they asked him to, that he did try to keep them from coming into this room, that the vanilla cream with raisins . . . ah, but what possible use! For when the Supreme Leader fled, his own hopes for advancement fled with him. He moves his hands in a gesture of resignation, and one of them brushes his pocket. There is a crinkling sound —the paper bearing the other speech, the speech of farewell, the one that nobody would wait for. He hears the sound of the leader's cavalcade of motorcars, and as it dies so does his last hope. He shuffles out of the room. Fräulein Helga follows sniffling.

Neither one has closed the door to the room where the dead now rest alone. The light comes in from the corridor. It falls across the bed occupied by the big blond officer whose legs Dr. Tock amputated only this morning. The gangrene had so far advanced that the operation was too late to save him. The light from the corridor reveals his drawn-back lips, glints on his teeth, makes him appear to be grinning with a malicious satisfaction. ⌗

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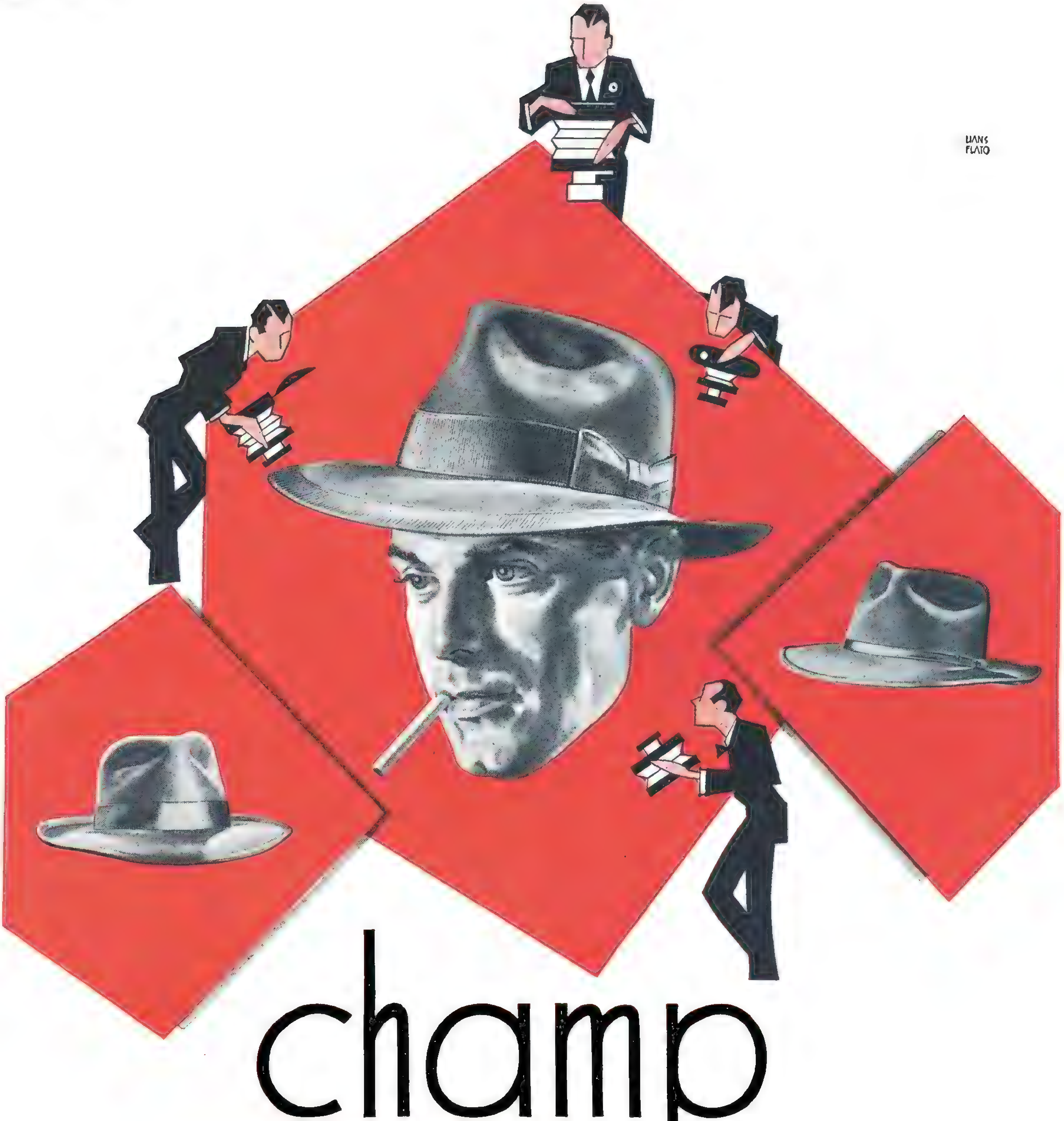

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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Murder Is a Fine Art

Continued from page 58

brawn and long curly hair, the physical charms of this modern Bluebeard are a case history in themselves.

Watson was about five-feet-nine inches tall and weighed only 129 pounds. He had a face like the Buffalo nickel, aboriginal and colder than a quick-frozen fish. His sparse hair drooped over his high shiny forehead; the lower half of his face was all jaw, a square of flesh and bone and wide mouth rigidly mounted on a high celluloid collar. Subsequently, when he was stripped and examined, Watson's secondary sex characteristics proved to be slightly feminine. This was the man who had married so many women he couldn't remember them all, the man described with ecstasy by some of these wives even after they read his deadly batting average. He might have hit an all-time high if Mrs. Andrew had been among these trusting souls. In fact, the irony of her action piqued him so much that he cut his throat with a hidden blade the day he was arrested. But he had a tough neck.

In his crafty, feline way Watson knew there wasn't much of a case against him.

District Attorney Woolwine was convinced Watson was a psychopathic killer. But all his sleuthing developed only the fact that Watson had married some twenty-two women, and that most of them had disappeared. They vanished so thoroughly that the police in five western states were unable to turn up a body. In this situation Woolwine was forced to make a deal.

"Watson," he said, "if you'll show us a body, I will accept a guilty plea to one murder and ask the court for a life sentence."

"One body?" Watson giggled.

"Yes—just one."

No one knows exactly why Watson put the finger on himself. At any rate, he guided the officers to a lonely spot in the desert near El Centro where they exhumed the remains of one Nina Lee Deloney. Watson said he dispatched Nina with an ax when she found a letter from another wife and threatened to expose him.

Thereafter, in a confession marked by utter sang-froid, this meek and gentle-voiced little fiend identified eight other women to whom he had given rigor mortis. Beatrice Andrewartha and Bertha Goodnich met their destiny in a rowboat on Lake Washington at Seattle; Agnes Wilson and Eleanor Frazier departed to the sound of the roaring Spokane River Falls near Tacoma with their skulls crushed by rocks. Alice Ludvigson died in the wild Joe River in Idaho. Mrs. M. A. Watt and Marie Austin were drowned in the idyllically beautiful Lake Coeur d'Alene in Idaho. The ninth, Elizabeth Pror, met a prosaic and unlovely finish in a roadside shack near Plum, Washington, where Watson hit her with a hammer and buried her under a tree trunk.

In describing these homicides, Watson did not show the imagination he developed later at San Quentin. Discussing the Goodnich murder, for example, he was strictly deadpan.

"We were by the lake," he said, "and an impulse came over me. I hit the girl. Something said: 'Go ahead,' and I went ahead. It was just getting dusk."

Watson had an uncanny gift for picking gullible women with bank accounts. He tossed out the same sweet bait for each conquest, a newspaper "personal" ad, as follows:

> GENTLEMAN—Neat appearance, courteous disposition, well connected in a business way, has quite a little property, also connected with several corporations and has a nice bank account, as well as a roll of government bonds. Would be pleased to correspond with refined young lady or widow, object matrimony. This advertisement is in good faith, and all answers will be treated with respect.

It was as good as a slot machine in your own home—rigged to pay off every time. Watson was deluged with gush from widows, schoolteachers, housemaids, business women—lonely, homely, forgotten women who wanted home and security and perhaps a little thin lacquer of love. Watson, it must be admitted, gave them a few weeks of delirium. He drove an expensive car, invested in flowers, candy, perfume. He talked of Hawaiian honeymoons, and he could be as tender as a *crêpe suzette.* Finally he steered them right up the aisle with plenty of glory hallelujah. At the time of his arrest, Watson had a list of sixty women who were ripening in his remarkable hothouse. A snitch in time might have saved the first nine, but of them all only Mrs. Andrew came out of the trance.

Watson's dark mind was so complex, his behavior so contrary that no two psychiatrists ever agreed on a diagnosis.

Dr. Edward H. Williams said flatly that Watson was insane and that the dominant element in the abnormality was sexual perversion. Watson admitted to him that he felt an enormous relief after every murder, but no remorse, nor was he able to show a normal distinction between right and wrong. Dr. Charles L. Allen, a member of the County Insanity Commission, couldn't classify Watson except to call him a sadist. Dr. Louis Weber suggested that Watson was afflicted with anthropophagy, adding that Watson told him he always undressed the women after they were dead. Even so, Dr. Weber insisted Watson was sane. Dr. George Hunter found significance in Watson's hypospadias and curious sexual behavior, said he was a constitutional psychopath. Dr. Edward Hoag called him a sex pervert and a moral imbecile. Years later Dr. Joseph

Continued on page 142

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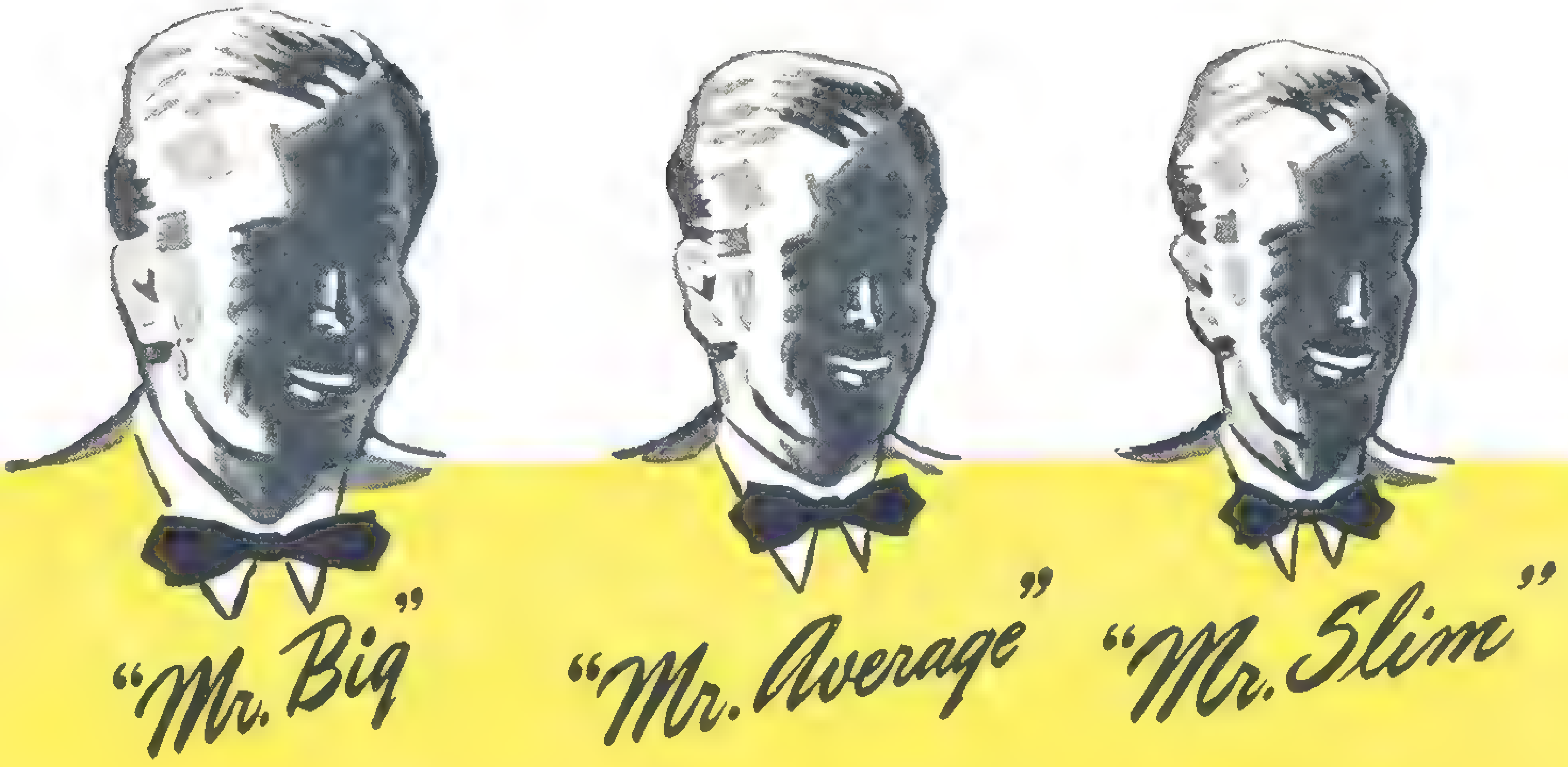

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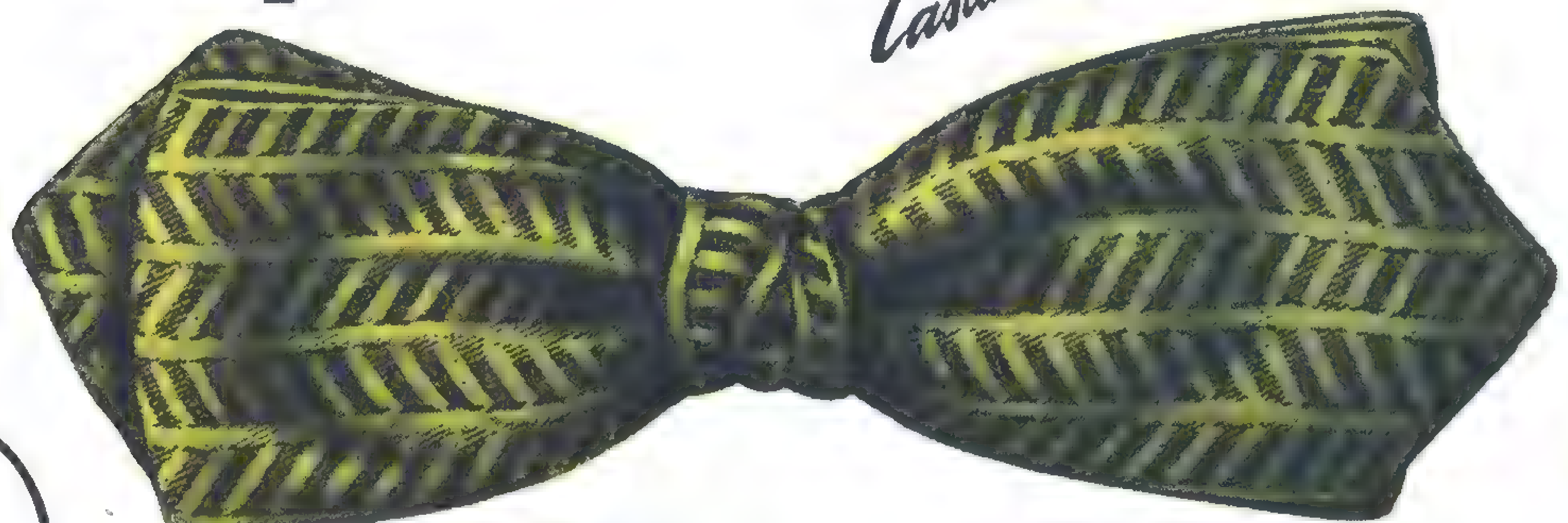

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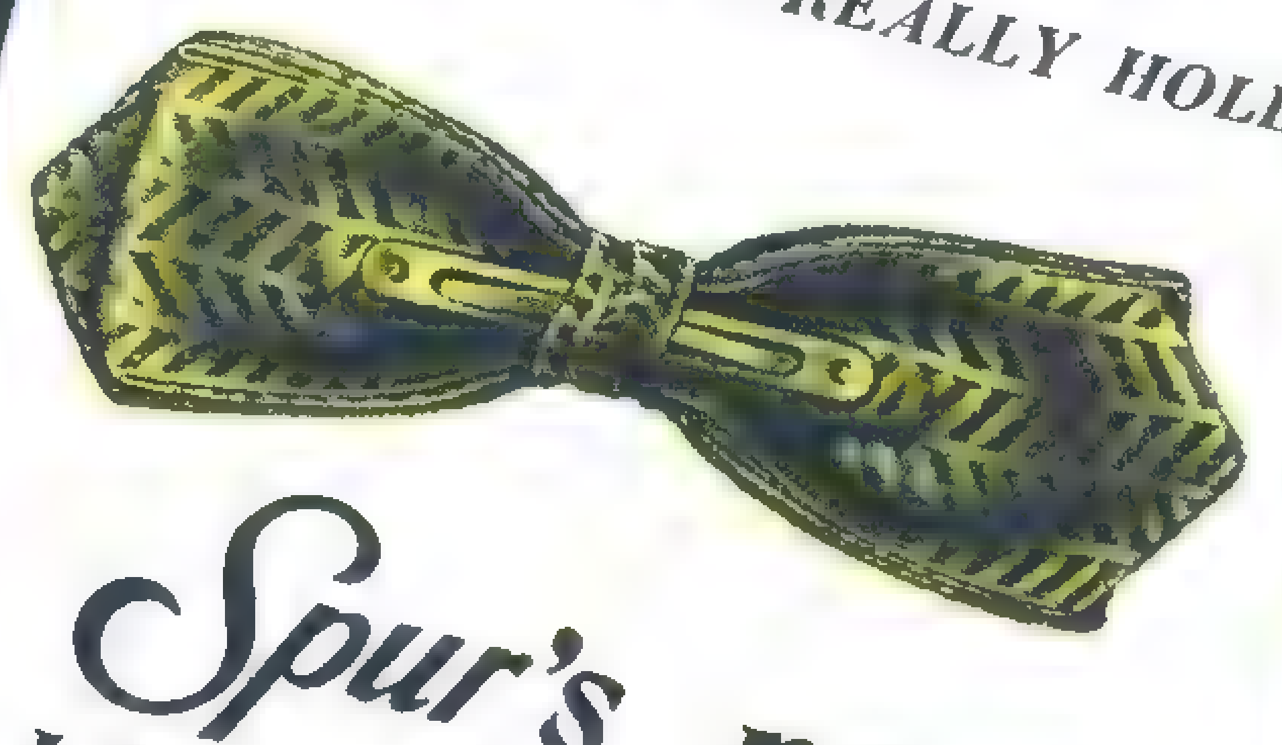

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appreciate Marlboro's
richer mildness.
Sumptuous tobaccos . . .
superbly blended!

MARLBORO

CIGARETTES

Merely a Penny or Two More

Murder Is a Fine Art

Continued from page 140

Catton, San Francisco psychiatrist, examined Watson at San Quentin, and came away baffled.

However, all these medical men agreed that James P. was no dunce, and some of them granted him a superior intelligence.

Actually, from evidence now available, Watson enjoyed these jousts with the medical brains, and teasingly never gave them enough solid stuff to chew on. And he was smart enough to grab Woolwine's reluctant offer for a life term—probably the only mass murderer on record who forced the state to support him in comfort for the rest of his life.

Watson entered San Quentin on May 18, 1920, as No. 33755.

For almost two months this fussy little milquetoast had been the newspaper man of the hour, dissected, sobbed over, gawked at and quoted, with flourishes. The rude awakening came with a jolt when the inmates of "Condemned Row," greeted Watson with cries of "Hang him! Hang him!" and the other prisoners in the big yard would have no part of him. Consequently he was shunted into the tuberculosis ward of the prison hospital and given a job as a male nurse.

But the outside world was still intrigued.

Warden James A. Johnston, now warden of Alcatraz Island Penitentiary, commented that men could never understand how Watson "beguiled and bewitched women." He says: "I had to turn away a number of women who had no legitimate reason for calling, but faked excuses in the hope of getting a chance to see him."

James B. took a belligerent interest in the tubercular men in his care, and drove a succession of wardens to the point of exasperation in his demands for "my boys." The man who murdered in wholesale gave a strange inspiration to dying men, and he helped more than one inmate go out on his own feet.

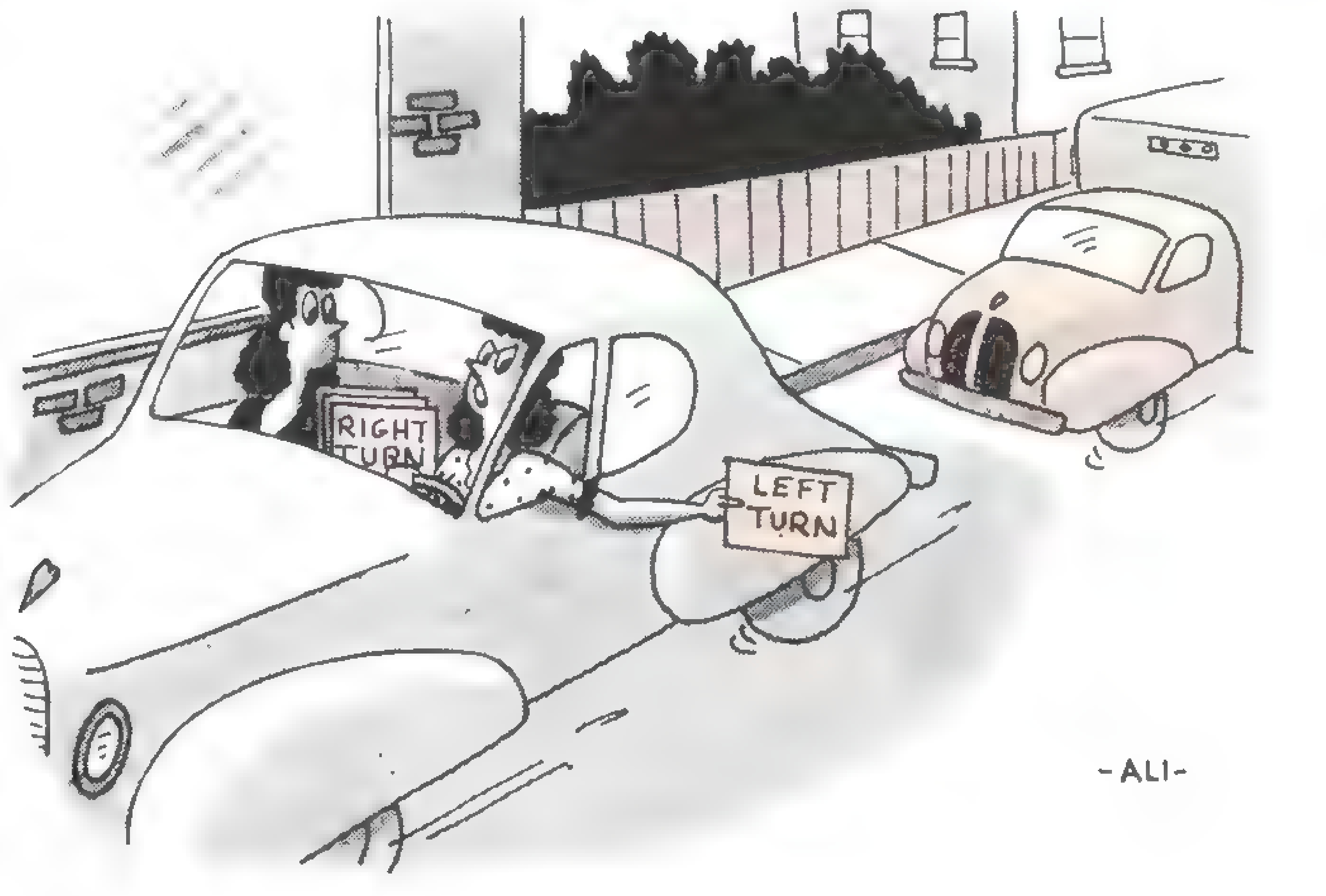
Watson became deeply attached to Clinton Duffy, San Quentin's present unique warden, who was even then attracting attention as a humane and understanding young clerk. Watson confided in Duffy and, through him, was always available to journalists who came to San Quentin. Frequent contact with literary people stirred some hidden currents in Watson's bottomless mental well, and his homicidal hands soon itched for a typewriter.

Duffy got a machine for him, and for the next decade it spewed forth a cascade of words. Watson was particularly fluid in the field of light poetry, and cluttered up the mails with his offerings under such titles as *My Ideal Wife*, *Savage Beast and Murderous Men*, *A Living Death*, and *The Devil's Retreat*. He sent them to the New York *Times*, the *Atlantic Monthly* and other erudite publications and, even as you and I, was never deterred by the mounting pile of rejection slips. His masterpiece, the aforementioned *Life and Loves of J. P. (Bluebeard) Watson*, attracted some substantial bites when it was put up for sale by Watson's attorney, J. Morgan Marmaduke (sic.) The deal never jelled because Watson thought his cut was too small, and he went back to the production of minor classics.

As the years rolled by, Watson lost some of his patience and optimism. Once, when author Jim Tully composed an essay about his favorite Bluebeard, Watson broke out with a bitter riposte, claiming the story was a fraud. Another time, after MacFadden Publications had run an account of his crimes, he sulked for days until Dr. L. L. Stanley, the prison physician, suggested he write an official protest. He was constantly embroiled in correspondence duels with J. Morgan Marmaduke, accusing him of fixing a greedy eye on the Watson fortune. Indeed, Watson muttered interminably about his buried gold, the proceeds of his matrimonial operations. In interviews Watson quoted estimates of its value ranging from 50,000 to 200,000 dollars.

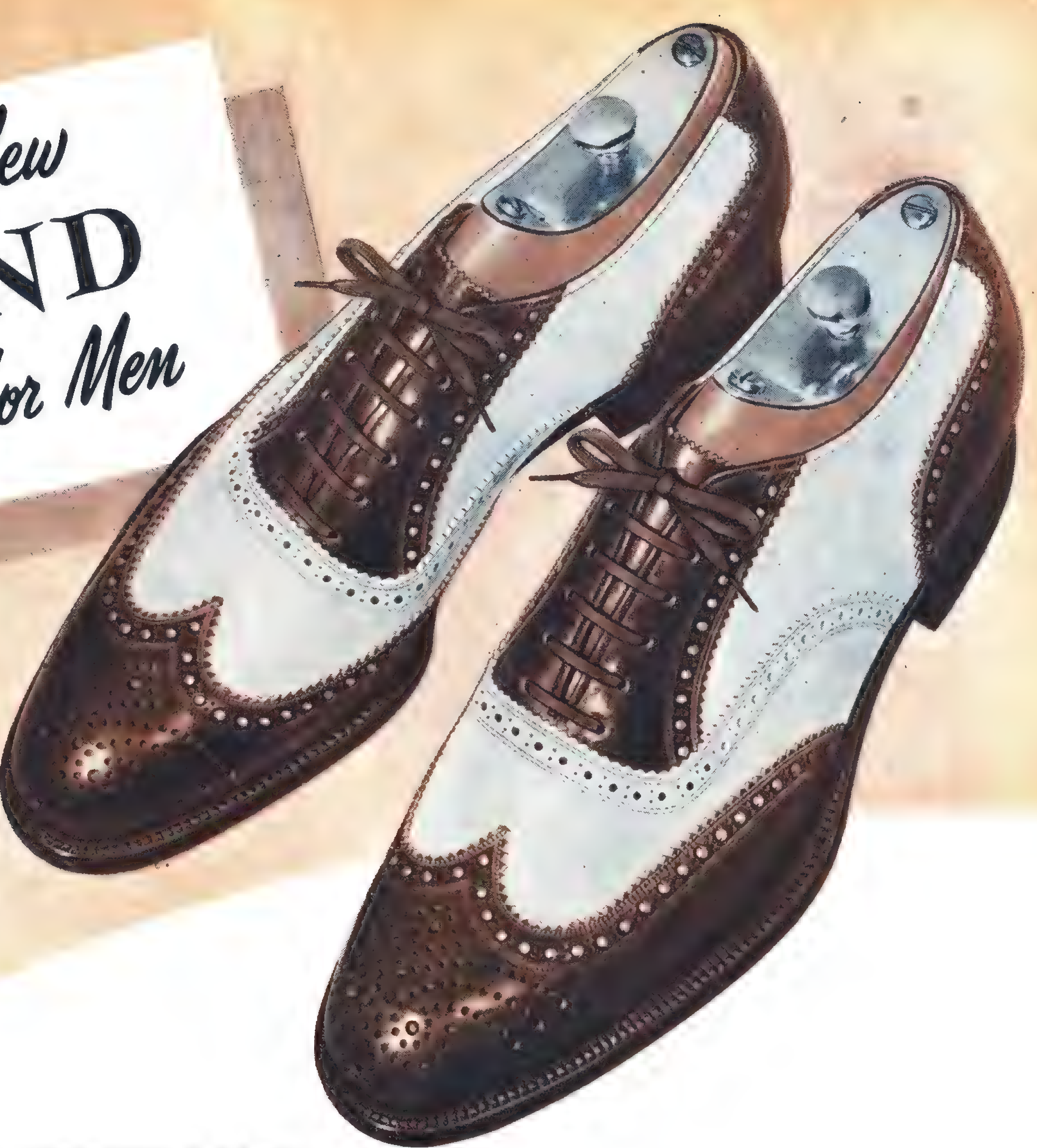
One journalist, Wycliffe Hill of

Continued on page 144



"One of my husband's silly ideas"

The New RAND Shoe for Men



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That's why we believe you'll find the smart, new Rand everything you've wanted in a man's shoe!

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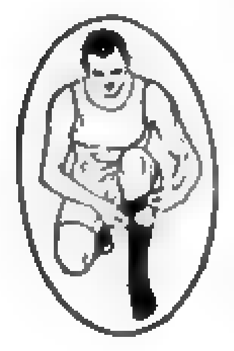

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PARIS BELTS
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LOOK TO "PARIS" TO LOOK YOUR BEST

Murder Is a Fine Art

Continued from page 142

Los Angeles, became so intrigued at the magnitude of the hidden loot that he spent four fruitless years searching for it—in deserts, mountains and coast areas of California. Watson toyed with Hill in devilish glee and sent him off on a dozen false scents. Hill finally blew a gasket and filed suit against Watson for the cost of his futile hunt. Watson promptly sued Hill for defamation of character. Since Watson was legally dead, in his own words, nothing ever came of these legal duels.

At one time or another, Watson was queried about the fate of virtually every missing woman in the western hemisphere. At least one man, a former Edmonton reporter, tried to connect Watson with no less than four murders in Calgary, but Bluebeard gave him a brush-off. Another time Duffy handled a query from Raymond Morrissey, county attorney in Tecumseh, Nebraska, who felt sure Watson had decapitated a wife and stepdaughter in that town. Morrissey said one E. E. Hesse had committed this crime in 1911, using an ax on his two victims and setting the house afire. There was certainly sound evidence to indicate that Watson and E. E. Hesse were one and the same. I examined photographs of Hesse sent from Nebraska, compared them with pictures of Watson and could find no appreciable difference. Watson also confided to a psychiatrist some years ago that he lived in the Midwest in 1911 and had deserted a wife there. But Bluebeard violently denied he was Hesse, and nothing further came of the inquiry.

Ordinarily Watson handled these thistles with politeness and delicacy. Two such pleas, for example, came from Mrs. E. J. Rose of Vancouver, sister of victim Beatrice Andrewartha, and another relative, E. J. Hosking, who wanted to know where the body was buried. Watson replied with masterful and sardonic evasion, even though he had once confessed the killing.

"I will say that sometimes I am in doubt whether she is or is not dead," he wrote in part. "Things regarding her are so clouded I could not make oath what became of her. I would think of a boat trip, for example, and I cannot remember her being with me later. I recall that this woman found on my person papers that showed what I was doing. Please tell the gentleman that I can never take upon myself the blame of doing it, for such acts are not part of my natural nature . . ."

In his two decades at San Quentin Watson enjoyed top billing. He was childishly proud of the Bluebeard title, and typed the nickname on his manuscripts many times. He was always willing to furnish palm prints or exemplars of his handwriting for devotees of these arts, and many a criminologist or collector obtained his Bertillon measurements and fingerprints. His great disappointment was his inability to sell his poems and his failure to convince people he was not the villain he had been painted. It is significant that Watson never applied for a parole during the entire period of his incarceration even though, like other lifers, he was eligible. On at least one occasion he asked to have his name removed from a list of men scheduled for parole board hearings. He thus avoided the possibility of going out to be tried in some other state.

Watson was stricken with pneumonia in October, 1939. He was then close to seventy, according to the best estimates, and for a while the prognosis was good. But the master butcher failed suddenly and died quietly, and alone, on the night of October 15. He was buried in the mournful little prison cemetery, with a small wooden board, marked No. 33755, as his headstone. Clinton Duffy and other prison authorities were soon flooded with letters from men and women claiming a part of the Watson "fortune." Relatives of Nina Lee Deloney asked for 20,000 dollars as their estimated share. To still the ghoulish clamor, Duffy examined Bluebeard's effects and found his last will.

Written in January, 1937, this amazing document disposed of cash, bonds and other valuables listed at 80,000 dollars. Duffy was named executor, and heir to one-third of the fortune, and other beneficiaries included then Warden James B. Holohan, the Salvation Army and other curiously assorted people, including Henry L. Mencken. Whether by typographical accident or intent, Watson wrote "I am a widow," and bequeathed one dollar to any legitimate heirs who might show up. It appeared that Clinton Duffy was suddenly a rich young man.

But Bluebeard Watson had reserved the last cynical laugh for himself. Mentioning the money in the will, he had written: "The location of this fortune will be revealed in another document." Searching for this precious paper, Duffy found it in a sealed envelope and, he admits, opened it with mingled skepticism and hope. There were a dozen closely typed pages, burning with hate for a certain prison guard who was Watson's *bête noire*. And that was all.

The treasure wasn't even mentioned, and neither Duffy nor anyone else has since been able to find a clue to the location of Bluebeard's hoard. Clinton Duffy, viewing the matter with humor, suspects Watson was kidding him and the rest of the world. But he did leave something, as all claimants were formally told. There was a trunk full of poems, value nil. There was a prison bank account, balance $18.70.

Wasn't Bluebeard cute? And such a nice man, too. #

Continued from page 58

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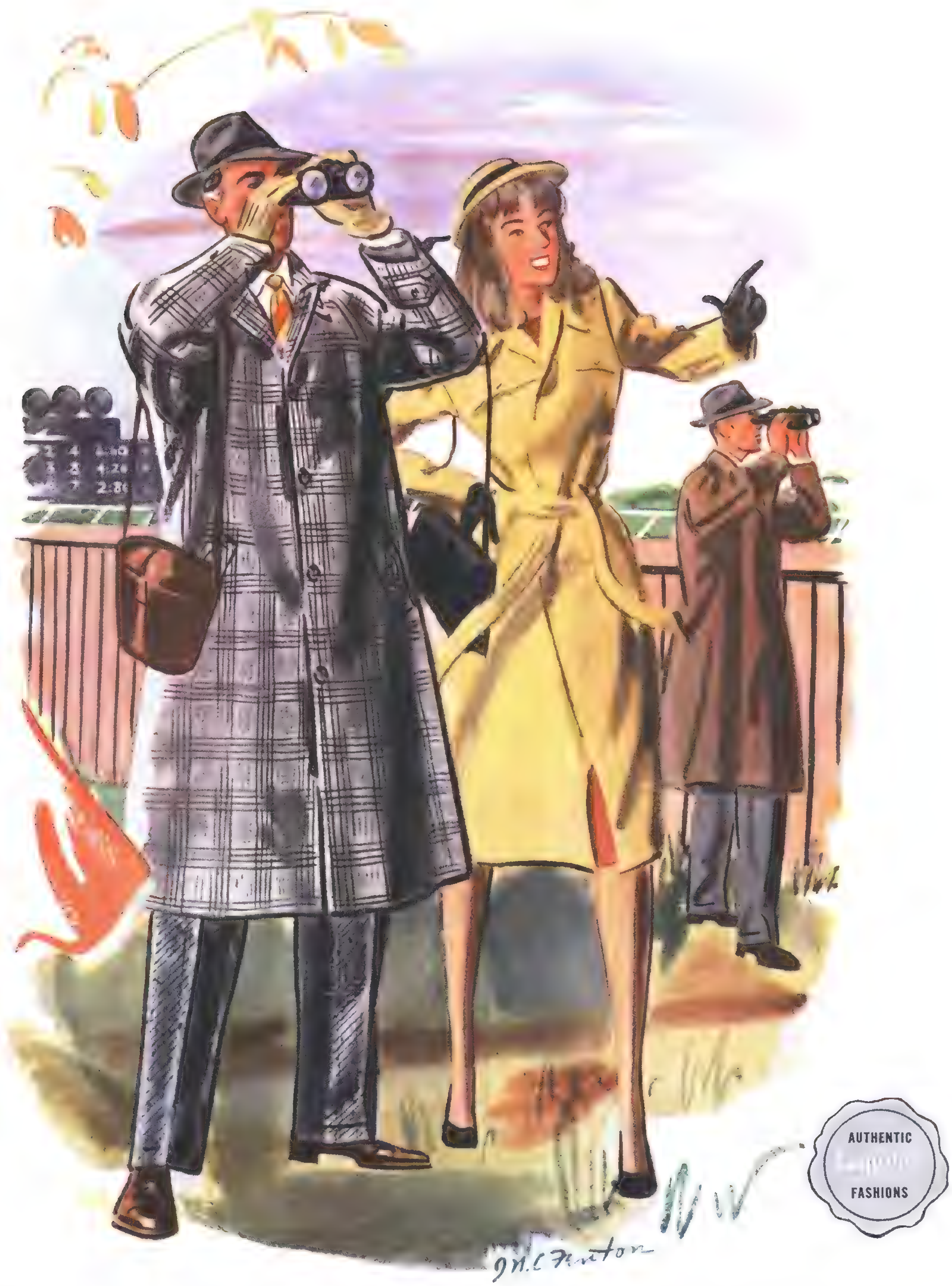
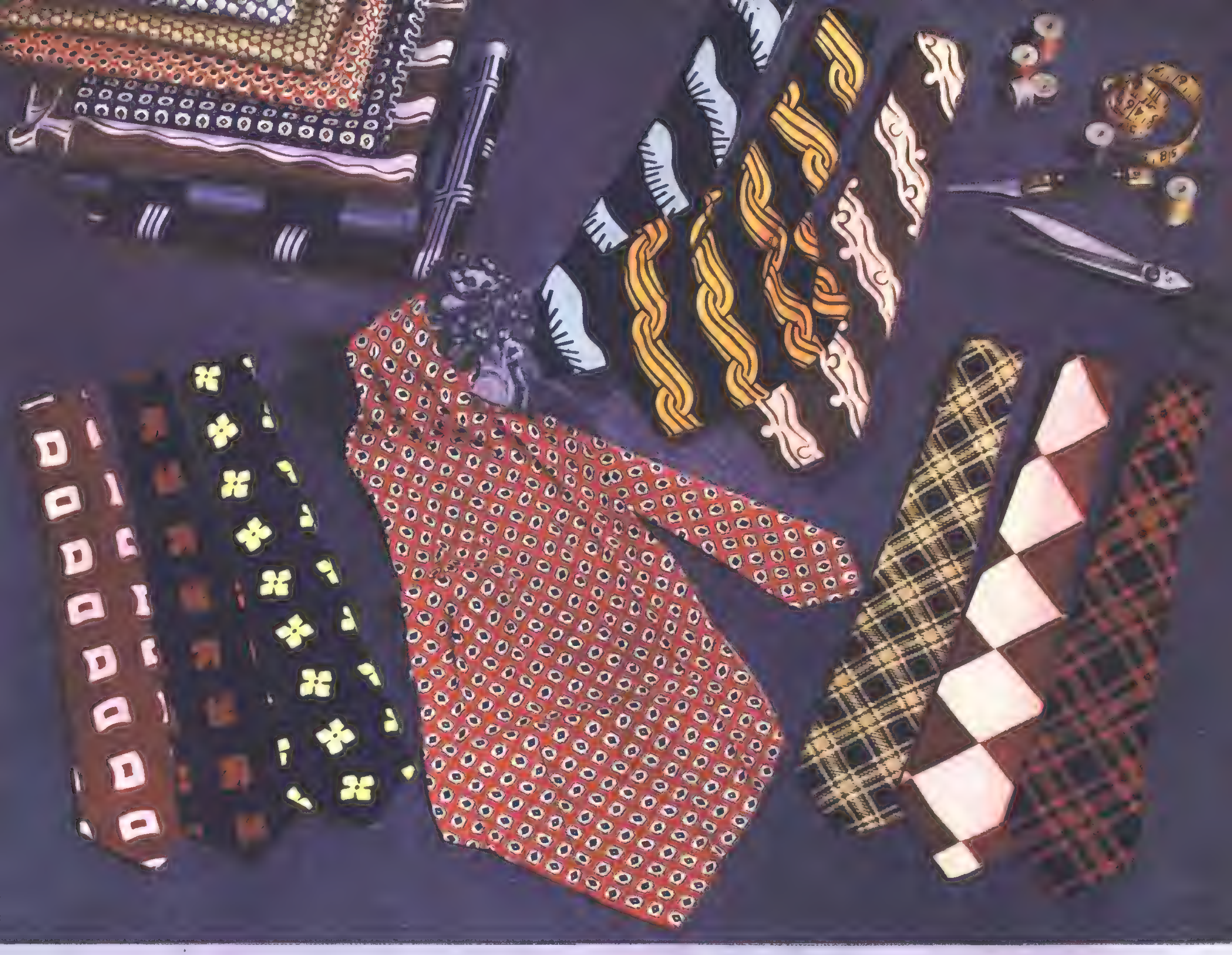


A SMART BET FOR THE RACES

Drawing by J. N. C. Fenton

The filly in the picture has a very personal interest in one of the ponies, having put down a two-buck bet from her own pocket. Her friend has some money riding too and he's right in the spirit of the race track but with a degree of restraint. Take his topcoat, for instance. The Glen Urquhart plaid worsted conveys the idea without being a horse blanket and the raglan model has the free, easy lines that make for comfortable spectator sport. His tie is marked with racing colors, and a snapbrim hat combines with his striped bluish-grey tweed suit. The man in the rail position wears a covert cloth coat, a favorite for all-around wear. This particular number happens to be in a brown shade that is darker than the conventional natural color.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 97

were about to get fairly lively, the authors would bring on extraneous small-town characters and have them indulge in so much conversational atmosphere that when the vital dialogue showed up again it had lost all connective force. About the only thing that was omitted in the senseless effort to picture the whole community was the local fire engine. Under the circumstances, a play that might have proved holding if a half hour shorter was prolonged to the point where its interest was dissipated.

Speaking of plays like this one in which the ruckus proceeds from the love of a white man for a Negro girl, or vice versa, I have wondered why someone hasn't thought of the novelty of writing such a play in which the love story would be allowed to follow its course with absolutely no reference on the part of any of the characters to the difference in the protagonists' color. In other words, to treat it exactly as if both were of the same race, and without the slightest hullabaloo. I mentioned the notion the other day to my friend Eugene O'Neill. "It's all right as far as it goes," he muttered, "but it wouldn't get over. The audience would insist to itself that the girl was a Creole."

The padding of exhibits to make them cover the standard theatre playing time is also noticeable in many of the musical shows. This accounts for the surplus of soul-destroying ballets which latterly have gone a long way toward botching shows that would be a heap more entertaining without them. Take, for instance, the one called *The Day before Spring*. It is a very pleasant show up to two points in the evening. At those points someone has inserted ballets lasting for a full twenty minutes each, and each of those twenty minutes seems endlessly long enough to allow the audience to go out to the nearest bar and get drunk, which, in view of the quality of the ballets, wouldn't be such a bad idea.

The ballets are, to put it mildly, dreadful and ruin the good impression made by the show's other elements. They purportedly picture, so far as anyone can make out, what the life of the heroine would be like if she stuck to her husband or if she eloped with her lover. They are so silly, what with both picturings involving a couple of ballet dancers hoofing around the stage like hysterical antelopes, that the only conclusion the audience arrives at is that the heroine would be better off if she left both her husband and lover and spent the remainder of her life at a rest cure. Since the heroine is played by the attractive Irene Manning, this would be a dirty shame.

If the ballets were cut out, the show in its shorter form would seem twice as good. But our audiences, to repeat, seem arbitrarily to demand two-and-a-half or three hours' worth for their money, even if forty minutes of the time puts them to sleep. One of these days a producer is going to put on some such Continental musical as Walter Kollo's *His Majesty's Levee* which hasn't a ballet in it, which sings its happy say in less than two hours' time and which is going to surprise audiences into the merry realization that entertainment doesn't necessarily consist of sitting in a theatre until it is time for the milkman to make his rounds.

Because of this theatrical yearning to wait around for the milkman, however trying the circumstances, our stage is deprived of the pleasure of many plays that might contribute to its richer satisfaction: the short plays of such dramatists as Strindberg, Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Maeterlinck (whose short plays are the superior of his longer ones), Dunsany, Robinson, et al. As a nation, we are hospitable to a lot of short things, among them the short drink called the cocktail, the B.V.D. kind of underdrawers, the quick lunch, the short story, even the short-short story, the literary digest, and a full plenty of others. But, when it comes to entertainment, we demand extra length above almost everything. If the public isn't given two pairs of pants with every dramatic suit, it sulks. What it wants, though it kill it, is six-day bicycle races, three-and-a-half hour movie epics, marathon dance contests, shop-window human automatons who don't visibly move a muscle for twenty-four hours, and other such absurdities.

And in the theatre, what it wants, though it also may occasionally kill it, are plays and shows that are foolishly driven to expand themselves with deceptively delayed first curtains, protracted intermissions, and like time-bridges to eleven o'clock. To say nothing of scenes sometimes paced so slowly that one fears the actors have become suddenly paralyzed, extrinsic stage business imposed upon the play simply to kill time, meaningless stage crossings and similar directorial dodges, extended meditations on the part of the actors, and enough ridiculous dramatic pauses to equip a hundred circus acrobats.

Their unquestioned quality undoubtedly had much less to do with the success of such plays as O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra* than their mere great length. Maurice Evans' uncut *Hamlet*, which ran for all hours, was a box-office sensation. One of these days a producer will put on a play that runs from four o'clock in the afternoon until four the next morning and will probably make a million dollars. If he adds several awful ballets for extra measure and it runs until five o'clock, he will probably make two million. #

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Sunday Afternoon

Continued from page 88

her, for I thought that sitting beside a squirrel was better than facing one. She looked over her unoccupied shoulder and smiled, enough to launch me from my seat like a discus. Settling down beside her, I made a few suitable remarks about the air, Sunday, and our precarious position in the front of the bus, to all of which she replied with just enough enthusiasm. I was restless, however, and could keep my curiosity in harness no longer.

"There is a squirrel on your shoulder," I said, as if she had a cinder in her eye.

"Yes, there is," she replied.

"Do you always carry a squirrel on your shoulder?" I asked.

"Every Sunday we take a ride together," she said. "That's the only time when we're both off." Saying this she reached into her pocket and pulled out the bag of peanuts which she offered me, first taking one herself. I declined, feeling that to take one would be to take it out of the mouths of squirrels, but she simply held the bag in her lap, eating nuts and throwing the shells over the side of the bus. The squirrel paid no attention to her, and she never gave it a peanut.

"Didn't you buy those for the squirrel?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied, munching in a manner similar to a squirrel herself. "He doesn't ever eat peanuts. These are for me."

"I thought all squirrels liked peanuts," I remarked. "What does this one like?"

"Grapes."

"Seedless grapes?" I ventured.

"Seedy or seedless . . . it makes no difference to a squirrel," said the girl, still absorbed with the peanuts.

After this conversational cipher I made no further attempt to fathom the menu of my two companions, but looked ahead at the street and helped myself to peanuts.

We rode in this fashion far up Riverside Drive until only parks and apartments made up the scenery and the river lay far below. As the bus rolled to a stop somewhere near Grant's Tomb, the squirrel got down from the girl's shoulder and hopped off her lap, crawling between my legs and down the aisle to the stairs. I turned in time to see him hopping down the steps out of sight, while the girl remained right beside me.

"Aren't you going to get off with your squirrel?" I asked.

"No, not here," she said. "I get off two blocks from here."

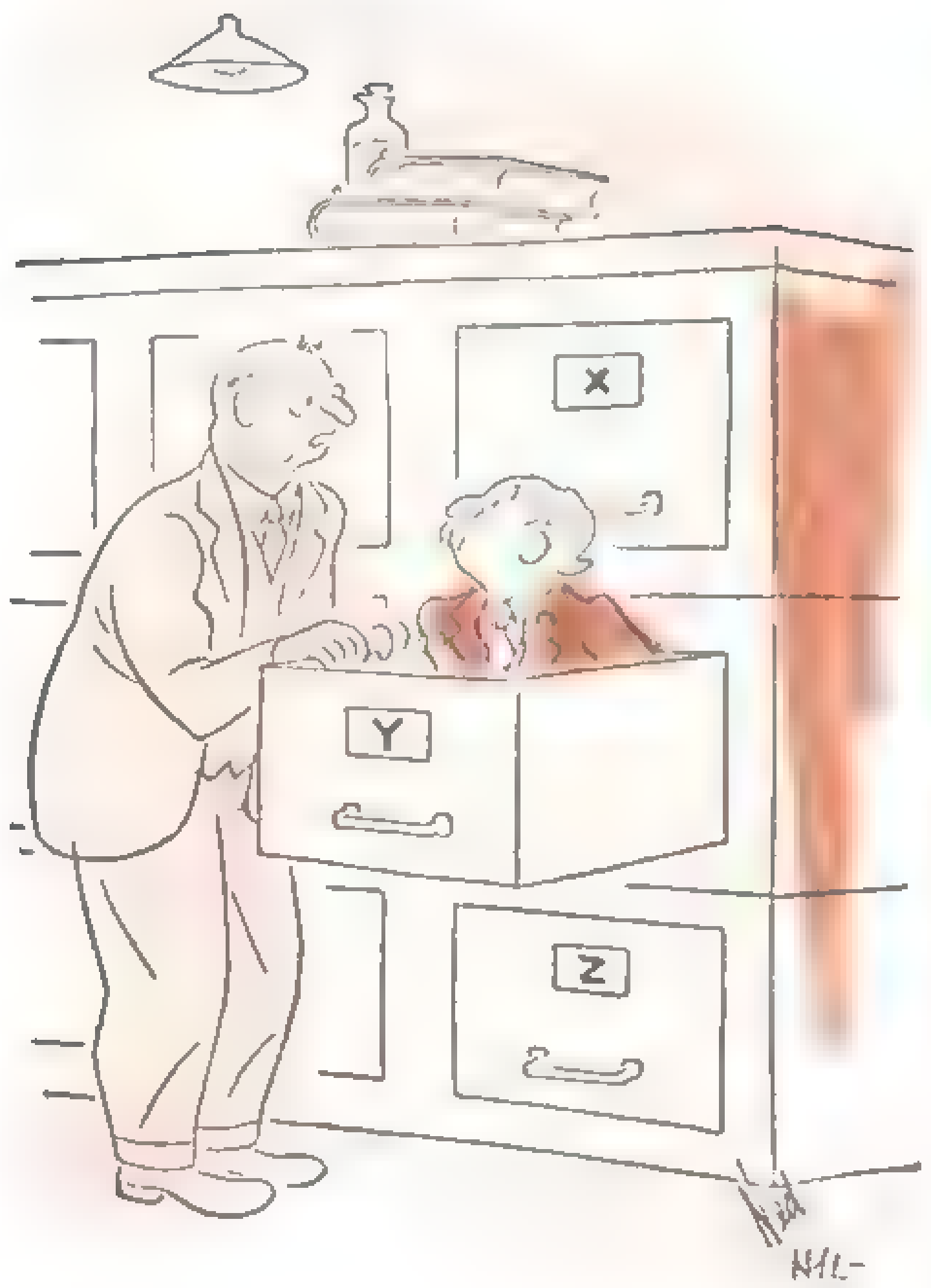
"Why does he get off without you?"

Looking as though she wished I would stop asking foolish questions, she said, "He lives there."

Once again placed in what was becoming an exasperation of such real proportions that I could have peeled it, I settled back to watch the river and the Sunday strollers. At the next stop she excused herself, saying that she was glad to have met me, and went below to the street. I saw her walking into the park as the bus rolled up the Drive.

Disturbed beyond what seemed physical endurance, I nevertheless held on and continued my Sunday ride, seeing New York become once more confused as we entered the jungles of the Upper West Side. The bus turned at a point where I thought another foot would bring us to Canada, and once again we were heading downtown and, for me, home. We had reached the stop where the squirrel had got off on the way up, when a girl looking similar but not exactly like my peanut-eating companion slipped into the seat across the aisle from me in the front of the bus. She was wearing the same sort of plain clothes and was perfectly ordinary, looking like the first girl but also somewhat like the squirrel, I thought. My mild curiosity was becoming more violent, when suddenly I noticed that she was eating grapes out of a brown-paper bag, nibbling at them with her front teeth and staring ahead.

Now perhaps you would have stayed around until your own street appeared on the horizon, but frayed and mentally shredded as I was, I ran from my seat, and left the bus still moving on its way. I hailed a cab and never stopped shaking until I had tied myself to a stool at my bar with three martinis looking up at me with small, beady eyes where olives should have been. ⌗



"But, Mr. Sullivan—you should be filed under 'S'!"

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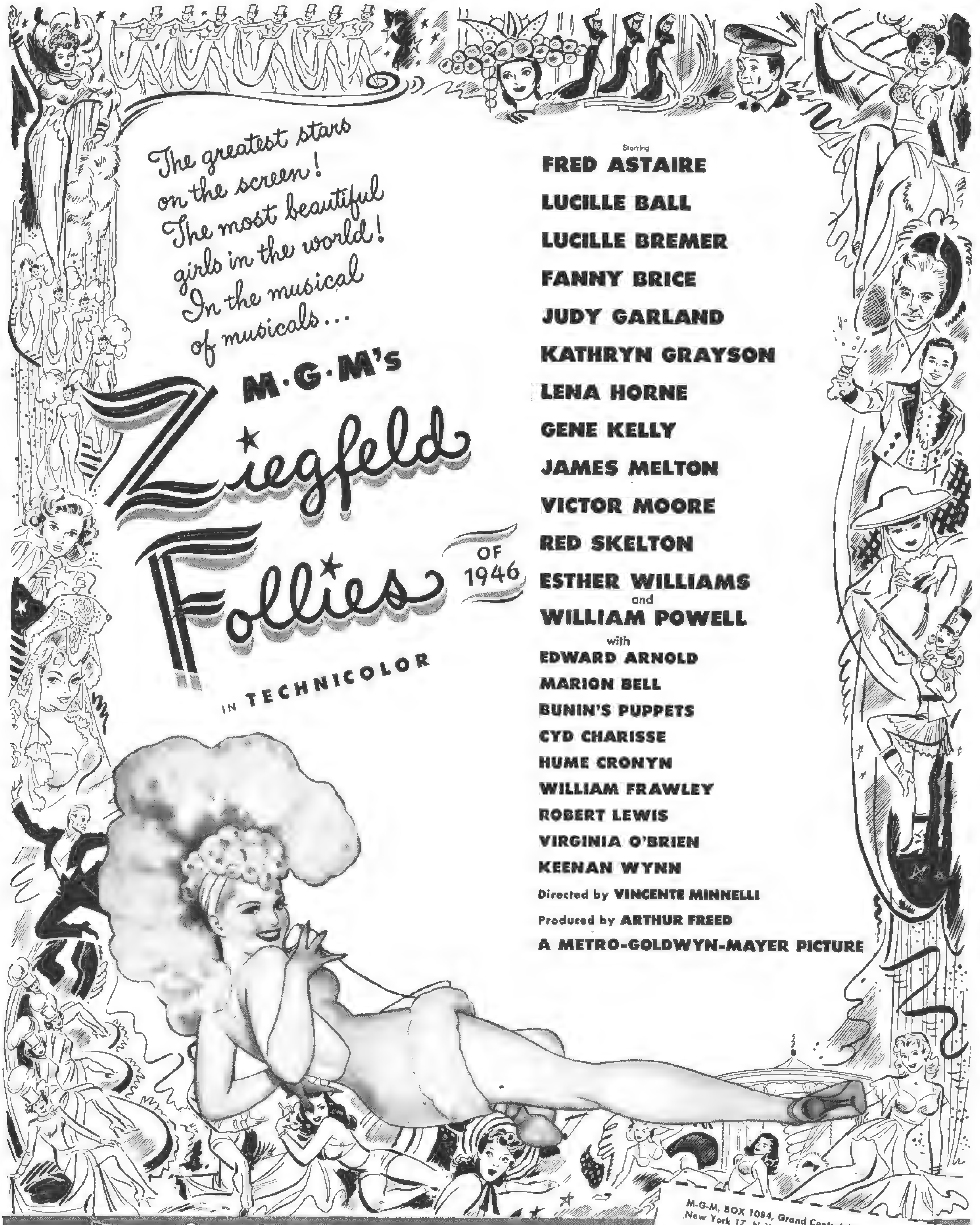

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with
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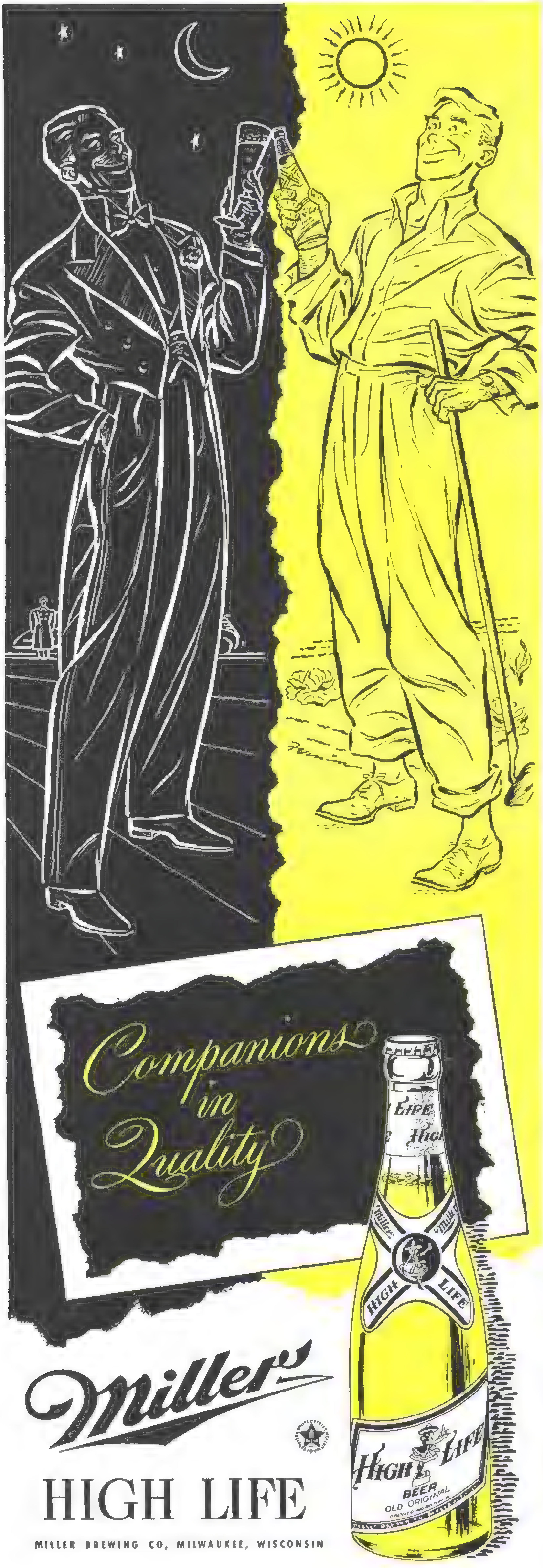

Back to Utopia

Continued from page 63

accompanied the rejection with an autographed photo. Always a cautious Lothario, I had accompanied my honorable offer with return postage. Despite my rebuff, I continued to love Miss Lawrence, whenever I had fifteen cents, until well after my thirteenth birthday.

Those were the great days of romance.

In a dark theatre, a guy could look on the magnified features of his loved one and let his mind wander. No great playwrights were permitted to disturb ecstasy with chatter. The dull thud of falling bon mots did not interrupt our rapture. Real love gives the microphone nothing to record. The inspired neck-biting of Gloria Swanson and Valentino could not have been improved by a sound track recording every platitude and grunt. When people say interesting things, they are thinking of themselves. Lovers should forget themselves. So should audiences, if the lovers are on the beam.

James Hilton, in a recent article, mourns the passing of silent movies as an international medium of ideas. He says he recently had a batch of oldies run off for him—and they left him cold. Like most modern Messiahs, Mr. Hilton judges art not by what it does to him, but what he feels it should do to somebody else.

My approach to the silents was somewhat different. I seldom worried over whether their message was being carried to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb or the headwaters of the Amazon. I was more concerned with the daydreams they were creating in the Gayoso Theater in Kansas City. Later, when I visited Port Said and Benares, I found the natives equally indifferent to movie reactions in the American Bible belt. And, oddly enough, audiences in Bangkok and Prague enjoyed the same musings I did when they looked at the same close-ups accompanied by the same noises. In Singapore, I sat between two Chinese girls and we sniffled together while the *Man in the Iron Mask* held the dying heroine in his arms, and the orchestra gave out with *Oh, What a Pal Was Mary*. Music was a vital part of the illusion.

Mr. Hilton might have surrendered to the silents had he seen them, not in the celotex silence of a studio projection room, but with the soul-stirring accompaniment of a symphony orchestra—or, at least, of an eighteen-year-old pianist who was working her way through high school.

The Spiral Staircase recaptures the dreamy, poetic quality of a silent movie by concentrating on its mute heroine. Director Robert Siodmak and Cameraman Nicholas Musuraca dwell lovingly on the features of Dorothy McGuire and rediscover the range and beauty of the human face as an instrument for emotional story telling. This lyric handling of photography raises the Schary film above the trite level of blood-and-thunder melodrama. Miss McGuire is too young to remember much about the methods of silent acting, but she proves herself an able mistress of it. Her sensitive performance benefits greatly from Ray Webb's excellent musical score. There is nothing like a symphony to back up a close-up.

One of the most difficult things for a screen writer to learn is what not to write. Edward G. Robinson reading wistful dialogue will sound like a jerk. But his brooding face accompanied by the wailing of fifty fiddles will tear your heart out. If they can do that for a kisser like Robinson's, you can imagine what they'll do for Dorothy's.

Miss McGuire's success as a silent actress is especially interesting because, when she first came to Hollywood, she and the camera got off to a very bad start. In her first picture, *Claudia*, she ran through her repertoire of stage tricks with all the glibness and shallowness of a trained dog who had fallen into a rut on the Pantages circuit. In *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* she showed a human weariness and groping that were much more lifelike. *The Spiral Staircase* is her triumph. As the mute and bewildered maidservant who is marked for murder, she gives a performance that ranks with Janet Gaynor's great work in the first screen version of *Seventh Heaven*, or of Lillian Gish's in *Broken Blossoms*.

Her poignant terror creates a bond of sympathy with the audience. This is desirable in any picture and particularly necessary in a mystery. The lack of this element made *And Then There Were None* a cold and objective affair, although it had a distinguished cast and many directorial excellencies. You never gave a damn who got murdered next.

And there's little real suspense in a mystery unless you do care—about somebody. A walk through a slaughterhouse can be a gloomy promenade unless you're following someone you love.

Paramount's *Kitty* is laid in the eighteenth century. However it reaches the screen both sexless and senseless. The point of Rosamond Marshall's story becomes mislaid among a welter of box wigs, panniers and quizzing glasses. Everything is accurate except the plot. Someone at Paramount neglected the development of the principal characters to photograph in affectionate detail every ruffle of the handsome youth who plays the future king of England. Whoever made this decision was the first American since Benedict Arnold to fall in love with George III.

The original novel was a study

Continued on page 154

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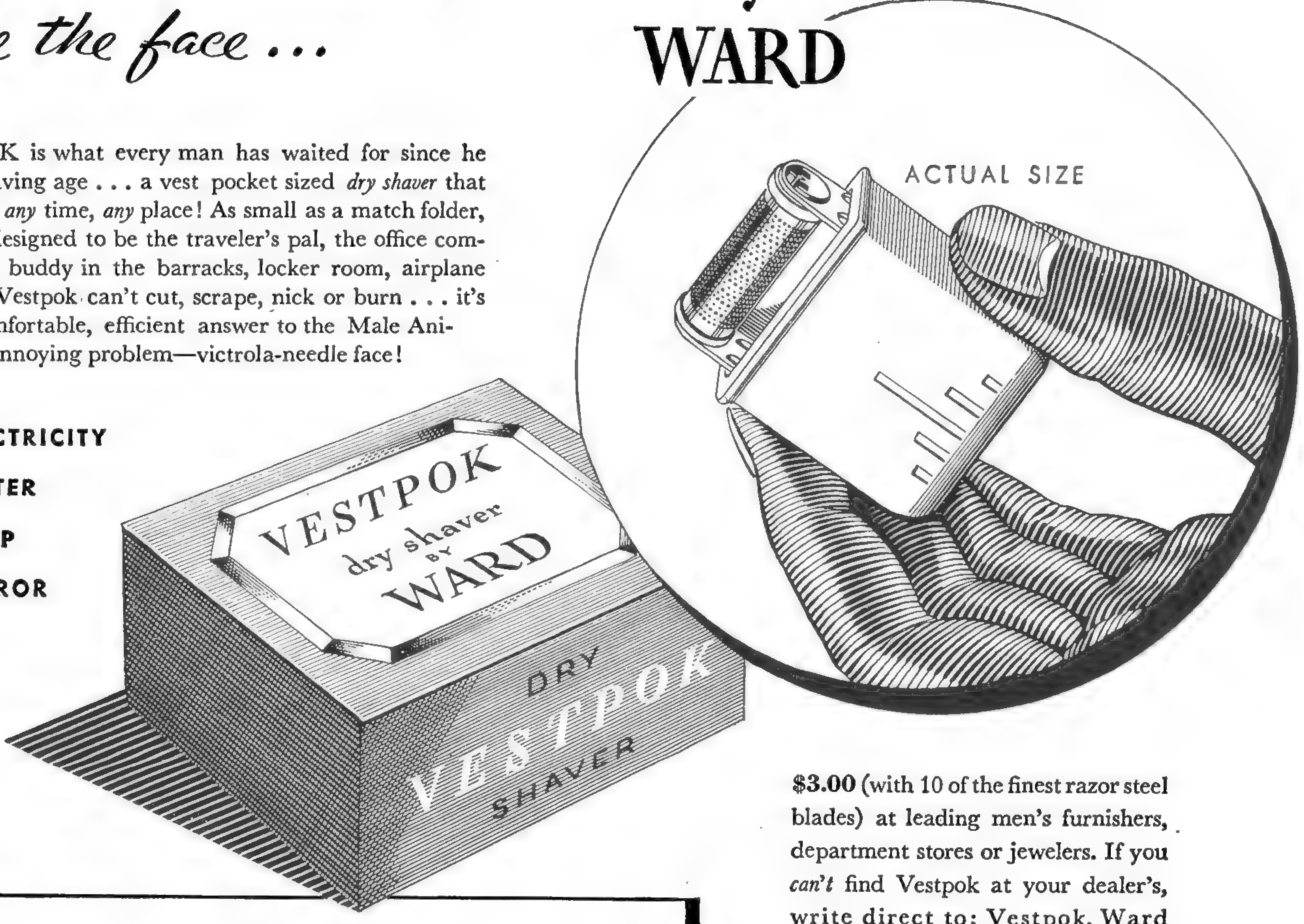

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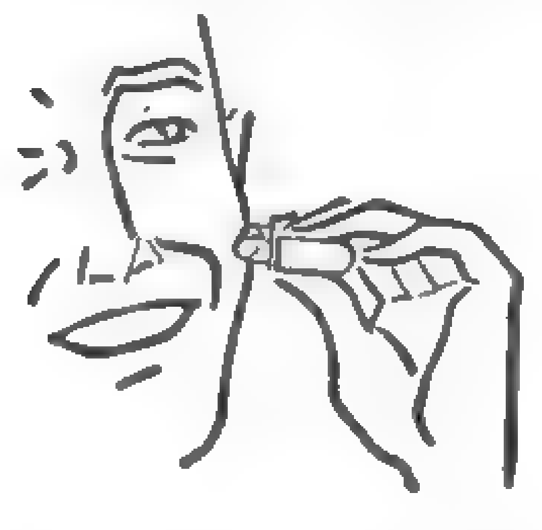

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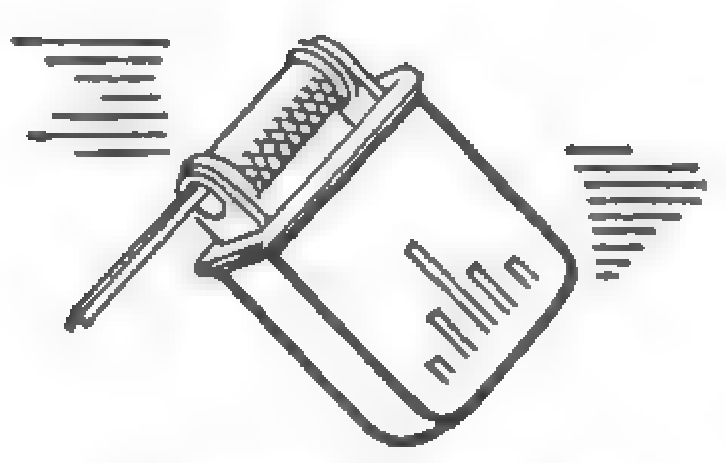

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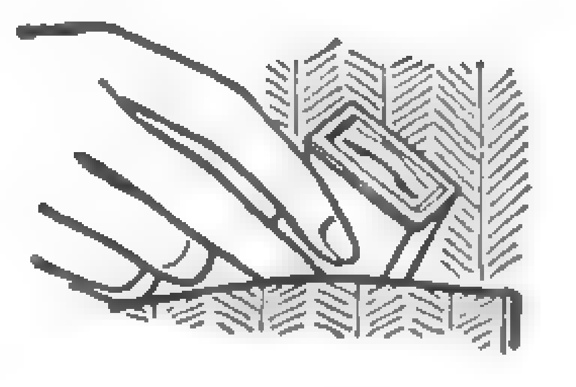

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Back to Utopia

Continued from page 152

in aristocracy. Its main climax dealt with the struggle which occurred when the heroine found the physical infatuation which she felt for a blueblooded scoundrel at odds with her delinquent social awakening. It was the clash of biology with idiology. The movie leaves out the physical infatuation. It also leaves out the social awakening. So you can see what happened to *that* climax. Instead of rejecting the dissolute rogue who raised her from the gutter to the peerage, the scenario has her marry him. Thus the ironic motif of how a prostitute became an aristocrat, while an aristocrat became a prostitute, is thrown out the window. And all for the sake of a final clinch that pleases nobody. The adapters move from triumph to triumph. Having thwarted the author, they dismay the audience.

With the plot thus manhandled, some excellent acting is wasted. Paulette Goddard might have been sensational as Kitty—had her role made sense. Her individual scenes, which, for the most part, are inexpert plagiarisms of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, contain some fine first-class comedy. But they don't add up to anything. Ray Milland's careful study of a Georgian rake is scintillating. It might have equaled his performance in *The Lost Weekend*. But it won't.

Producer Mitchell Leisen by laboring to produce a depressingly happy ending, has turned Milland's convincing villain into an unbelievable hero who deserves to be hanged.

Reginald Owen, as the old duke, delivers the picture's most successful performance. Mr. Leisen always can be depended upon to lampoon a husband with spirit and relish. In *Frenchman's Creek*, he made every married man in Cornwall seem an ass and a fool. He favors such candy-box epics as the Daphne du Maurier story, where, by exhibiting Señor Arturo de Cordova in a mink brassiere, he made the screen pulse with illicit passion. Practically everything about *Frenchman's Creek* was feverish. While surprising a town, the pirates advertised their presence with delirious soprano chanties that made England seem under attack by the glee club from Amherst. There were other paroxysms. Joan Fontaine was so exhausted she crawled up a flight of stairs on her hands and knees. When she got there, she picked up a half-ton suit of armor and hurled it at the villain.

But when faced with the honest emotions of *Kitty*, Mr. Leisen turns out something as frostily

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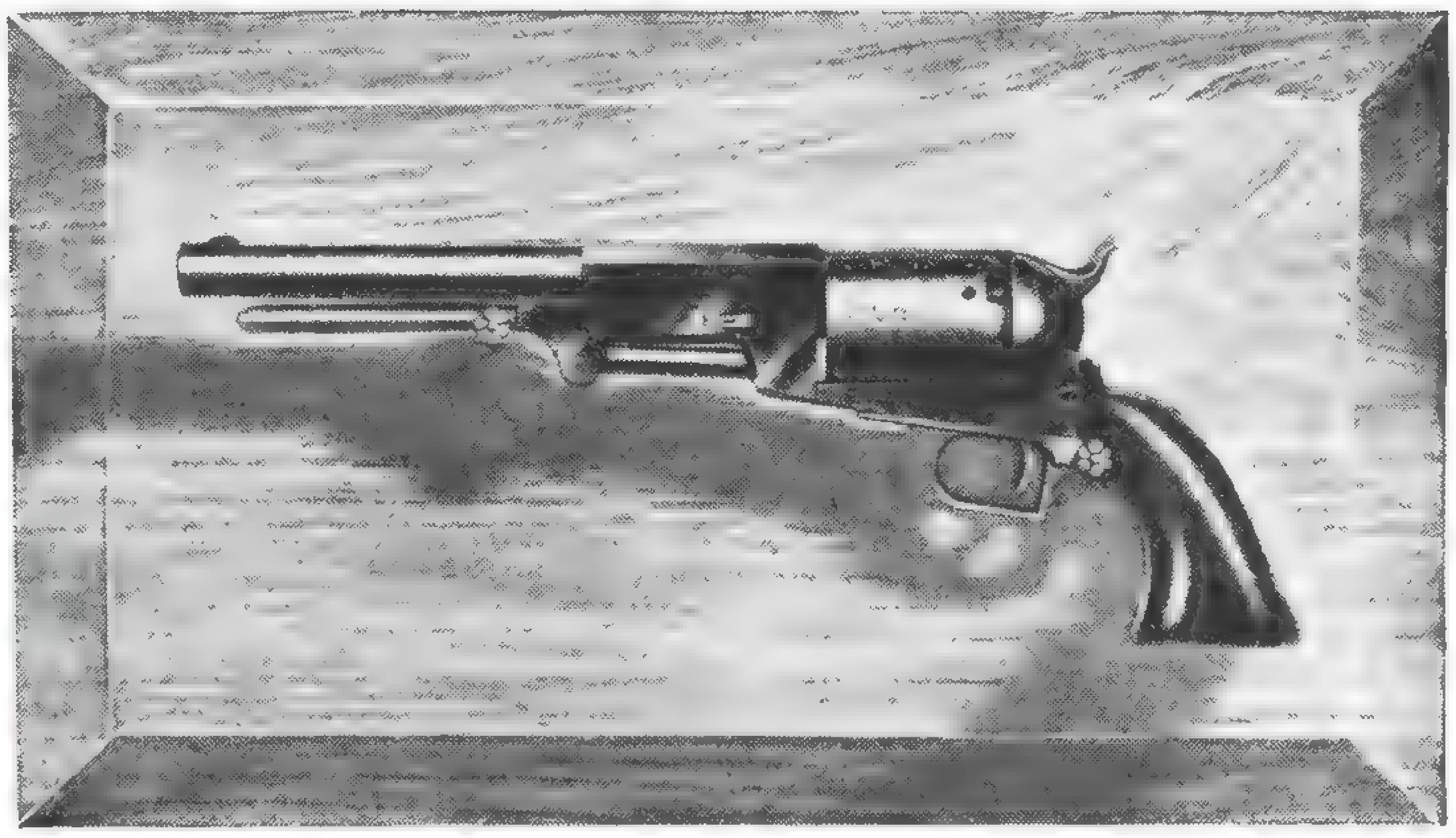

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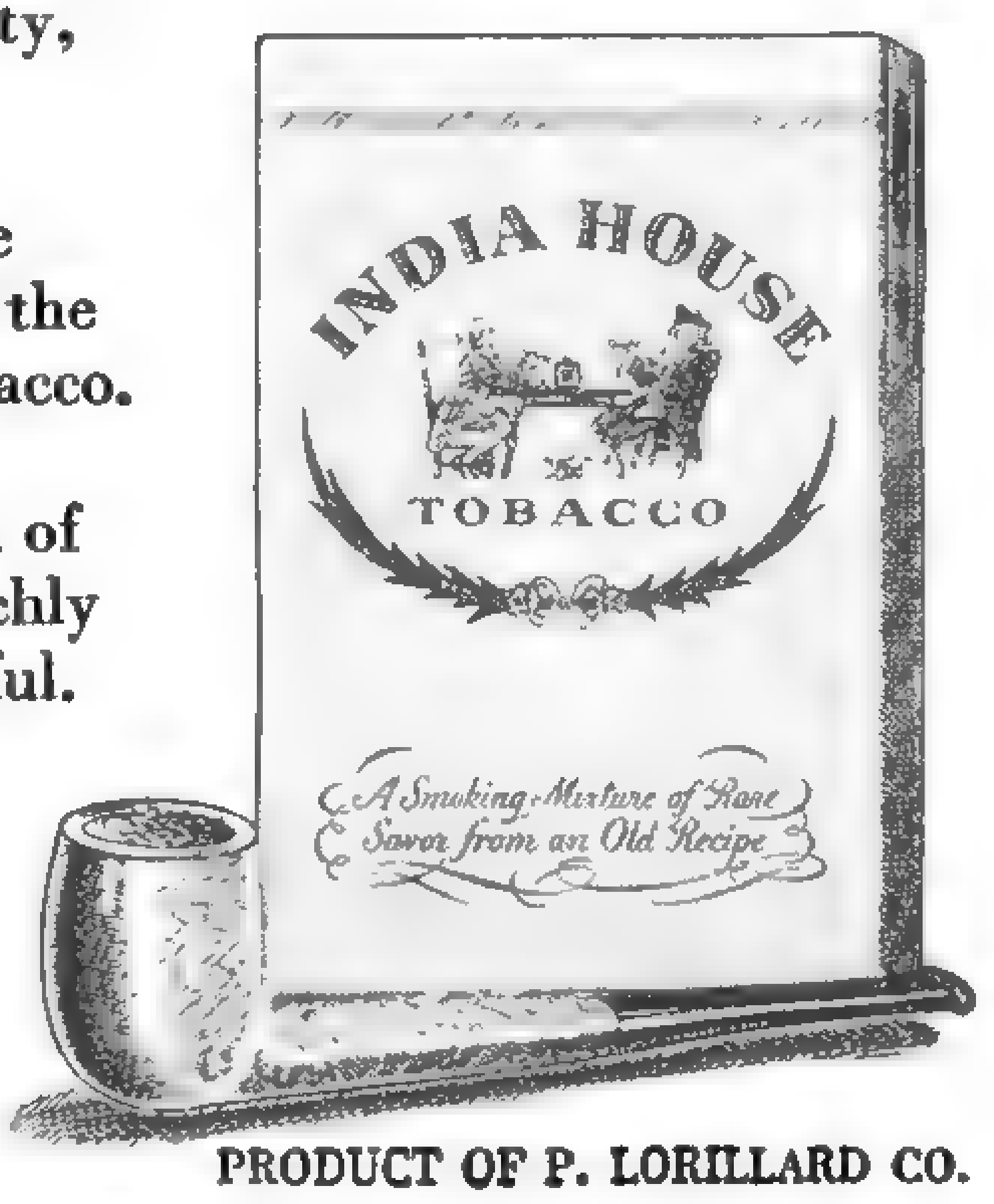

romantic as the Winter Carnival at Dartmouth.

Warner's *Devotion* deals, somewhat gingerly, with the lives of Emily, Charlotte and Anne Brontë, and apparently confuses them with Jo, Meg, Beth and Amy, a group of other *Little Women*, who were brought up under slightly different home conditions in the past century. If you are allergic to the allegorical, you had better stay away. Emily keeps meeting a dark and spooky-looking horseman out on the moors and he eventually carries her away.

But somehow his hollow hoof-beats sound much more as though they were recorded on the Warners' *New York Street*, than on the bracken-covered wastes of Yorkshire's west riding. As Ida Lupino plays the part, you can no more believe that *Wuthering Heights* came out of Emily Brontë's mind than you can imagine that *The Song of Solomon* was first sung by the Andrews Sisters on a juke box.

Keith Winter's script is too maidenly to do justice to these women. The ladies in the hag-ridden Brontë household kept no trysts with shadowy horsemen, but with demon lovers who rampaged within their tortured breasts. The almost savage poverty of the parsonage at Haworth has been turned by the Warner costume department into something that looks like the special Easter edition of *Godey's Lady's Book*. The picture seems to be absolutely unaware of the fierce man-hunger and the aching yearning that caused the inhibited Emily to invoke Heathcliffe, and the suppressed Charlotte to create Rochester.

Devotion is a film without passion concerning women who were crazed with it. Curt Bernhardt's direction shows an inability to grasp the Celtic mood of his subject. He might have gotten closer to it had he taken time out to review and emulate Ben Hecht's brilliant screenplay of *Wuthering Heights*. So might Ida Lupino, who came closer to catching Emily Brontë's emotional intensity in *The Hard Way*, and in *Ladies in Retirement*, than she does in *Devotion*.

Pretty Olivia de Havilland captures the shallowness but not the jealous fire of homely Charlotte. For a hundred years the world has been wondering if this ugly duckling really had an affair with Monsieur Heger, the Brussels professor.

After seeing Victor Francen's smirking and gigoloish interpretation of that enigmatic schoolmaster, the world probably will start worrying about something else.

Arthur Kennedy seems to understand his role of the self-dramatizing brother, Branwell, but, in

Continued on page 156

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Back to Utopia

Continued from page 155

so pedestrian a production, this knowledge does him little good. Paul Henried has given intelligent study to the character of Charlotte's curate, Nickolls. If the women were better, his performance might be a standout. Nickolls was a mild man surrounded by wild women. Henried appears as a mild man surrounded by mild women.

Sidney Greenstreet portrays Thackeray by relentlessly laughing at his own jokes. He is a minor bore where William Makepeace was a colossal one. This is too bad.

America owes Thackeray a vast debt of dubious value. Had he failed to write *Vanity Fair*, we might never have been blessed with *Gone With the Wind*, and *Forever Amber*. Thackeray created Becky Sharp so that America's literary ladies could keep changing her make-up.

It seems only fair to mention that the educational values of *Devotion* have been endorsed by a magazine named *Calling All Girls*. This should be a tip-off. Any picture that even suggested the truth about the Brontë sisters couldn't be mentioned in a publication devoted to the inculcation of wholesome thoughts in bobby-soxers. *Calling All Girls* played a dirty trick on Warner Brothers, but it may have done child education a great service. Small minds grow strong while grappling with fallacy.

Some years ago M-G-M secured the benedictions of many educators by producing *Sequoia*, a picture devised to teach natural history to the young without getting their feet wet. *Sequoia's* scenes were laid among some of the finest papier-mâché rocks that ever confounded a geologist. Its plot told, at some length, of how a mountain lion loved a young deer and a little girl—not as articles of diet, but as buddies. This type of amour is so rarely encountered among feline carnivora that some sneering skeptics wondered what possible educational purpose could be served by instructing the wee ones about conditions that didn't exist.

But they soon laughed out of the other sides of their mouths when a little girl, who had seen the picture in Harney County, Oregon, set out to make friends with a cougar. She didn't have a deer, but she was accompanied by her pet billy goat. Well, sir, the puma scared hell out of the little girl and completely devoured the billy goat. After that, no one in Harney County doubted that children could learn about history by going to the movies. #

Continued from page 63

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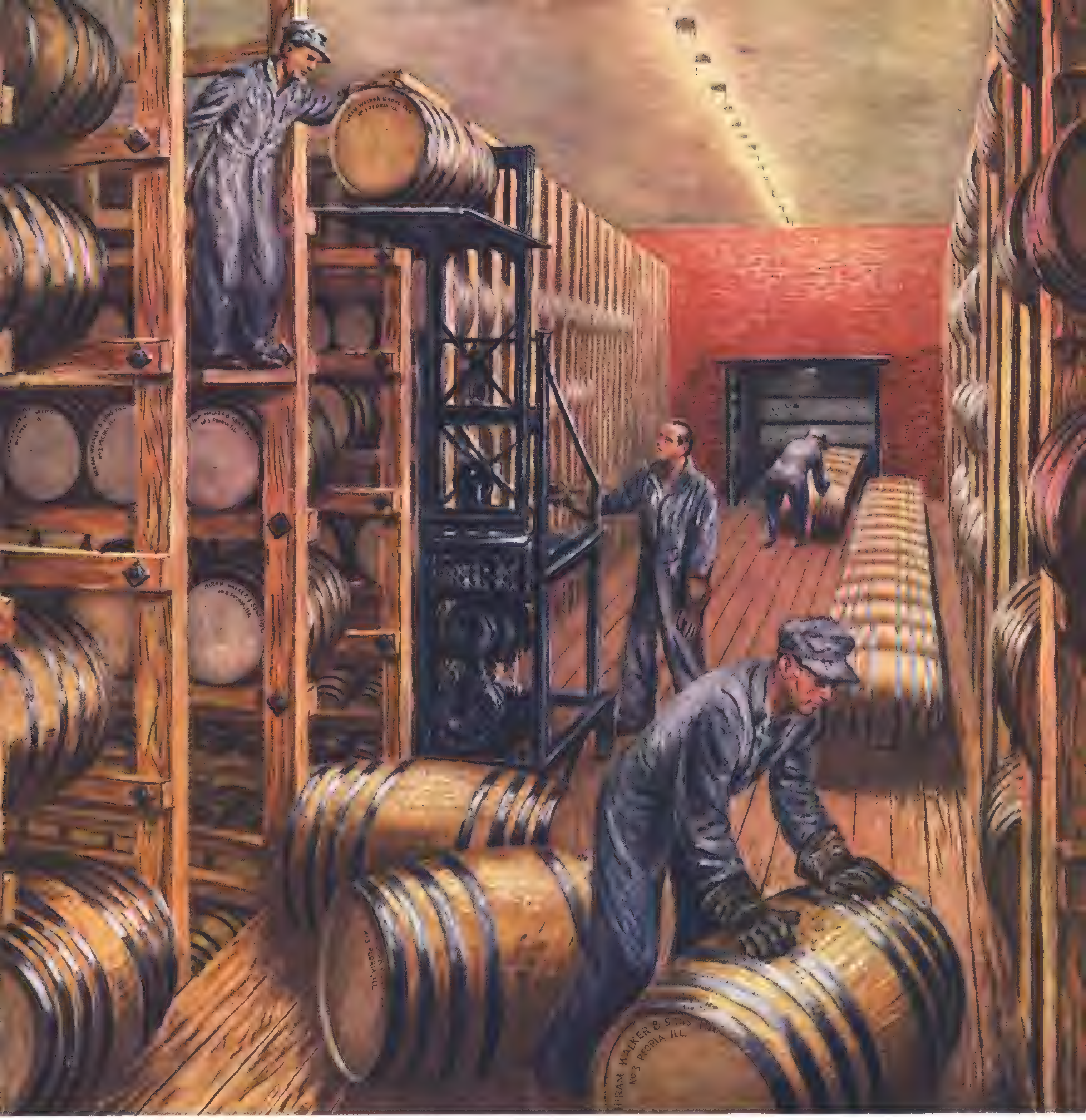

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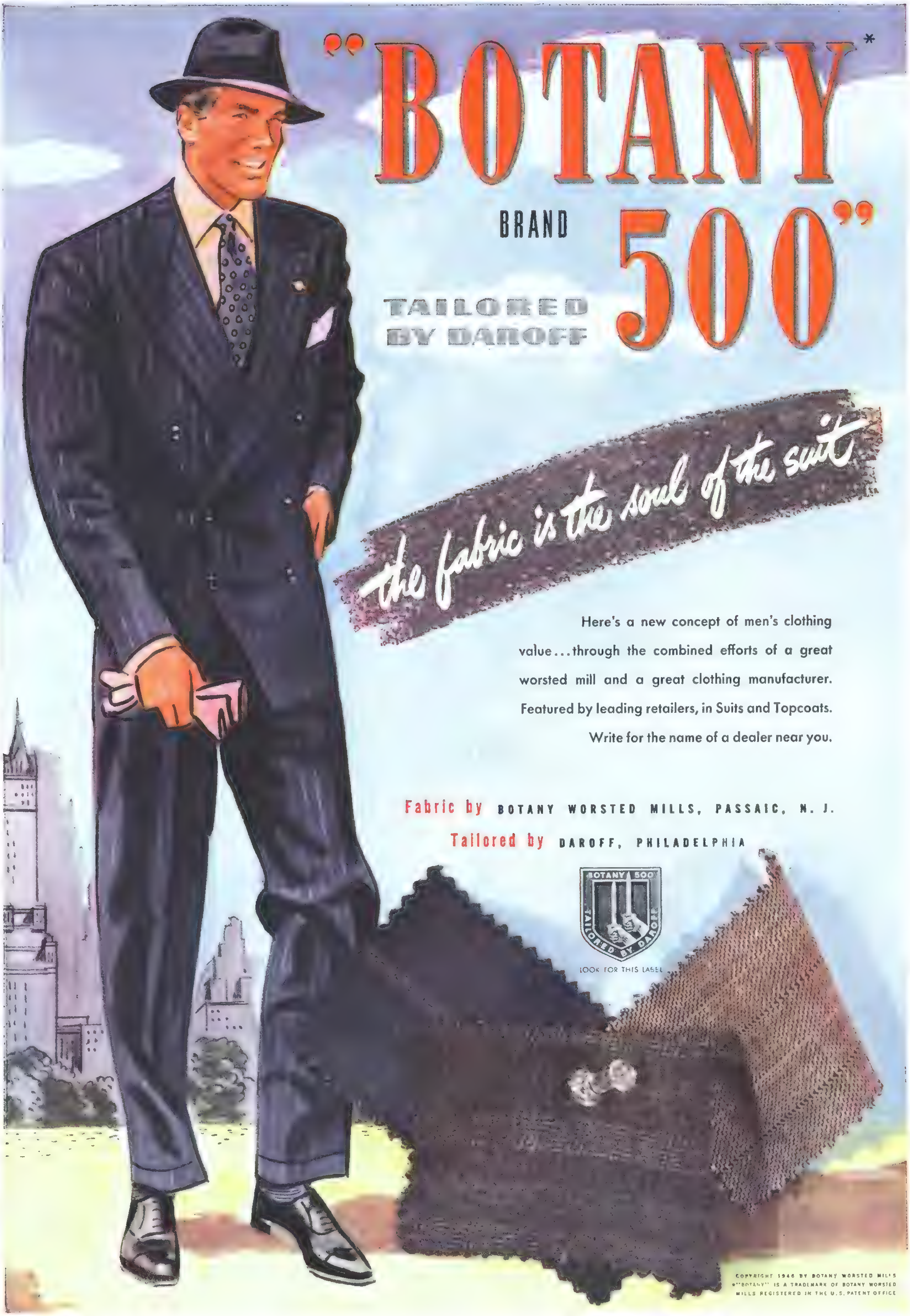
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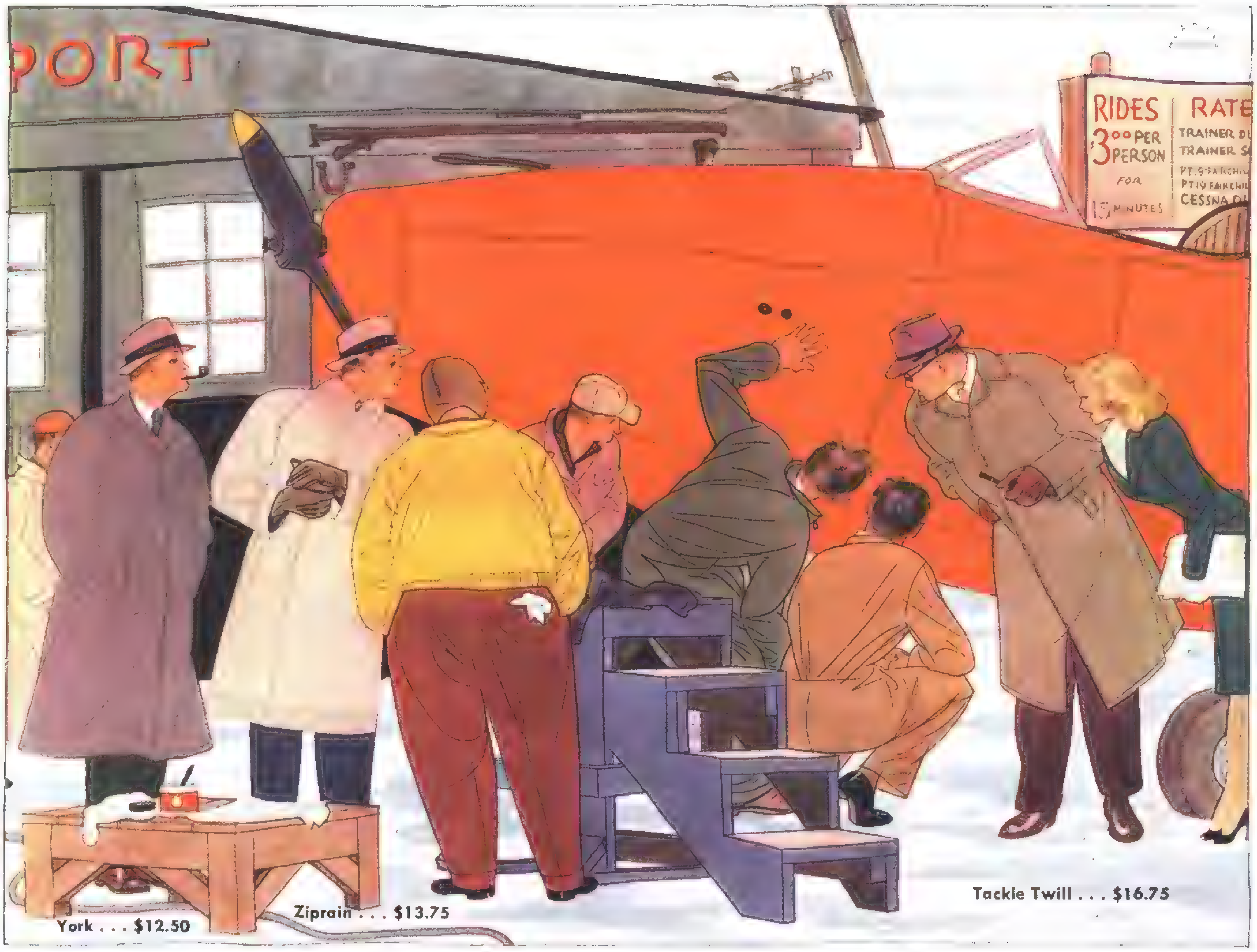

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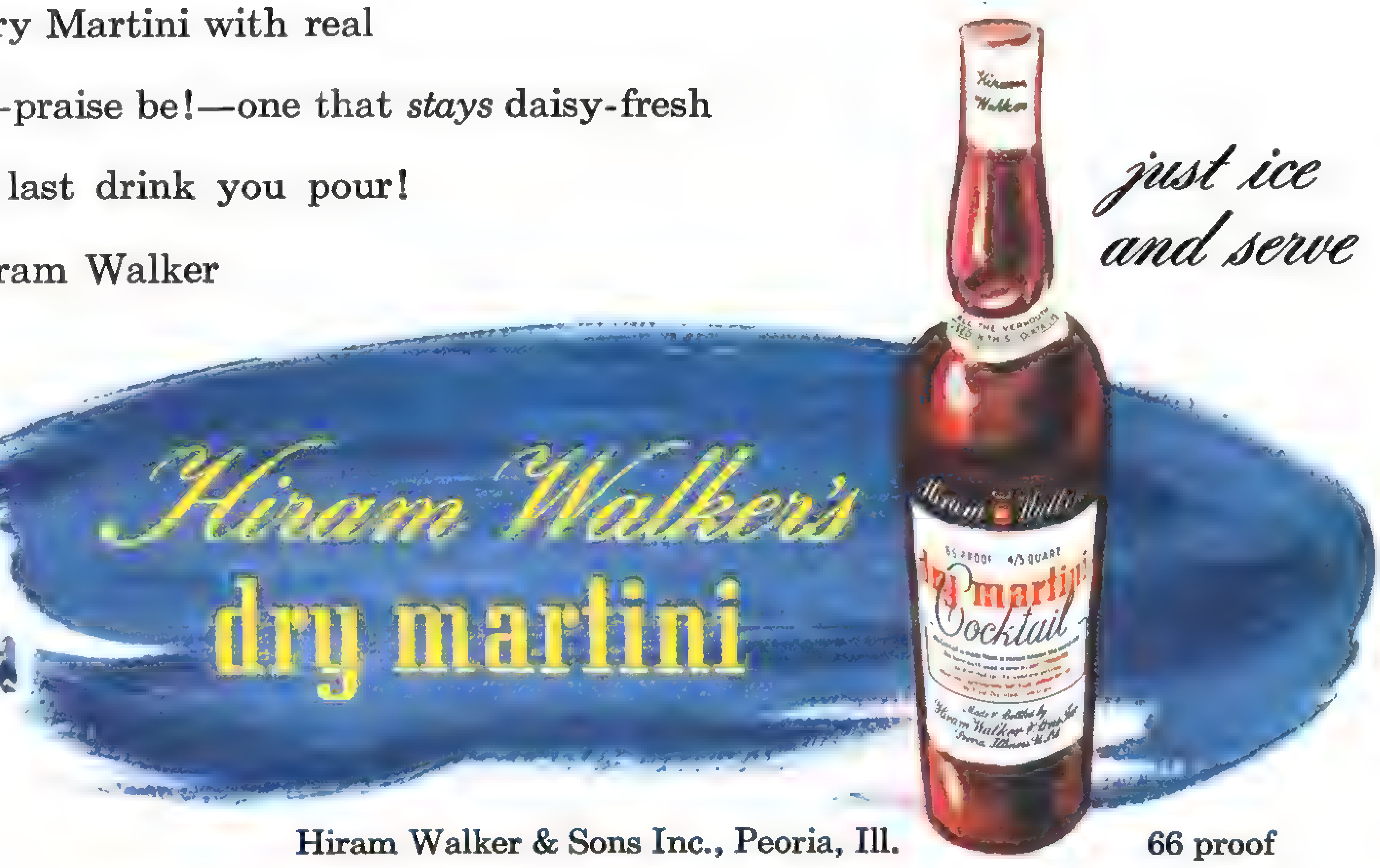

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Mr. Simpson of Tahiti

Continued from page 64

he could have posed for Don Quixote. But even more, he seemed to me to be, somehow, the perfect "something out of Dickens." He was a Dickens man, first and last, very prim and austere—a clerk, perhaps, on his daily trek to the stool and desk. For me, for the fleeting moment on the mornings I saw him, he would change the Papeete street into Piccadilly.

One morning I turned to my friend Matahi, who was sitting beside me on the bench. "Who is he?" I asked. Matahi answered, "Monsieur Simpson, photographeur."

When I think back on Quinn's now, and on Simpson, I think that destiny, shaping our ends, makes some peculiar designs with the common clay. For example, it was a combination of war, beer and tin-pan music that brought old Simpson and me together. I went to Tahiti to get away from the war for a while. I used to go down to Quinn's in the morning to get the beer and listen to the music. In my lust for both I'd always arrive early. Then I'd have to sit outside Quinn's and watch the street parade—and that's how I met Simpson.

We spoke to each other for the first time when he stopped in front of the saloon one day and stepped down from the bicycle to tighten the straps which held his camera. Then he looked over my way to where I was sitting on the wooden bench, and in a high, old man's voice he said, "Good morning."

But by way of introducing you to Mr. Simpson, let me digress for a moment to delve into one of the major paradoxes of the island of Tahiti.

Tahiti is a refuge for eccentrics. Perhaps because it has been so widely celebrated, and so vastly overrated, in song and story, that island seems to attract the flotsam and jetsam of the globe. The old lady in the sulky is a case in point. I never got to know her personal history, but I have often wondered: What demon past hounded her out of whatever country it was she came from, all the way to Tahiti, and so affected her finally that she would coat herself with layers of maquillage and dress like a crazy wanton and drive through the streets of Papeete every morning at precisely eleven a.m.? Whatever it was, let me make one point clear: It was not the least bit fabulous in Tahiti. The white population of the island is comparatively small. Each one is a refugee from something, or someone, or some place.

Continued on page 162

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Mr. Simpson of Tahiti

Continued from page 161

Each succeeding one has a past, a ghost, a skeleton in the closet more macabre than the last. Each man and woman among them has come to live there because of some strange, and sometimes wonderful, impulse. Add all those impulses together and you see that in such a place one crazy woman more or less is—well, one crazy woman more or less. What I am driving at is that in Tahiti, one of the complex places of the world, the only extraordinary story is the simple story, and on that basis—in that time and place—Mr. Simpson, photographer, had one of the most extraordinary stories I ever heard.

Mr. Simpson was about six-feet three-inches tall. I doubt if he weighed more than a hundred and ten pounds. He had a long face, a long neck, a long body, long hands, long fingers and long feet. He used to wear a wide-brimmed straw hat, and a white shirt and white pants and white sneakers. His hair was white.

He had a little house quite a way outside of town, quite a way, that is, if you bicycled back and forth all the time as he did. The house was a wooden frame thing, painted some shade of yellow, and it was divided in two parts. In the front part of it was one room which was Mr. Simpson's living room, bedroom and library. It had a bed in one corner of it, and heavily-lined bookshelves all over the walls. Whatever wall space was left was covered by prints of Mr. Simpson's photographs. The rear of the house was the combined kitchen and darkroom. In this room Mr. Simpson kept all his food and all his photographic supplies on adjacent shelves. He also kept a great many of his worldly possessions on the floor of this kitchen. The house in its entirety couldn't have been more than twenty feet by fifteen. It was quite close to the beach, and there was quite a good view of the ocean from the front windows. In this house Mr. Simpson did his own cooking and cleaning because he could not stand the frivolous chatter of the native girls who did cooking and cleaning. Mr. Simpson worshipped his privacy.

I went out to his house one Sunday afternoon to look at his photographs, and that day Mr. Simpson told me his life story.

Mr. Simpson is an American. He looks like a Yankee farmer, but he must be classified as a Californian because most of his life was spent in Los Angeles. His story, however, really starts on the day he left Los Angeles.

For many years (I cannot re-

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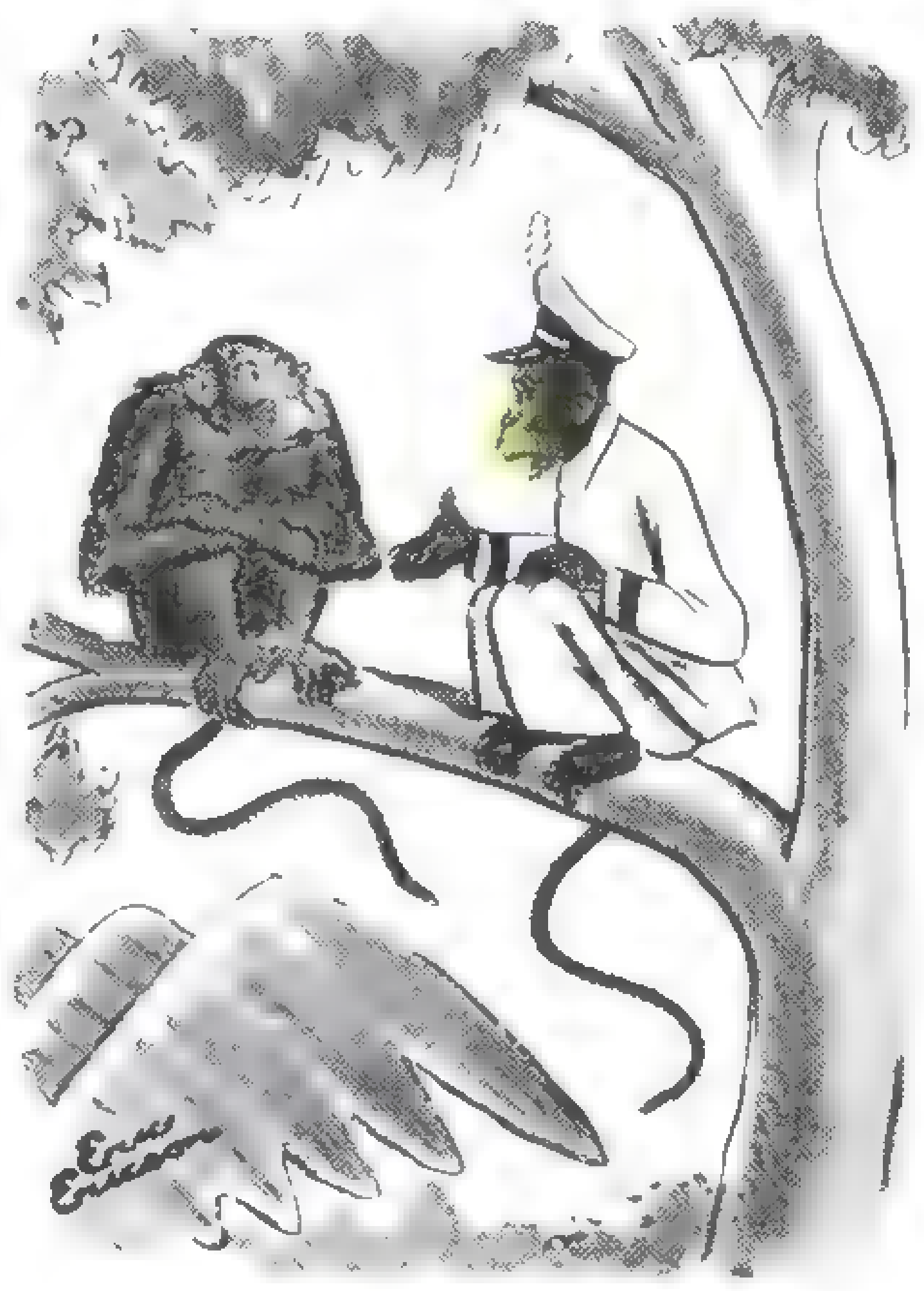
member now whether he said it was thirty or forty years) Mr. Simpson worked in a hardware store in Los Angeles. Mr. Simpson, being a bachelor, was a man whose life was bounded mainly by nuts, bolts and screws. He might have gone on being a clerk in the hardware store for the rest of his days if it had not been for the crash, and the Depression.

Mr. Simpson was not fired, but in those threadbare thirties he got apprehensive about his job. Prosperity seemed to be stalled permanently around the corner, and Mr. Simpson did a lot of thinking about it, and he must go on record as being one of the very few people in the whole world who did anything about it. Simpson, a man already in his sixties, did the thing that many men dream of doing and never do. He resigned from his job, took his lifetime savings, bought himself a ticket on a steamship, and went to the South Seas.

All this he told me while we looked at his photograph albums.



"I was fired!"

I asked him, "Why the South Seas?"

He answered, "I'd wanted to go there all my life."

I asked, "Did you make your mind up—just like that?"

"Just like *that!*" he said, and he snapped his fingers.

There was just one thing that Mr. Simpson purchased besides his steamship ticket. It was a big box camera of the bellows type; not an expensive one as cameras go. It cost somewhere around thirty-five dollars. Mr. Simpson had never gone in for photography in Los Angeles. The purchase of the camera, like the purchase of the steamship ticket, was simply another submerged ambition popping out—just like *that!*

Mr. Simpson got on the steamship and went to Bali, and Java, and Sumatra. All the time he kept taking pictures with his thirty-five-dollar camera. Ex-hardware salesman, an aging man, skinny and tall, with a head that turned on a long neck like a mantis, he

Continued on page 164

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cools the smoke... as it cleanses the smoke -makes pipe function superbly

THE CHANGEABLE FILTER has a patented construction that filters flakes and juices before smoke reaches your mouth. The absorbent cellophane wrapped filter is changeable! When stained from tars and nicotine, replace with a fresh filter. Royal Demuth is exquisitely fashioned from genuine imported briar root. Over 100 skilled manufacturing operations go into each pipe. William Demuth & Company, Inc., N. Y., 24.

WDC

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DRY MARTINI
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Here are superb cocktails that you can serve at the drop of a hat!

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Old Fashioned, *80 proof* • Side Car, *60 proof* • Daiquiri, *70 proof.*

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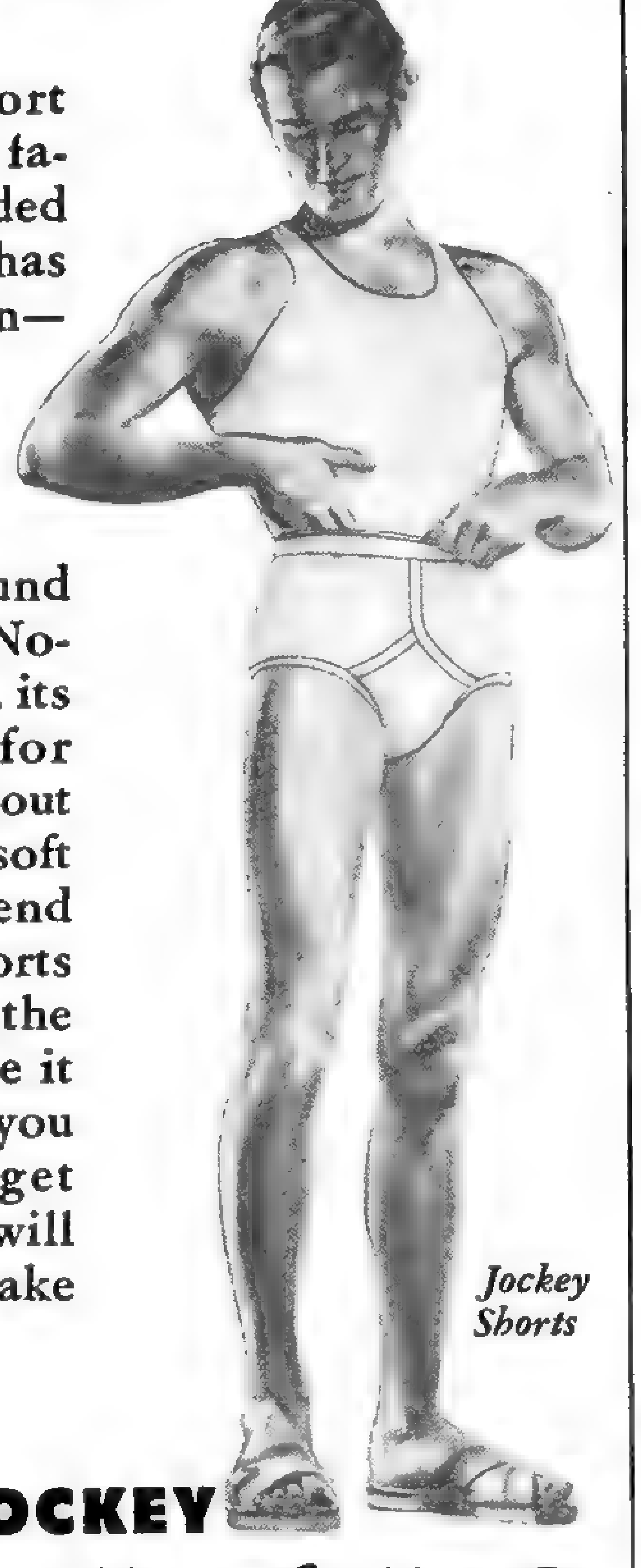

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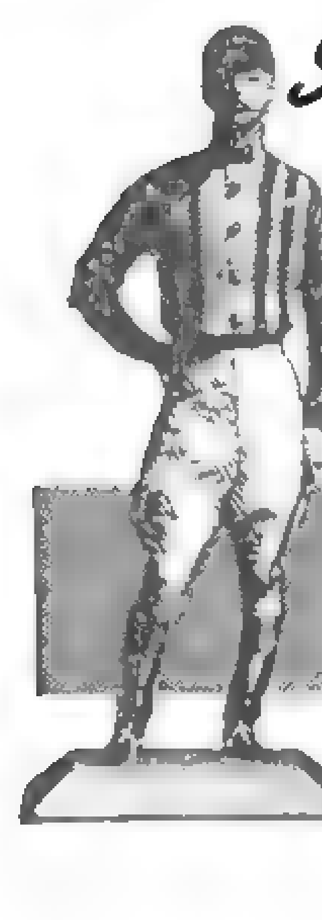

Jockey Underwear

Licensees for Canada, Moodies; for British Isles, Lyle & Scott; for Australia, Speedo Knitting Mill; for New Zealand, Lane-Walker-Rudkin; for Switzerland, Vollmoeller

Mr. Simpson of Tahiti

Continued from page 163

must have seemed odd to his fellow tourists in those days—in those carefree days when there were tourists in the South Seas.

"And then," Mr. Simpson told me, "I came to Tahiti, and I knew this was where I wanted to live. I've lived here ever since."

I do not know how many times I heard that phrase on different lips in the two weeks I languished in Tahiti:—"And then I came to Tahiti, and I knew this was where I wanted to live."

Mr. Simpson got himself a little house, and made a darkroom for himself, and set himself up in business as a photographer. He was finally where he wanted to be, and all the news of depressions and firings and unemployments in the rest of the world could not shake him to his roots as they had done once before.

For the last ten years Mr. Simpson has been taking portraits of the people around him. He takes group pictures at weddings, and parties, and births, and deaths, and he takes pictures of houses all at a fixed fee. He is a hard man to pin down to any specific job you may have for him because he likes to go out into the country and take pictures of the natives and the landscapes for his own pleasure. He rigs the camera and the tripod on the back of the bicycle and he goes off, and if the esteemed Mrs. Punahavo, wife of Tahiti's sugar baron, should suddenly command Mr. Simpson to come over and take pictures of her grandchild's confirmation, Mrs. Punahavo will have to go whistling. Mr. Simpson—*photographeur*—is in the hills taking pictures for his own edification and for no profit at all.

He still uses the same old camera. It is in terrible shape. The bellows is held together by adhesive, and the screws which hold the lens together keep popping out at odd moments. The tripod is rickety. So is Mr. Simpson. It's rather an ordeal when he has to take a time exposure. He sets the camera up on the tripod, pinches the leaks in the bellows together with his fingers, and looks for somebody with a steadier hand to hold the tripod straight.

Mr. Simpson has thousands of photographs. He has no particular specialty. He has pictures of landscapes, flowers, trees, children, seascapes, mountaintops, weddings, dances, villages and village feasts, moonrises and sunsets, and a thousand other things.

I used to sit in his house and thumb through his scrapbooks. As a record of a man's wanderings in ten years they are encyclopedic, for Mr. Simpson has

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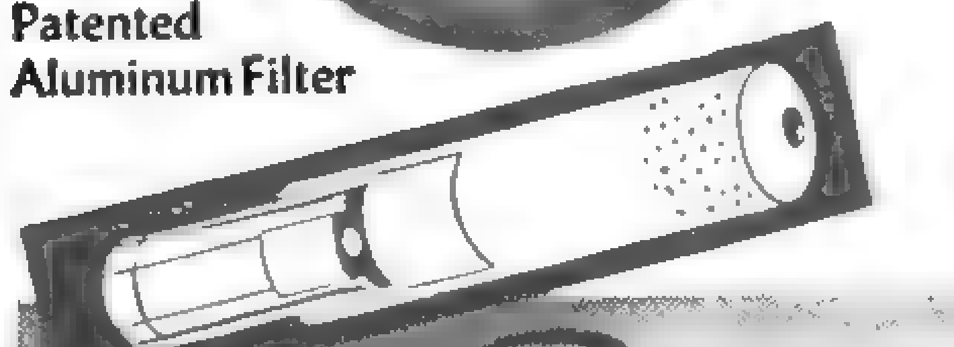

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covered a lot of territory and has recorded every inch of it with his camera. As a record of life on Tahiti, his pictures are historical pieces, for there are births and funerals recorded in the pages of his albums, and faces of all kinds of dignitaries, and portraits of all the ethnic types that inhabit the island of Tahiti. Mr. Simpson sometimes prints up the pictures in post card form, and they can be bought in curio stores in Papeete.

BURR SHAFER

"I see we have a guest conductor"

He has his house, his darkness, his books, his bicycle and his camera. His living expenses? They come to about one dollar, American, a day. Before the war he used to take a trip to the United States every year and sell some to the steamship lines and the travel agencies. He had only one worry in the world at the time I met him, and that was the problem of his camera. It was really getting too loose at the seams.

Mr. Simpson wanted to get a new camera, but the war was interfering with that bright hope, and he was wondering just how long the faithful old box would hold out. One day he showed me a picture of the new camera he'd like to buy. The picture was in the pages of a mail-order catalogue and its price was thirty-five dollars.

And that is really all there is to tell about Mr. Simpson, the photographer of Tahiti, except for one thing. Simpson of Tahiti is considered one of the great photographers in the world. His portraits of the people and the trees and the hills of Java, Bali and the faraway Society Islands have appeared in photographic anthologies all over the world. He has won prizes galore and his work has been hung in museums. Chances are that when the travel posters blossom forth again, and you see those marvelous photographs of lush Polynesian belles beckoning you to the islands of the tropical seas, they will be Simpson photographs. Simpson of Tahiti, ex-hardware clerk of Los Angeles, is one of the living masters of the art, one of the immortals. ⧺

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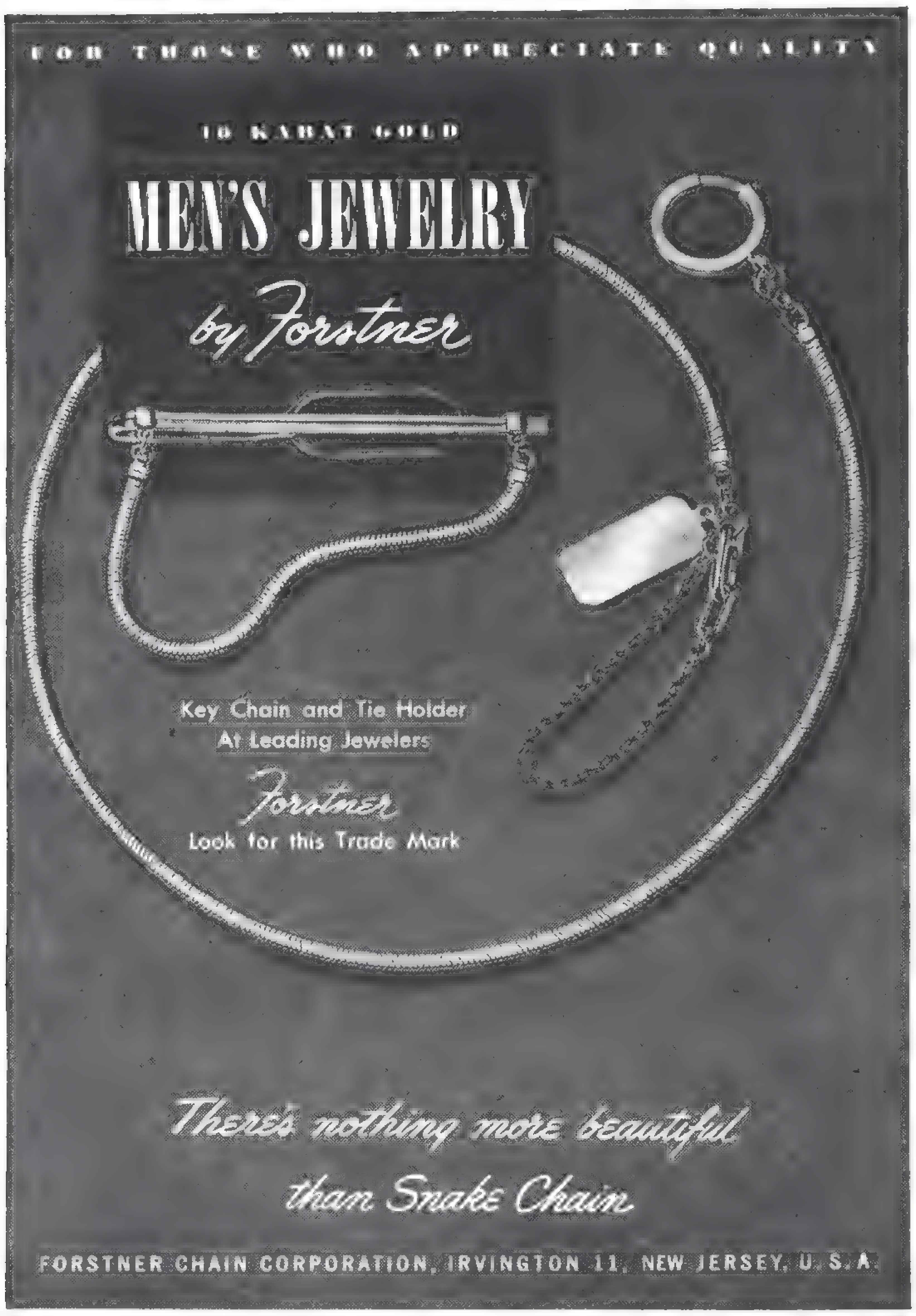
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Another MEMber of a celebrated family

. . . this soothing, refreshing lotion in the massive woodcapped bottle is unmistakably masculine and superlatively correct. Also in sets with other famous MEM toiletries . . . handsomely packaged in sturdy California Redwood chests.

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Science, War and Vannevar Bush

Continued from page 87

crews in their use. In October, 1943, an Office of Field Service was established under Dr. Compton. Experts were sent to Alaska, the Aleutians, to the Pacific and to Europe. They worked with the Navy against the submarine, with radar installations everywhere, on jungle fighting in the Pacific and on scores of other problems.

At first it was ticklish business. Theater commanders are sometimes allergic to civilians. But the field-service scientists soon proved how helpful they could be. Before long their use of scientific methods had been applied to tactics. It had been assumed, for instance, that most submarines were destroyed just as they were submerging. Study of battle reports by OSRD men showed, on the contrary, that U-boats were nearly always sunk when fully surfaced.

This proved that the German radar was not so far advanced as had been supposed. It brought about marked changes in antisubmarine warfare.

Another time the scientists were asked to determine the point of greatest vulnerability in fighter planes. They examined thousands of descriptions of battle damage. They plotted those points where fighters were most frequently hit. But some spots never showed battle damage at all. These points, said the scientists, were the mortal ones on fighter planes. The planes hit there had never returned.

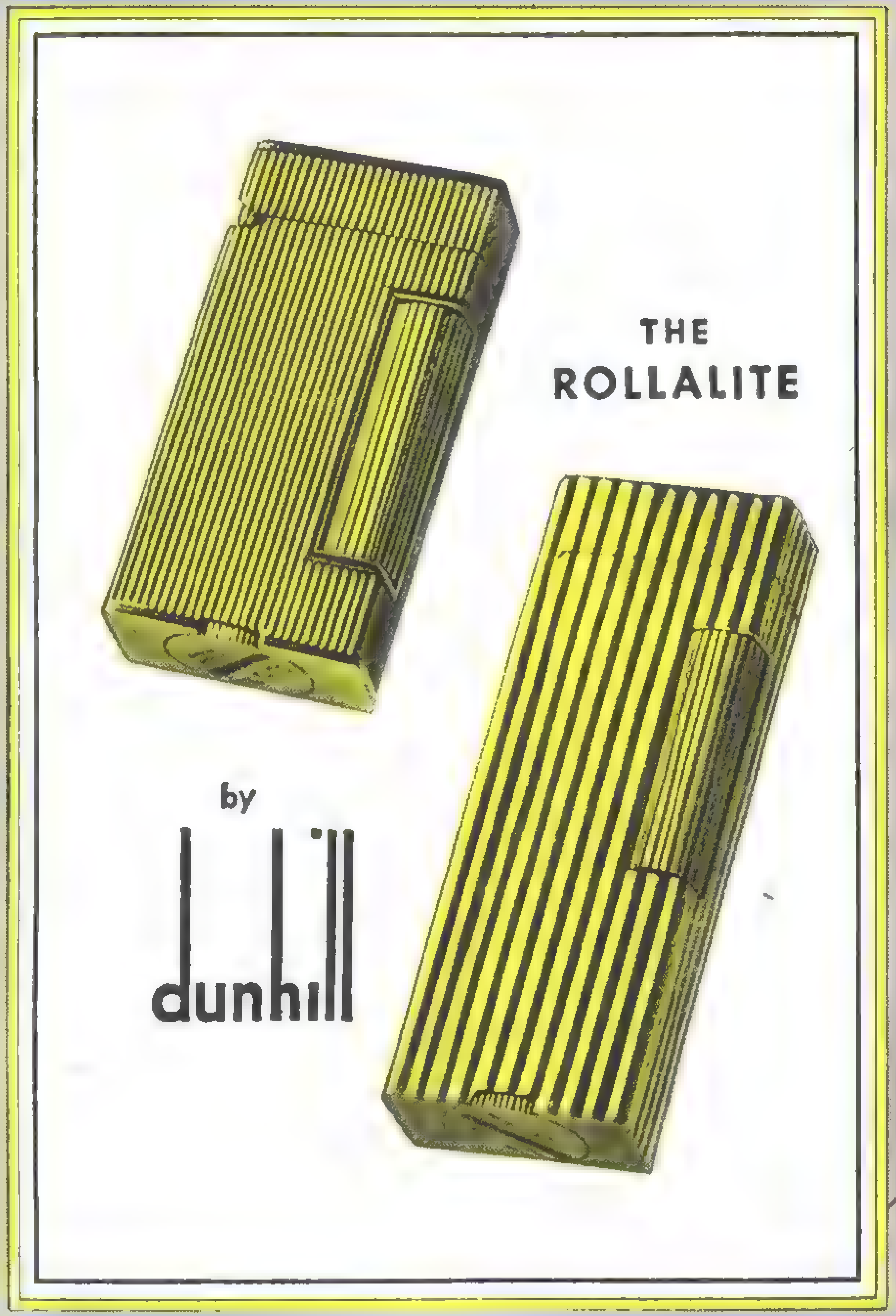
One reason that Dr. Bush did not crack up while supervising all these activities is that he limited the scope of OSRD in so far as he possibly could.

He had an ironclad rule regarding any project submitted to OSRD.

"Will it help win a war; *this* war?" he always asked.

Many problems of war medicine, infinite in their variety as the United States faced fighting in countries and under conditions to which no American soldiers had before been exposed, were also handled by OSRD after the first year of the war. Dr. Bush gave the doctors a free hand. They never lacked adequate funds. A primary objective was to condition G.I. Joe to the arctic, the tropics and the deserts, and to guard him against the diseases to which he would be exposed. Equally important was the necessity of improving medical surgery so that the lowest possible fraction of the wounded men would die.

The results were astonishing. Through Army, Navy and OSRD



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research, the disease death rate fell from 14.1 per thousand in the last war to 0.6. A wounded man reaching the doctors in time had an almost 100 per cent chance of recovery.

More than 500 medical research projects were authorized by the OSRD. More than 2500 technicians, including 500 physicians, worked on them. They studied, among other diseases, malaria, dysentery, cholera, the bubonic plague, influenza, tuberculosis and venereal diseases. They perfected DDT and other insecticides.

Atabrine proved superior to quinine in the treatment of malaria. Penicillin, the wonder drug, was "worth several divisions" according to Dr. Bush, because of the speed with which it cured venereal disease and cut down the infections of war.

"It is one of the greatest boons to humanity for the future," the director of OSRD has testified.

Speed was the essence of OSRD activities. Penicillin was in production, with the assistance of the government, long before it would have been possible through private or commercial research. The problem which now confronts the nation, Dr. Bush believes, is whether the co-operative, high-speed research of war can be adapted to peace requirements in which research emphasis must be on abstract knowledge. The United States cannot afford to disregard the potentialities of another war, Bush warns. Before the first atomic bomb had exploded, he said that the rocket bombs of Hitler were "merely the forerunners of weapons which might possess overwhelming power, the ability to strike suddenly, without warning, and without any adequate means of protection or retaliation.

"We cannot again rely on our allies to hold off the enemy while we struggle to catch up," Dr. Bush has declared.

He is convinced that America's security depends on civilian as well as military concern with war research. The military scientist, worried about promotion and his

Continued on page 168

"All that, dear, just so you can have toast in the morning"

STAGE 28
DIRECTOR

Take it Easy...in Jog-Mocs

Soar in comfort! Ride high, wide and handsome in Jog-Mocs ... best feelin' shoe you ever went to town in! Mansfield Shoes, Whitman, Mass.

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. . . of handsome, well-groomed hair!

Men! Here's something entirely *different* for your hair. Not merely a "tonic"...not a greasy or goo-ey "dressing" . . . L. B. Hair Oil approximates and supplements the *natural* oils of a normal, healthy scalp and its *instant* effect on your hair is wonderful!

L. B. was created *in* Hollywood . . . to meet the exacting demands of studios and stars . . . and here's what it does for *your* hair:

1. Dissolves loose dandruff *on contact!*
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Women! L. B. is for *you*, too! Try it before and after a permanent, to make your wave last, keep your "hair-do" smart and shining!

L. B. Shampoo is grand, too! Rich, billowy suds that *really* clean, remove dandruff, need no special rinse. . leave hair gleaming and silky, yet easy to manage.

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L.B. HAIR OIL

If your barber, beautician, drug or department store doesn't carry L. B. Products, write to L. B. Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

Science, War and Vannevar Bush

Continued from page 167

career, dares not risk the chance of failure as can the civilian.

The position of the United States in global science, Dr. Bush is certain, is precarious in the extreme.

No other nation was so profligate in calling its young technicians into the armed ranks. The result of this policy is a deficit of 150,000 students qualified for bachelors' degrees in science, and a potential shortage of 17,000 graduate students. On recommendation of President Truman, Congress has under consideration legislation which will, in the years ahead, relieve the shortage. A National Research Foundation has been proposed which would grant scholarships and fellowships to qualified scientific students.

As soon as this or a comparable plan is safely in sight, Vannevar Bush will retire to the relative calm of the Carnegie Institution. On occasional vacations he can devote his time to tropical fish, breeding some particularly tricky variety of fauna or merely pondering the transmutation of the sun's heat into power. He will also give a portion of his leisure to contemplating the nature of the modern world, which he views with mixed emotions. He is sometimes afraid that man has bogged down in the complications of civilization; that he no longer has time for real thought.

It was this anxiety which led Dr. Bush to invent his so-called "Self-Justifying Typewriter," a remarkable contraption which may greatly simplify printing as it is now understood. It will eliminate typesetting entirely. But this is only a step on the road to Bush's own particular Utopia, where man will have time to be master of all he beholds, where he will have the leisure to think. In a recent literary offering, *As We May Think*, he discussed an imaginary machine which he called the "Memex," whose function is to serve as a mechanical memory. In the early thirties, writing whimsically from an imaginary 1970 he had said:

"Many of us well remember the amazing incredulity which greeted the first presentation of the unabridged dictionary on a square foot of film. The idea that one might have the contents of a thousand volumes located in a couple of cubic feet in a desk, so that by depressing a few keys one could have a given page instantly before him, was regarded as the wildest sort of fantasy."

Now that Dr. Bush no longer has to bother with helping to win a war, the Memex may be expected almost any day. #

Continued from page 87

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SUTTON AFTER SHAVE LOTION
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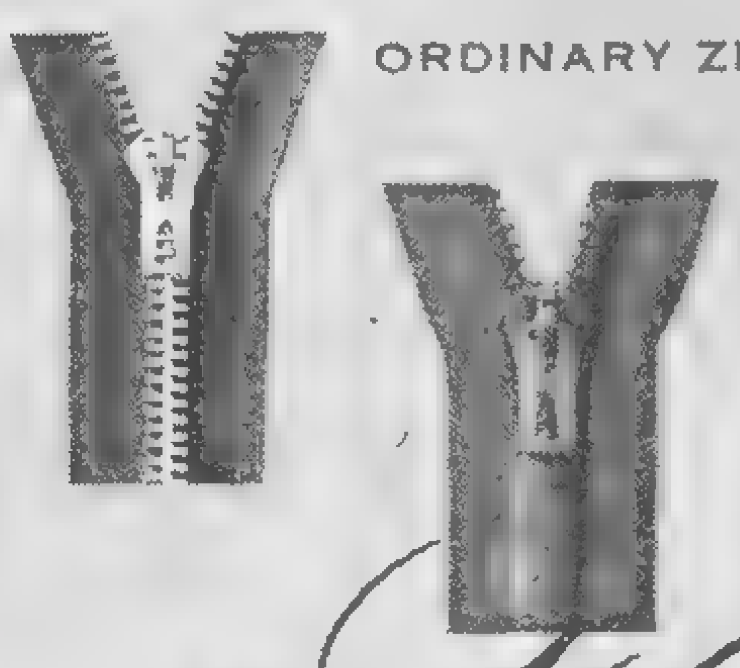

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You'll enjoy the taste tonight . . . *And feel the difference tomorrow!*

With the first sip you can taste the difference, when you mix with White Rock sparkling water.

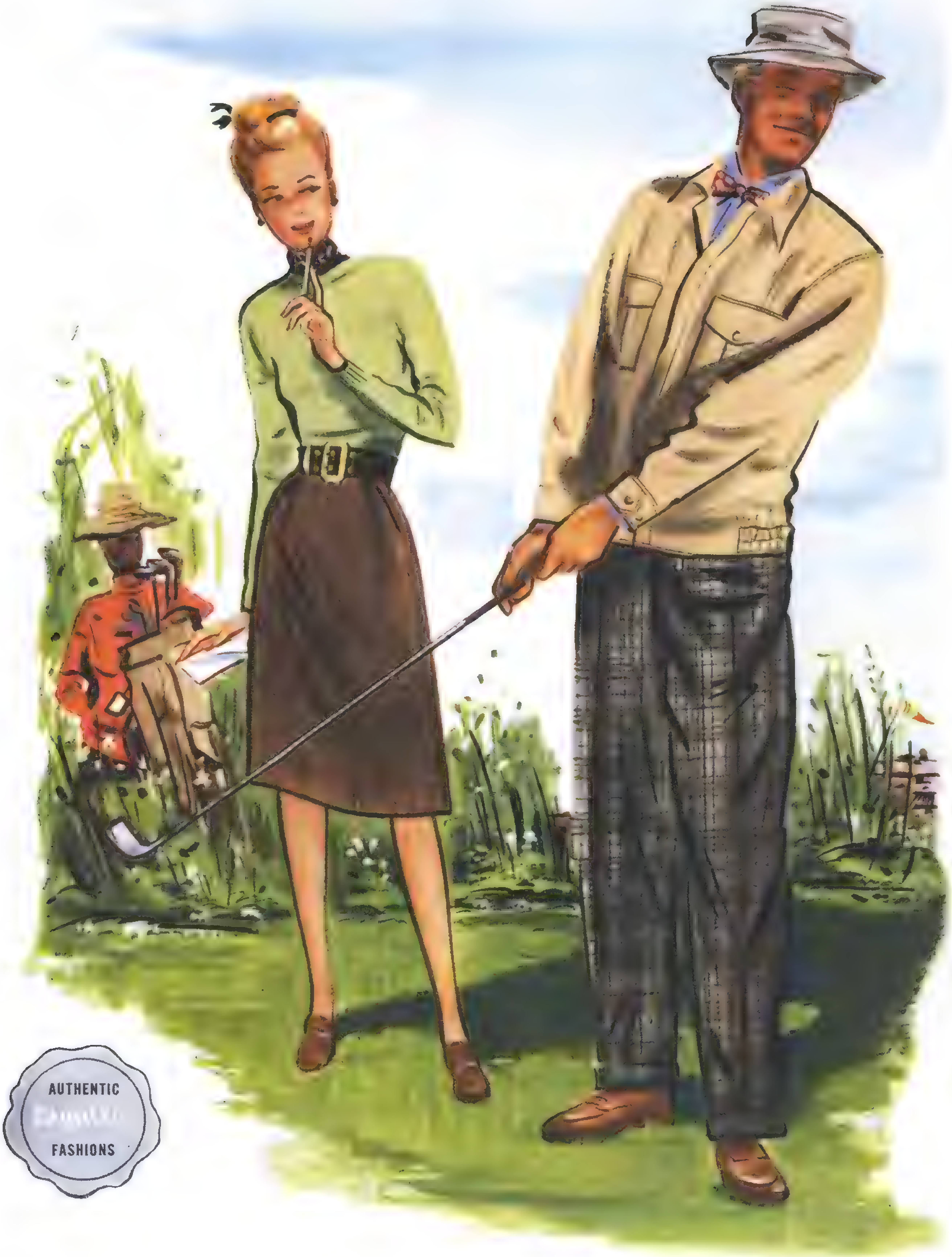
For the minerals in White Rock give it a distinctive *tang* that brings out the best in drinks — points up your enjoyment as everyday mixers can't possibly do.

You *feel* the difference, too, when you mix with White Rock. For the minerals that make it taste so much better are also pleasantly alkaline — help combat acidity — help you feel bright and chipper next day.

That is why White Rock costs a bit more than other mixers — and why so many people find it well worth it.

Why not always use White Rock? It makes such a difference, tonight and tomorrow!

White Rock *keeps you sparkling, too!*



SWING SHIFT

Drawing by
J. Frederick Smith

Golf is a serious business, as any mashie smasher will tell you; so to avoid any dub-ble trouble, our man chooses a golf jacket as functional as that processed cotton pork-pie hat which keeps the sun from his eyes and rain off his face. The jacket is processed cotton and covered buttons under the fly front offer no interference to his swing. The same goes for the patch pockets which are set high, and roomy enough to carry the usual miscellany. It fits trimly, thanks to elastic inserts at the side. His Glen plaid flannel slacks, rayon blend sports shirt and bow tie in a figured foulard turn him out in style. As for his current golf score, note the smirk on the face of the dolly-with-the-doughnut-on-her-head. She can count up to ten, unfortunately.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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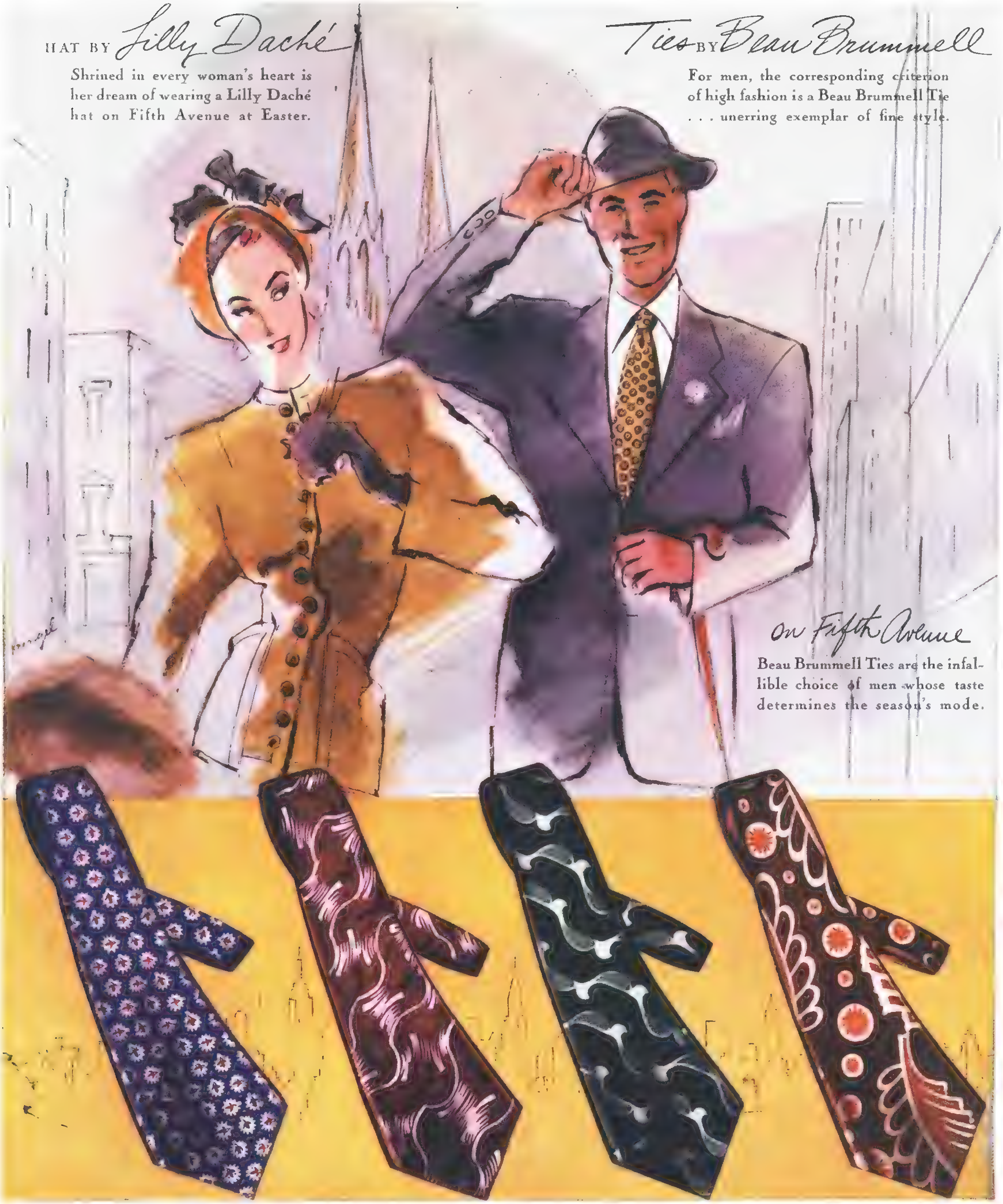

HAT BY *Lilly Daché*

Shrined in every woman's heart is her dream of wearing a Lilly Daché hat on Fifth Avenue at Easter.

Ties BY *Beau Brummell*

For men, the corresponding criterion of high fashion is a Beau Brummell Tie . . . unerring exemplar of fine style.

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Beau Brummell Ties are the infallible choice of men whose taste determines the season's mode.

Your Beau Brummell Tie strikes a note of ultimate perfection in your Easter wardrobe . . . the inspired masterpiece of fashion that blends your ensemble into perfect harmony. At better men's shops and department stores. One to Six-Fifty

all America is saying
BEAU BRUMMELL
Ties the best

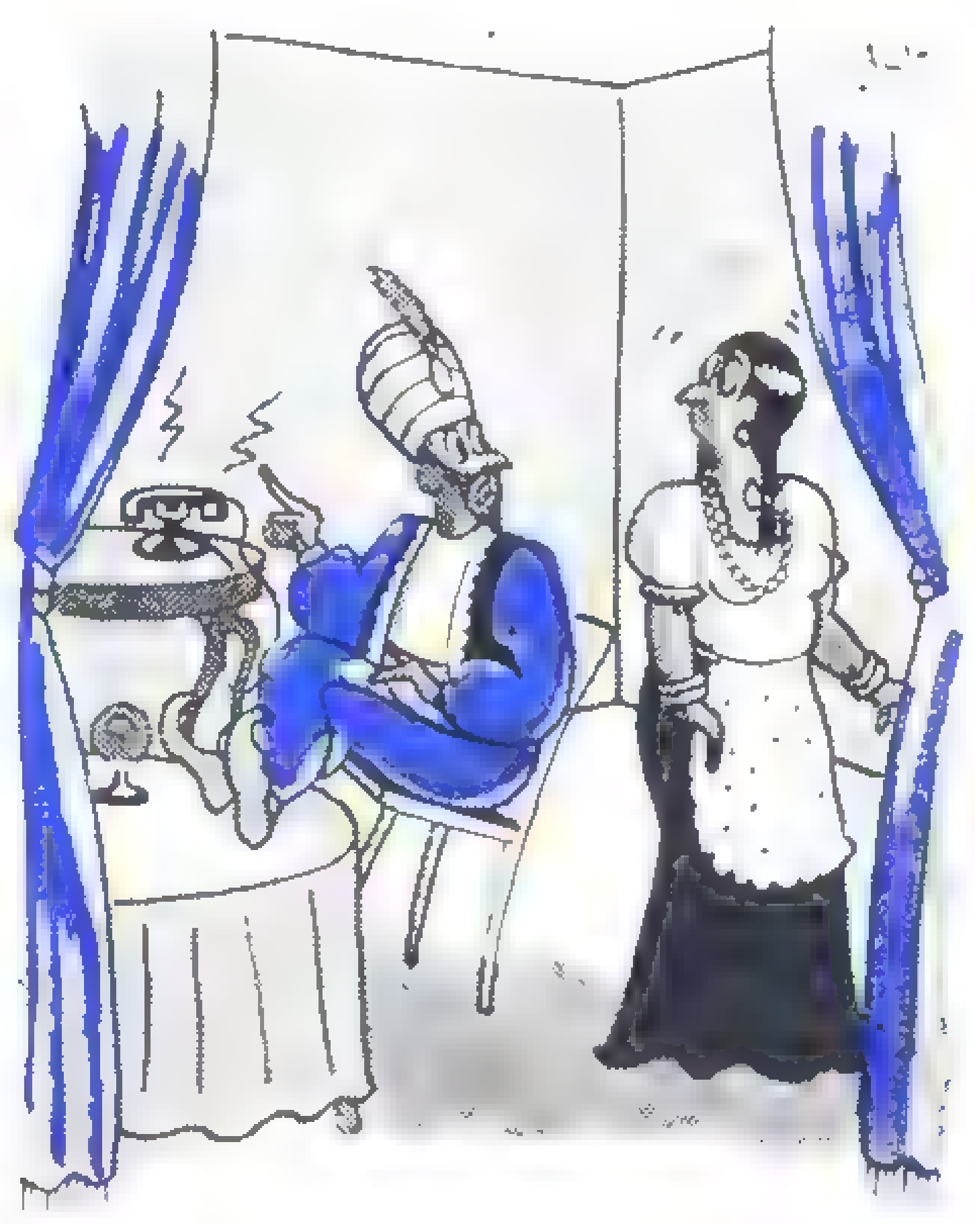
Beau Brummell Ties

"AS BEAU BRUMMELL TIES GO . . . SO GOES THE FASHION"

The Talking Artist

Continued from page 75

ducted what might be called a lifelong search for beauty and truth and self-expression, although the line he took toward those objectives was not always a straight one. He came to the Village in the Spring of 1919 and lives there today. In the early twenties living in the village meant a furnished studio at two-fifty a week, or splitting with a fellow-artist the nine dollars monthly rent on an unfurnished room. It meant going broke and borrowing, working at a job you didn't like so you could save enough with which to do the work you did like, at your own pace. It meant spreading fifty saved dollars over two-and-a-half months of the barest necessities. The Village meant a place where you could be sure to find people who wouldn't laugh or sneer because you were writing or painting; it meant people who might give you a leg up just because you were unconventional. It meant, among other places, Ticino's, on Thompson Street, where, for a dime they gave you a big bowl of minestrone with all the bread and butter you could eat, and where for a quarter you received a large plate of meat. It meant the big elm tree in Washington Square Park, at which were organized those co-operative distress meals based on a joint outlay of seven cents for a large loaf of Italian bread and fourteen cents for an adequate supply of salmon, with a big slice of onion added for taste—supper for as many as five hungry Villagers. It was fun only after you stopped being hungry, cold and despondent and more fun in recalling than in experiencing.



"It's for you"

Margules made his descent on the Village as a poet and philosopher—in other words, as a fellow without a trade or profession. His formal schooling had been elementary. Had he known enough to know how ignorant he was, he would have kept his mouth shut. He had an opinion on any subject,

Continued on page 174

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The Talking Artist

Continued from page 173

and never kept any to himself. One of his earliest Village friends was Myron Lechay, a painter, upon whose work he one day delivered a critique. Said Lechay: "Since you seem to know so much about it, why don't you paint yourself?"

Nothing abashed, De Hirsh Margules took up the gage. He became a painter during 1919-20. Benno Greenstein, the sculptor, who had a studio across the hall from his room, was one of the first to encourage him. For most of three years he painted, mostly under Lechay's direction. He sold an occasional oil or water color, but not enough to avoid going broke regularly. For two years he submitted to the discipline of a course in period design at the New York Evening Art School—the only art schooling he has ever had. In 1922 he planned to go to the Island of Bali. He reached Rotterdam and had to turn back. A second time he reached Rotterdam and a second time returned. Then he says he started to paint in earnest.

About that time Margules found another job, saved his money, quit, spent his money painting, went broke. Then he became ill and, upon recovering, made up his mind to organize his life on a sensible basis, if possible. He observed that the reporters who came down to the Village always had lots of money and plenty of time. How did they do it? If he could become a newspaperman . . .

He found a way to become one. He chose *The Graphic*, told its city editor that he could not write but that he knew the city like a book, fell down miserably on his first assignment, was fired before the end of the day, asked to stick out the day in the hope of redeeming himself, was sent to police headquarters and did so well on a story that came up before the day ended that his discharge was canceled. He remained a newspaperman until 1942, going from *The Graphic* (after a vacation devoted to painting) to the City News Association, with which he remained until its dissolution. Since then, except for a year's employment at *PM*, he has been a full-time painter. While on the City News, he intensified his exploration of the city, both as artist and reporter, and made profitable use of evenings, week ends and summer vacations to build up a body of distinctive work that made his name known and respected among a small, but potent group of artists and collectors.

For a year and a half, between Christmas of 1926, and April of 1928, Margules lived, worked and studied in Paris, taking side trips through Burgundy and into North

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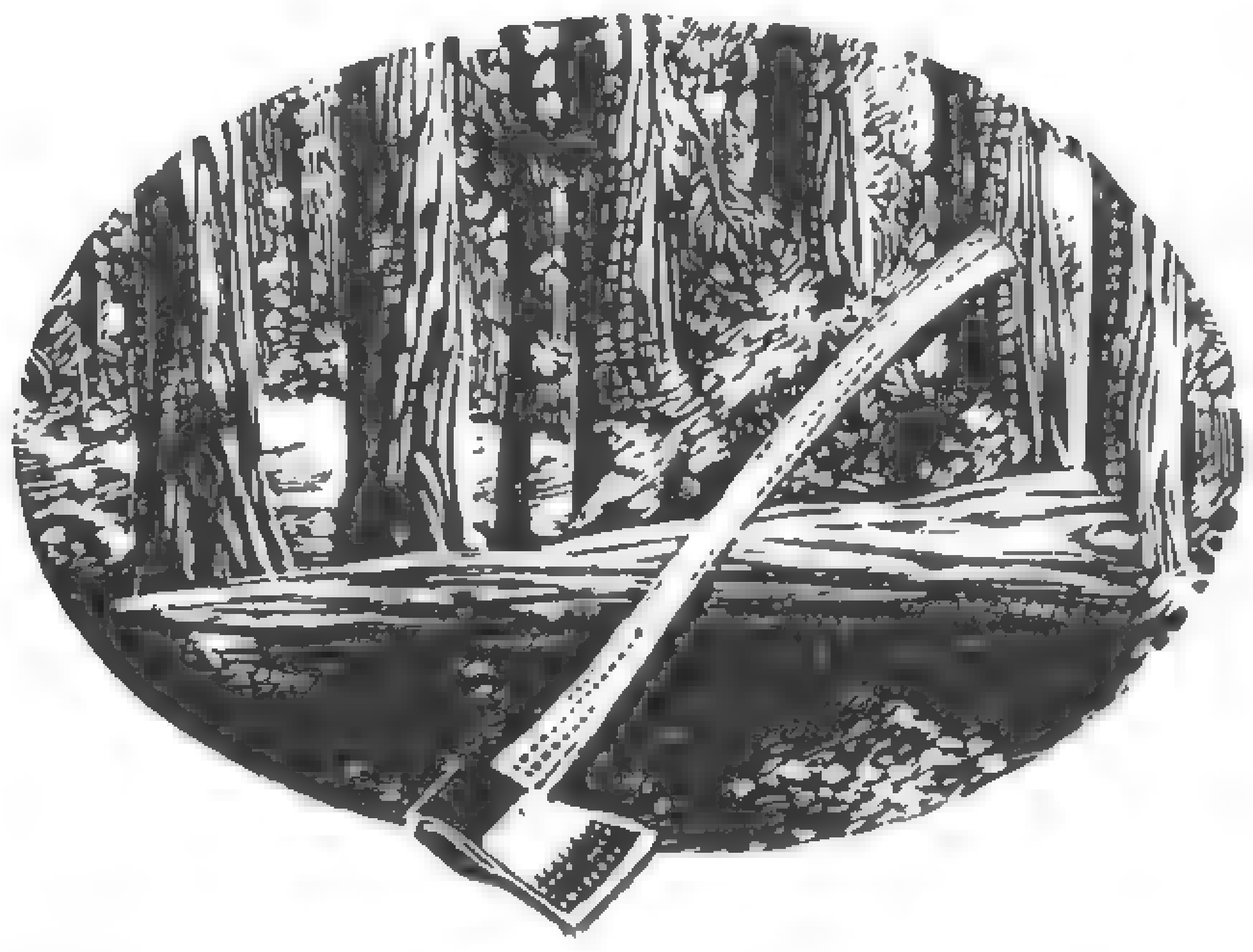

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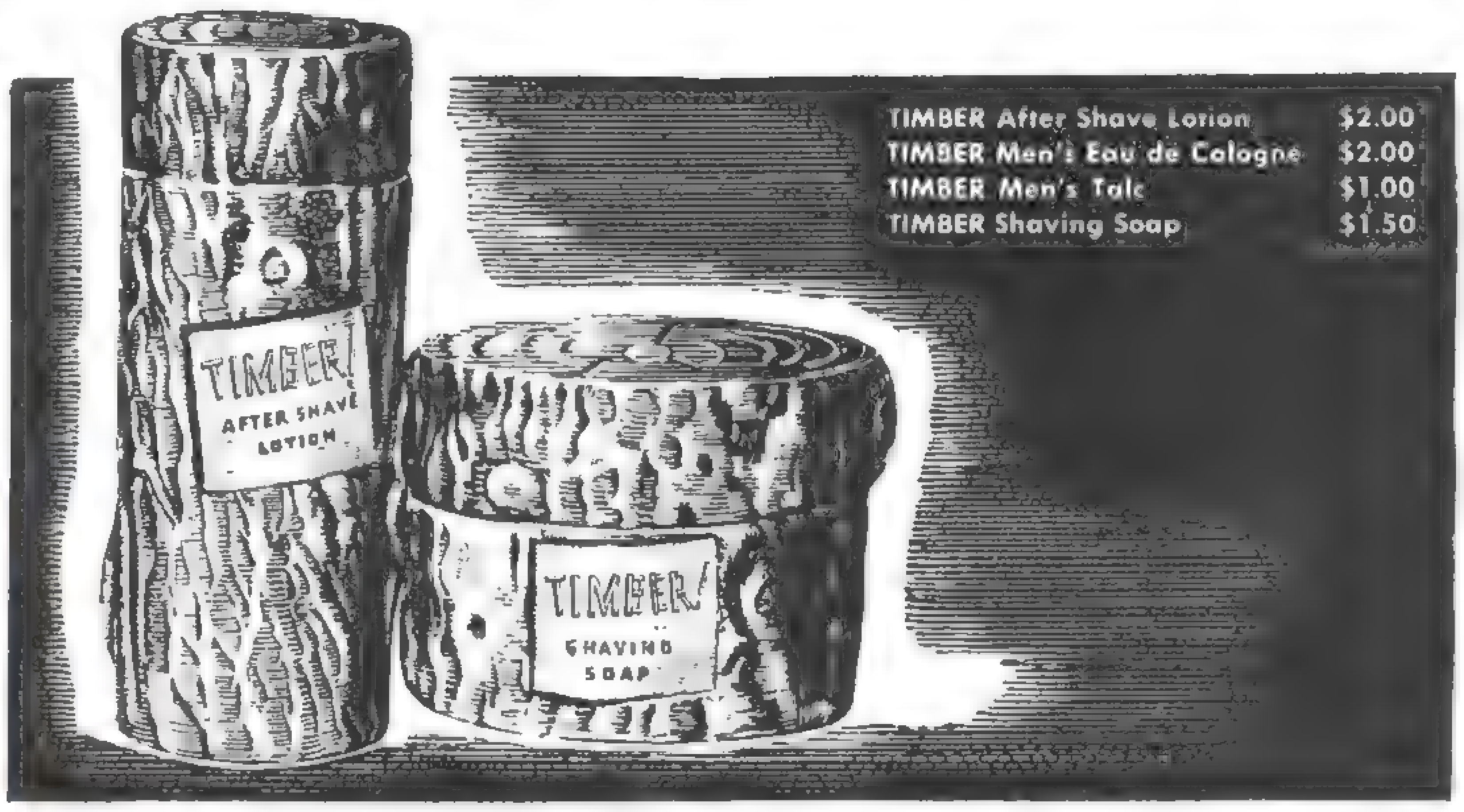

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Africa. For four months he was a daily visitor at the Louvre. Within that time, he painted fifty oils and one hundred water colors and created a slight variation in modern art, painting within the same canvas or paper, the total time aspect of a scene, an idea which he has since developed to a state of greater technical perfection. In a Paris one-man show he enjoyed an extraordinary success, selling every work he put on view. He has traveled, and painted along the Eastern seaboard from Cape Hatteras to Nova Scotia, including such favorite stamping grounds as Rockport, Ogunquit, Eastport and the Maine islands.

John Marin, who is generally regarded as the nearest thing in America to a painter's painter, is the influence whom Margules most freely acknowledges. "He was my father and my Academy." The younger man met the master around 1929, when Alfred Stieglitz had put on view at the Anderson Galleries a roomful of Marin water colors. Observing Margules' repeated visits to the exhibition, Stieglitz engaged the young man in conversation, never a difficult business with Margules, and invited him to dinner. They talked painting and aesthetics far into the night. Later, Margules met Marin and was given the freedom of Stieglitz' and Marin's homes. They watched his work steadily, guided, counseled, applauded him. Marin was the only person Margules ever knew who could answer his questions about color, space, form, line, movement; and it was from Marin he learned that what seems to come out of mysticism and wonder is rooted in knowledge and study and technique. There was a time not so long ago when Margules' water colors proclaimed with greater frankness than they do now his sense of discipleship to Marin.

"Gosh, I'd love to see her in a sweater"

To Stieglitz he paid the compliment of imitating him as a gallery impresario. During 1936-7 the Marguleses had an apartment on West 8th Street which was one

Continued on page 176

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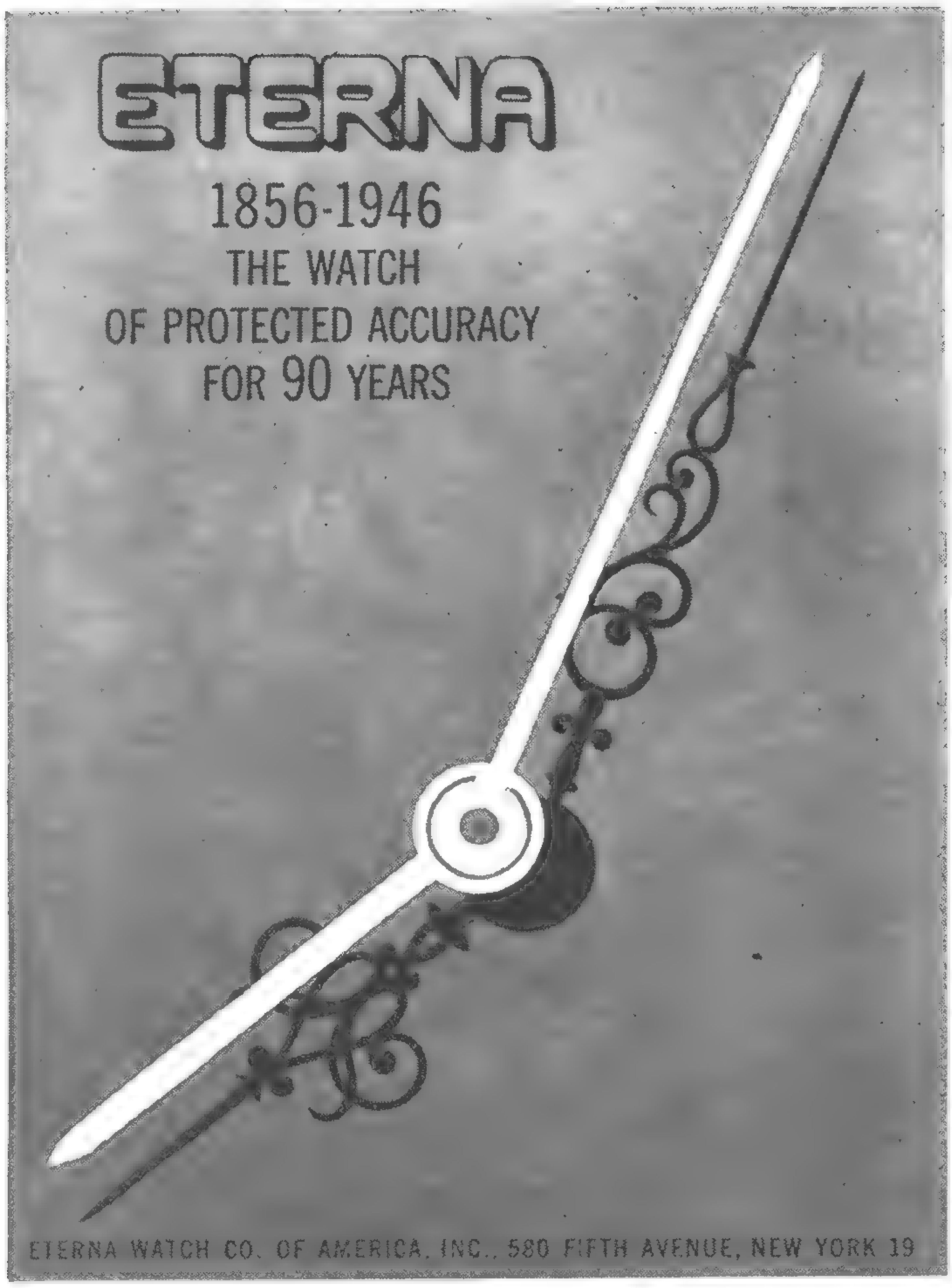
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The Talking Artist

Continued from page 175

room too large for their needs. This room they turned into a gallery, which they called Another Place, and in which they gave one-man shows to artists on the Stieglitz pattern. Catalogues were printed at gallery expense and no commissions taken on sales. Saturday nights in advance of exhibitions, the walls were repainted in a color scheme that would harmonize with the paintings to be hung. One of the artists who made his debut in Another Place was Myron Lechay's brother, James, who has since become a prizewinner in national exhibitions and is now teaching at Iowa State University.

Margules' water colors are sparkling, resonant and vigorous and have a spontaneous look. They are a mixture of the realistic and the abstract in that recognizable forms are used with arbitrariness in composition and arrangement. It is no wonder that he is chiefly a water colorist, the medium being most suitable to the quick, mercurial, urgent temperament of the artist—although in many of his things the spontaneous look is achieved by experimentation and patient revision. However, Margules is now in the position of the expert short-story writer who is devoting himself to the longer, more carefully built up form of the novel. Instead of painting only water colors, he is giving some time to the slow construction of oils, using thick, polished paint surfaces to suggest an impasto effect comparable to that of ceramics and precious stones.

His work has been widely exhibited, in New York at the Ferargil Galleries, at the Pinacotheca and, latterly, at the Feigl Gallery. For the current year Margules' exhibitions have been scheduled in New York, Philadelphia, Youngstown, Los Angeles, Tacoma and Seattle, among other places.

He has received from the wartime Council of Inventors letters giving him credit for ideas, embodied in sketches submitted by him, that led to minor improvements in the science of war. His mind is always making frontal assaults on problems which have thrown the professionals in those fields, but he enjoys the excitement of the assault much more than the quieter satisfaction of the solution—except of course in the problems of art, in which he is one of the experts. He loves good food, he loves to cook, he loves people, he likes to bet on horses occasionally, he loves the places where things are doing, he still enjoys taking long walks around the city. You name it; he will probably like it. In spite of everything, he continues optimistic—incurably. ⧺

Continued from page 75

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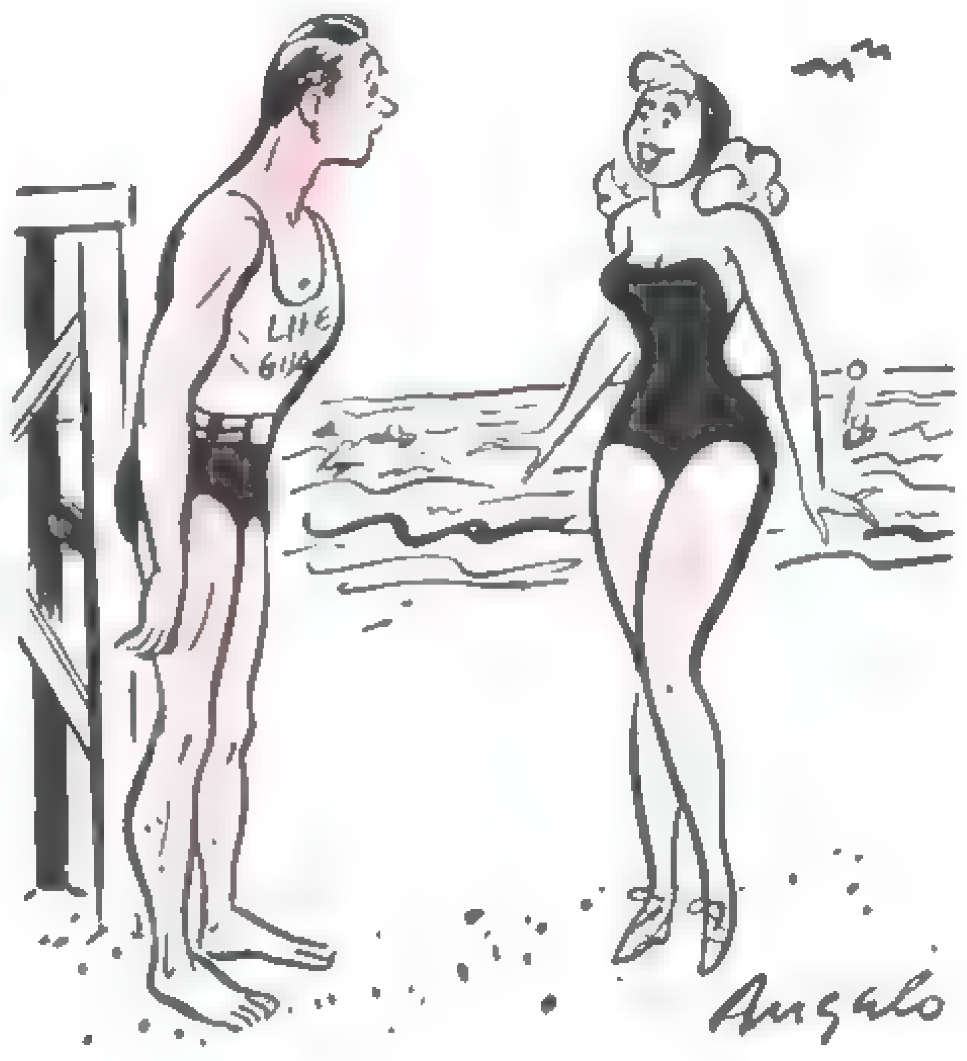
Back to the B's Boys?

Continued from page 94

et of a picture; he explained it to the producer who threw him off the lot, crying out, "You want to make a B producer out of me!"

This may sound mad to manufacturers of motorcars or lemon squeezers; but it proves that the movie producers know their principal business, which is making vastly-popular pictures. You may think that the pictures could be better; but no one has yet found a way to reduce the risk, so that the entire star system can be modified or abandoned. No one as yet has worked out the economics of producing movies for a small audience; and there is something in the process of showing pictures which makes the "limited" idea edition preposterous.

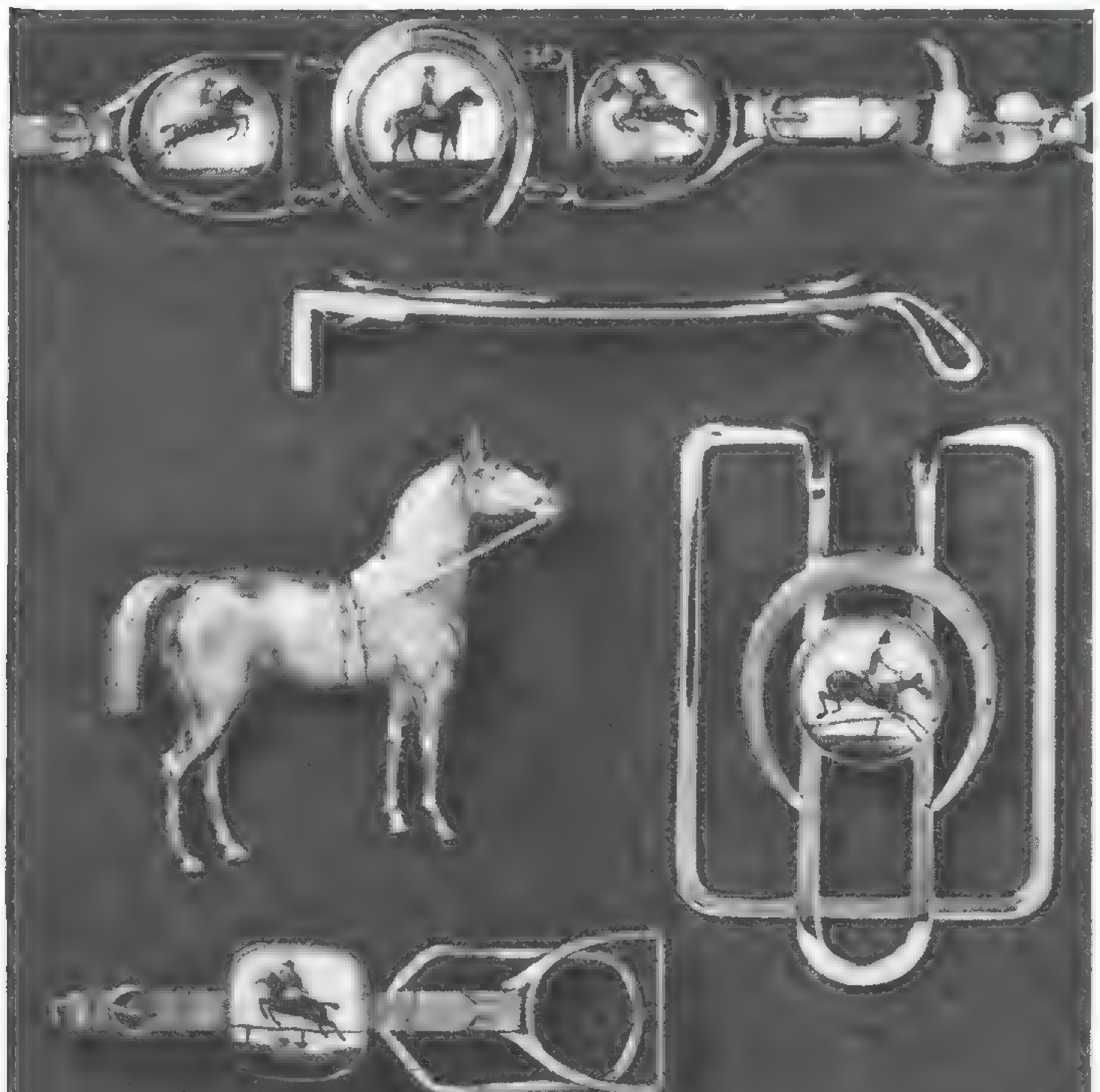
One variation, not new in itself, is working out on a larger scale now in Hollywood. It is the independent production system in which a small group of people—a business head, a producer, a director, a writer—combine to make a few pictures a year. They borrow stars and pick up a supporting cast for each production separately. It's a chancy business. Stars often have the right to make an occasional picture outside their studio contracts, but the independent has to provide exactly the story, and give the star precisely the director, and guarantee the kind of production, which will in the end enhance the star's value. The independent producer doesn't have to reject a story because he has no star for it; but he has to be sure of his cast before he starts a story going. The overhead of a big studio doesn't fall on the independent; but he has to make every moment count. The big studios can add a quarter of a million to the budget if a picture needs or justifies the cost; the small producer cannot throw in ten per cent extra shooting, unless by chance his stars are free.



"If I go out too far would you rescue me?"

With these hazards, it is sur-

Continued on page 178



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Back to the B's, Boys?

Continued from page 177

prising that so much good work comes out of the studios, big and small. There are two ways of getting material: either you find it in a book or play or you contrive it, in a huddle, to use your stars. (The two overlap, of course.) *Harvey* and *Oklahoma!* have a prestige value and come with known quantities to the studio which can use them: *Monsieur Beaucaire* is worked around until it fits Bop Hope, whereas the original called for a romantic, not a comic, actor. The idea of Bing Crosby playing a young priest is an invention made out of necessity, by inspiration. And note that in the case of a *Harvey*, the huge reputation of the piece makes it possible to produce a picture without the conventional pretty girl, or, for that matter, the conventional pretty plot. You do get a Bernadette as you get a Woodrow Wilson as chief character; and you will get Clarence Day, Sr., in *Life With Father* to break the rigid mold.

This business of stars and their vehicles isn't an invention of Hollywood; it haunts the stage wherever you do not have repertory, and in America you don't. It imprisons players in their parts, so that an actor or actress has to grow old before she can begin to act, instead of merely playing variations on a personal theme. Actors in Hollywood often want to broaden out: comedians want to play Hamlet. But audiences not only demand their favorite names, they demand the accustomed character and, to an extent, the familiar situation. Only the incidents are new, which brings you around to the writer. Writers also are pretty specialized, and would like to go beyond their small field. Occasionally, they do. Charles Brackett did *The Lost Weekend* after a dozen comic hits. But, to their own dismay, the writers are not the final authority in a field which has the cameraman and director on one side and the front office on the other.

A small budget picture is useful because it can vary from formula, and can serve as training ground for new talents. As soon as a B makes a lot of money, everybody concerned gets promoted to "a million three." Somehow I can't believe the boys will go back to the B's. The enrichment of movie fare will come from competition, from "sports," the occasional and almost unplanned lucky hit which suggests a new style, and from the exhaustion of old formulas and fads. It won't be quick—but I think it will come even before the public knows that the old formulas are stale. #

Continued from page 94

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What's Happened to Benny Goodman?

Continued from page 100

stand. Sauter's arrangement of *Laura*, which the band considered one of the most exciting things he'd ever done, didn't even get a second rehearsal. Finally, after a disagreement with Goodman, Sauter stopped writing arrangements for the band.

"He kept saying he had a honey of a postwar plan"

A fourth reason given for the band's losing some of its old prestige seems trivial since it has to do with a couple of Benny's personal eccentricities. Goodman is absent-minded. It is told of Goodman that he once sat day-dreaming for fifteen minutes in a stationary taxi while the driver waited to be told where to go. Suddenly Benny snapped to attention, assumed that he had reached his destination, and asked what the fare was. Such absent-mindedness is picturesque and humorous, unless, of course, you happen to be a musician with an unpredictable nervous system.

Another personal quality that sometimes bothers jazz musicians who play with Goodman is his unending search for perfection, coupled with a habit of saying what's on his mind in the fewest possible words. This often makes it necessary for him to demonstrate rather than describe what he wants from his men. The fact that usually he can do it and do it well on their instruments has its effect on the aforementioned nervous systems. But again, these eccentricities are trivial and certainly must have cropped up in many jazz bands besides Goodman's. Anyway, no good musician is ever completely satisfied with his own work or anyone else's. If Benny Goodman is inclined to drive his men he doesn't drive them as hard as he drives himself.

The fifth reason cited for the band's current difficulties, and probably the most significant one,

Continued on page 180

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What's Happened to Benny Goodman?

Continued from page 179

can be remedied only by time. What it amounts to is lack of precision teamwork. A jazz band, at least a large one, is like a fine wine. Time is needed to make it good. Time is needed because each man must condition his reflexes to the environment of fourteen or fifteen other men trying to play with a minimum of friction. Remember that the nucleus of Duke Ellington's band, which is tops at the moment, has been together for a long time. They are so accustomed to knowing what each other not only is going to do but is thinking, that if the Duke's nose itches Sonny Greer is liable to sneeze. Where vibrant, inspiring solos are played offbeat by so tiny an interval of time that the average ear doesn't detect it, this indefinable aging element pays off when the polls are taken.

At any rate, Benny Goodman certainly is not facing a gloomy future as far as the general public—by far the large majority—is concerned. These less critical music lovers still enjoy hearing his old style. On a recent Goodman band tour of the nation's picture houses, they did good though not sensational business.

As for the jazz experts and jazz musicians who decide the winners in the polls, Benny Goodman's future is a question mark. They believe that Goodman's virtuosity, just as good now if not better than it ever was, plus ex-Private Mel Powell's fine piano playing and arranging, may help to put the new band on its feet. At the same time they admit that the reverse may happen and that the band may wobble on its last legs. But there is still another possibility. Benny has been at his best with a small group where there's ample room for experimenting. It may be he'll decide that the problems of running a big band are more than he can cope with and still maintain his standards. In that case he may pare his organization to a quintet, sextet or a septet.

Some qualified observers seem to feel this is the best thing that could happen both to Benny Goodman and to jazz music. They reason that a jazz band leader can't look backward and look forward at the same time, and that anyway Goodman hits his stride best when he's in a free-style, spontaneous, small combination. It is the considered opinion of this department that Benny Goodman will find a way to resolve his difficulties. In the world of music, both jazz and otherwise, he is a mighty figure, and there is no reason why the group he leads should not approach his stature. ⌗

Continued from page 100

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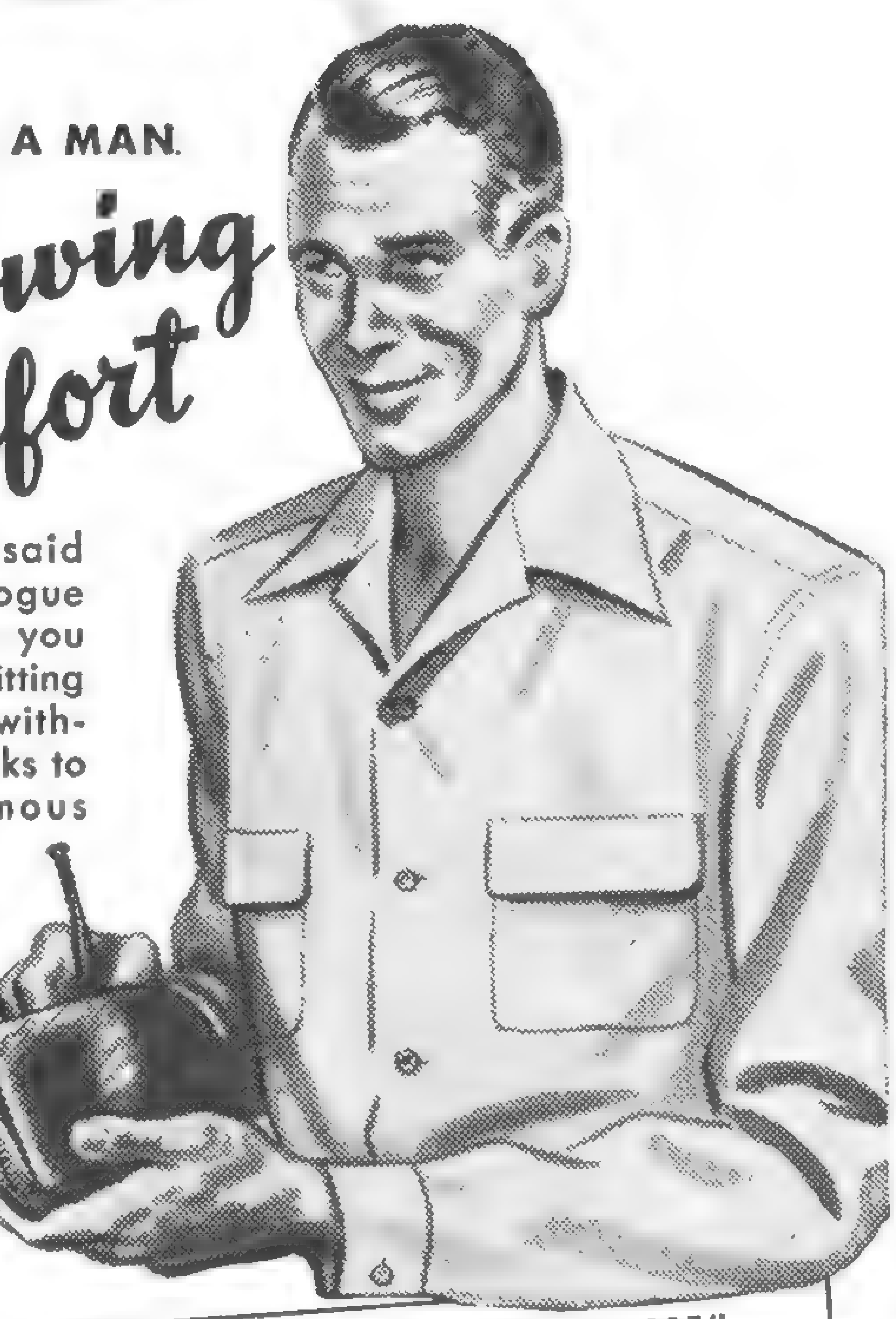

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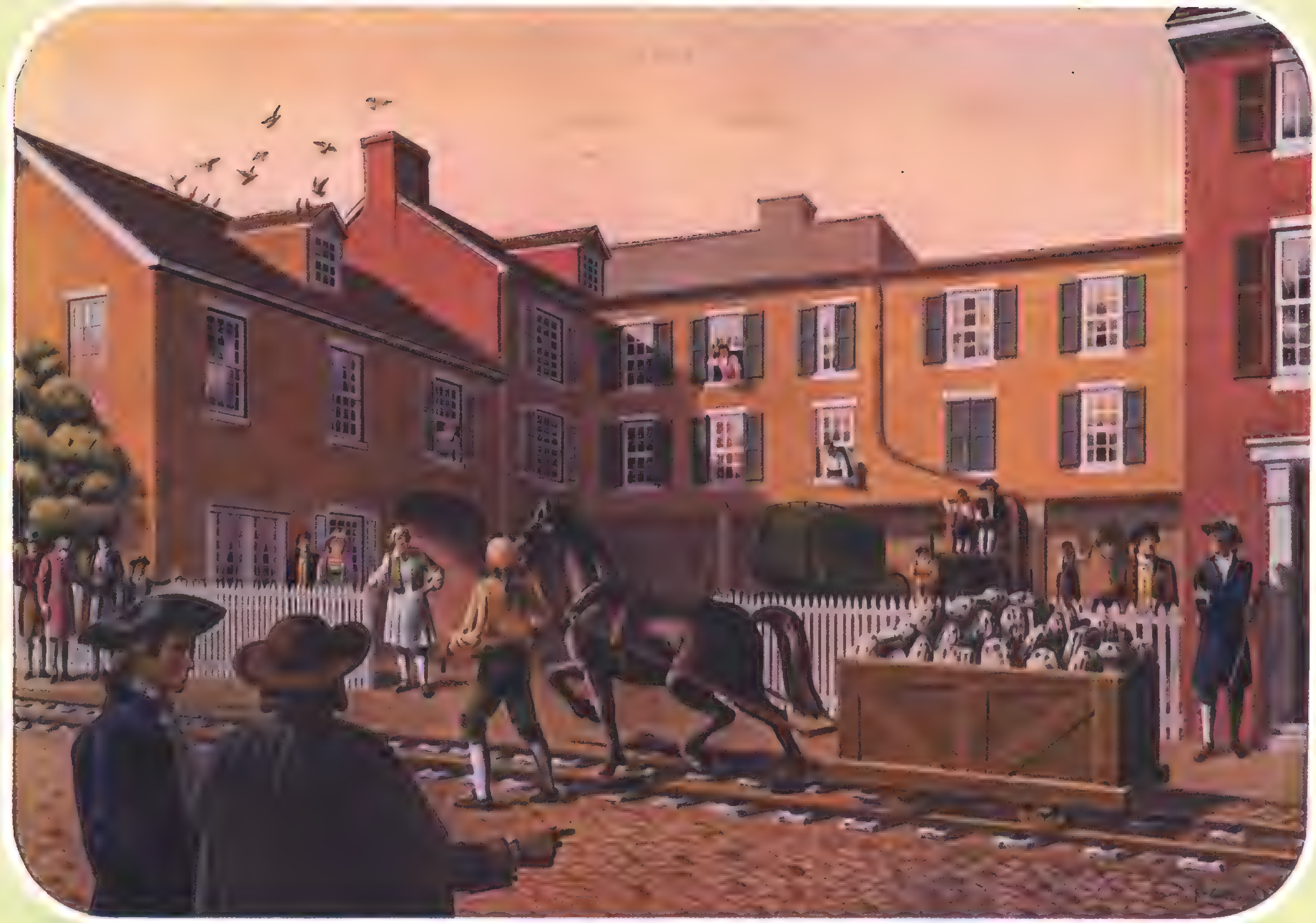

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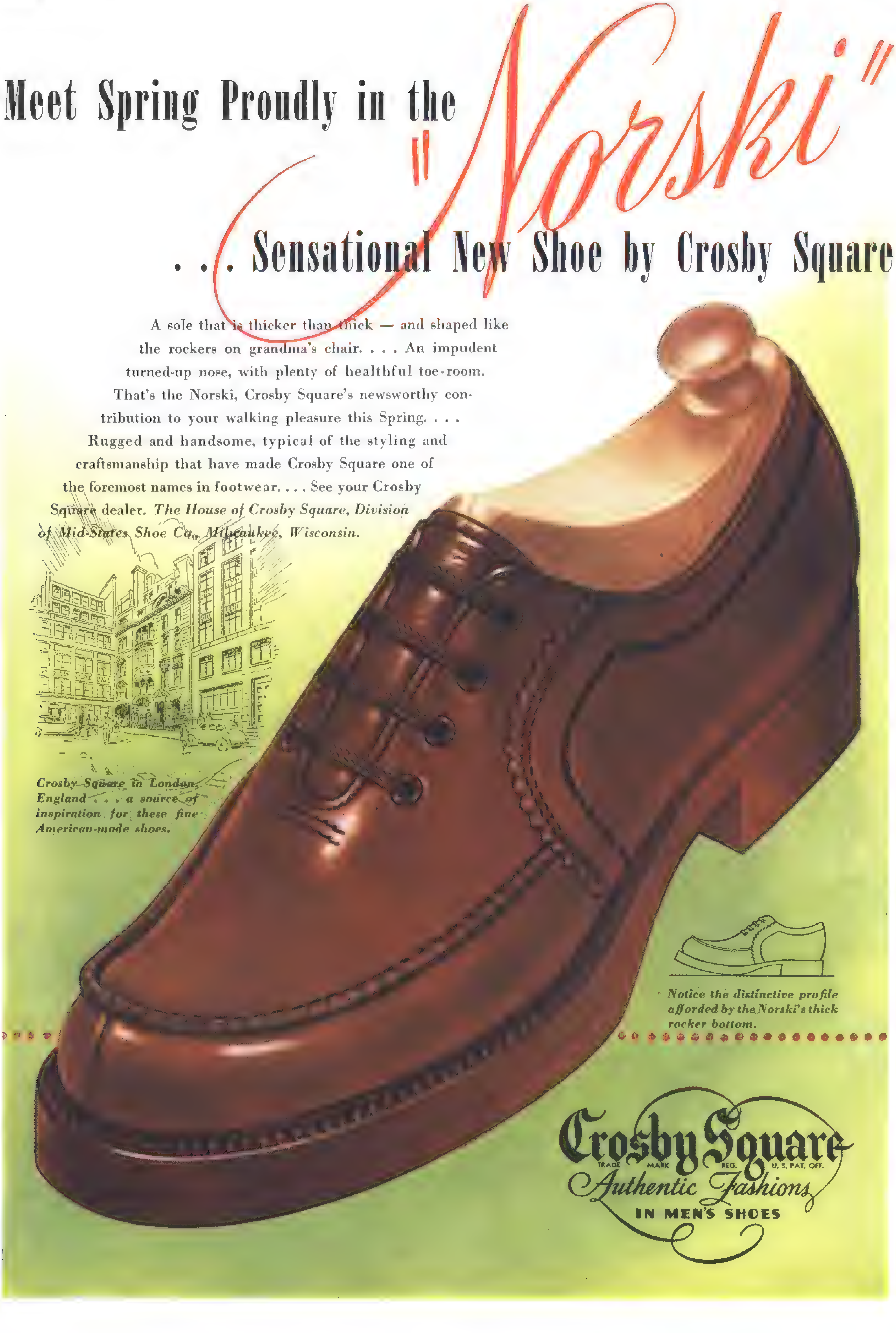

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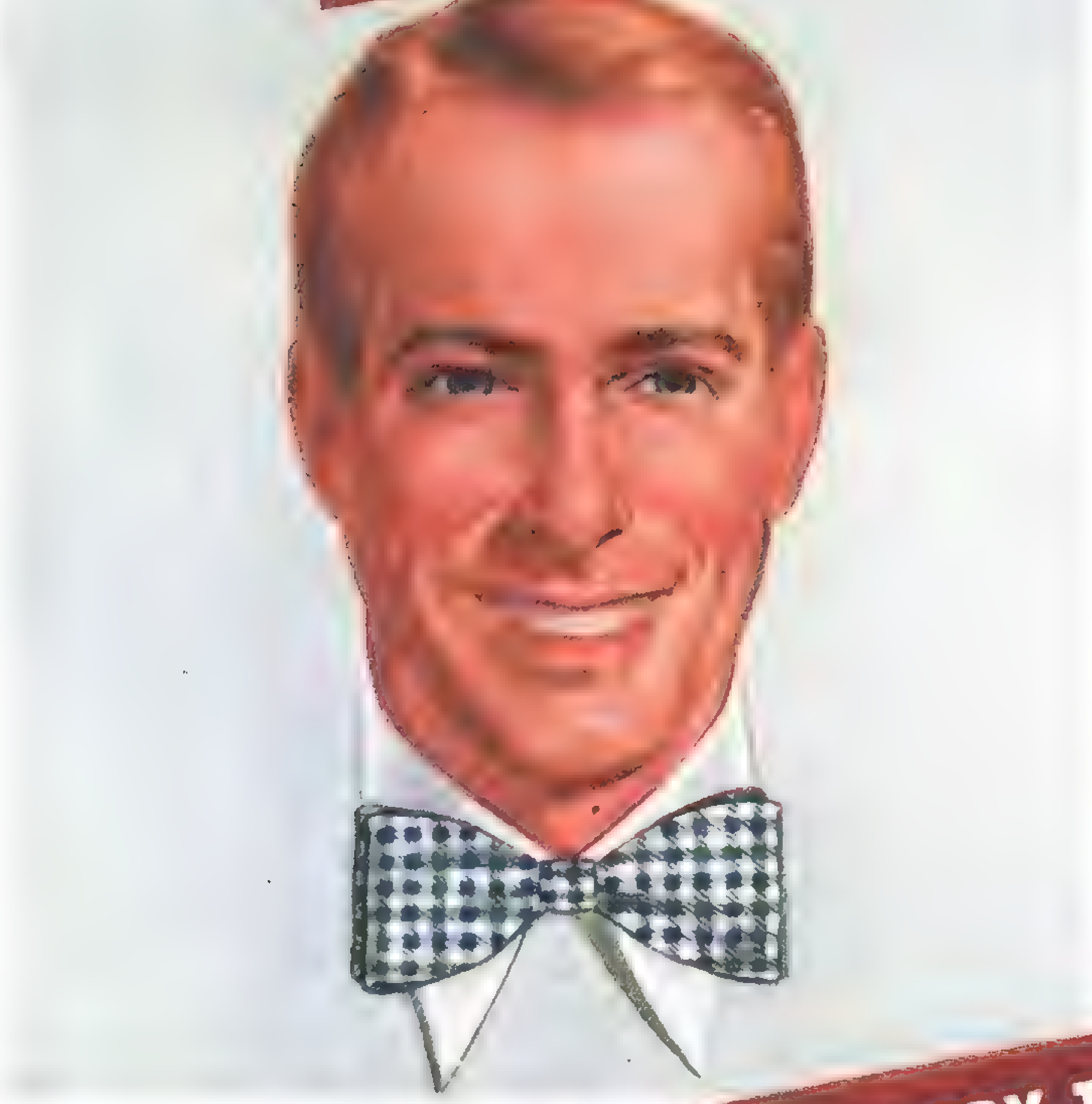
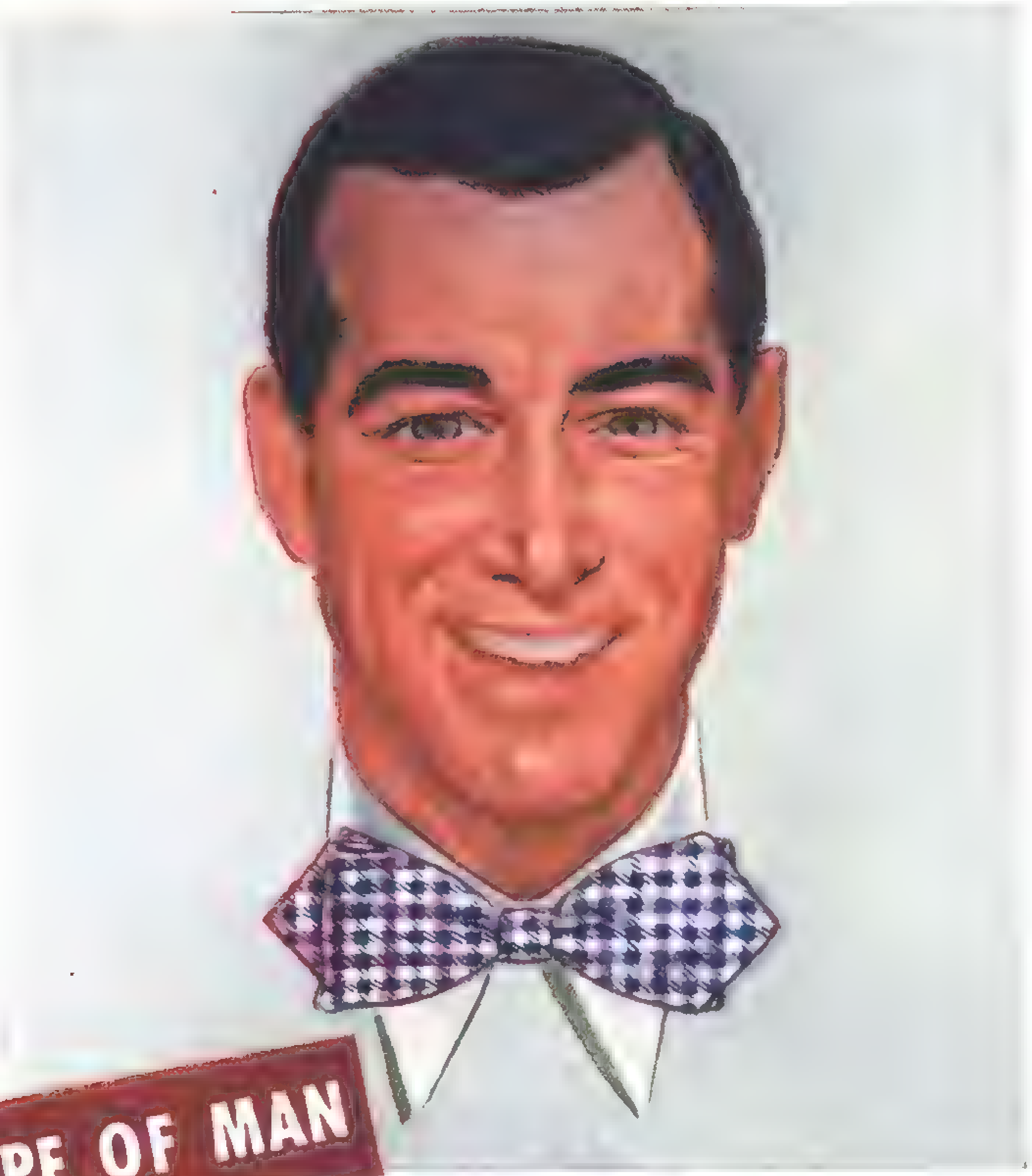


The Short Man



The Tall Man

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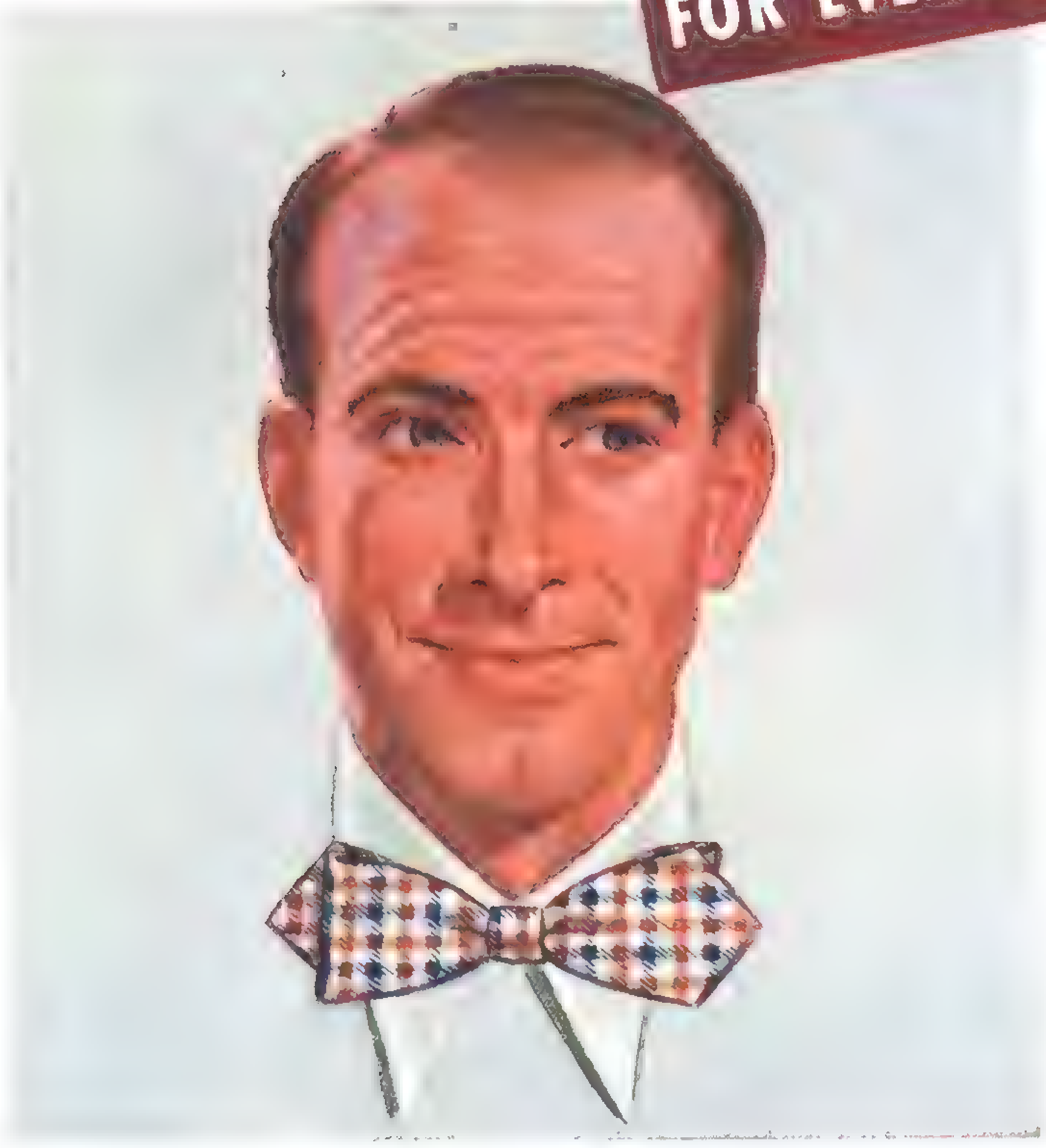
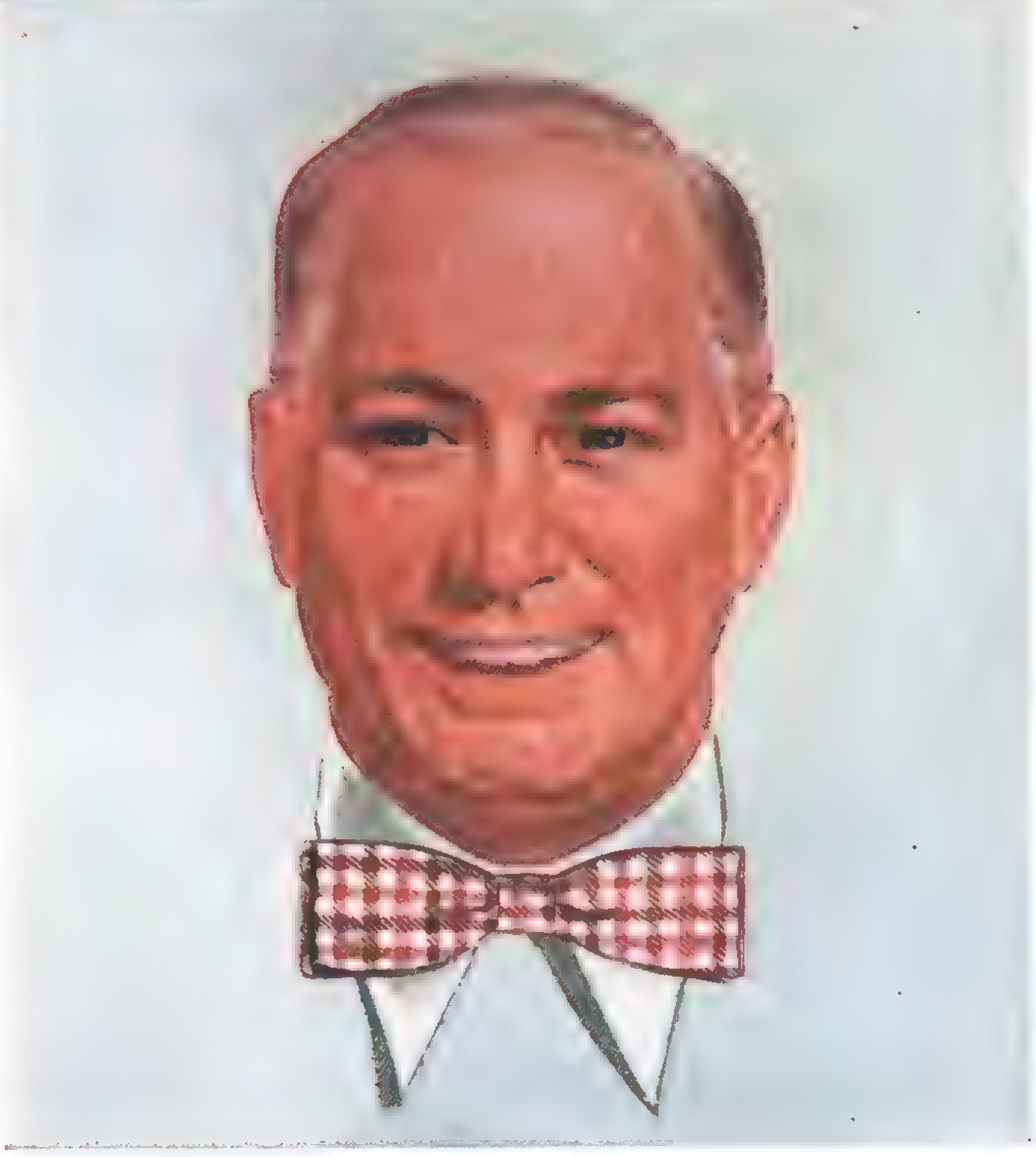


The Slim Man



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Slaughter Under Water

Continued from page 78

the Bottom Scratchers. There is no thrill, members say, like that of being trapped far below the surface by a snagged line or some other difficulty. Five of the nine men in the organization have had this experience, and are alive today simply because they were able to work themselves free before the air in their lungs gave out. None of the boys can stay down more than ninety seconds, but some approached the two-minute mark in their younger days.

Glenn Orr chuckles about the dive in which he got entangled with a cast-off fishing line. "I was swimming around underwater when the movement of my arms wrapped some of this long, loose line around me, see? The line had a hook on the end and it was caught on the bottom. I couldn't get it unwound, so I figured I'd swim to the surface and take it off up there. Imagine my surprise when the line tightened just as I got within a few inches of the surface. I had to go all the way down again—thirty feet—and force that hook out, then come all the way back before I could get any air. Did I feel silly!"

Jack Prodanovich recounts a similar folly. He swam underneath a submarine ledge in search of abalones, and found it led into a sort of undersea tunnel narrowing to a crack. He was collecting crustaceans in the tunnel when a heavy ground swell swept him along it and wedged his head and shoulders tightly into the crack at the end. Prodanovich had to fight like a demon to force himself backward out of the crack, and rockets were exploding inside his head before he swam out from beneath the ledge and started toward the surface.

Years ago the members used to wear their abalone knives fastened to their wrists by a stout cord, and this custom caused three near-drownings. The late Marine Lt. Tuck Miller once got his knife caught beneath an abalone shell, but chewed through the cord in time to break loose. Bill Batzloff was trapped in the same way, and broke his cord by main strength. Jack Corberly found himself in a similar predicament, but other members used their knives to pry his tool free in the nick of time.

Since then the Bottom Scratchers have carried their knives on rubber bracelets from which they can release themselves when necessary. This is one of many improvements in the sea-hunting equipment now used by members. In the beginning they had no spears, faceplates, or swim fins. For five years they made their own goggles until the club

Continued on page 186

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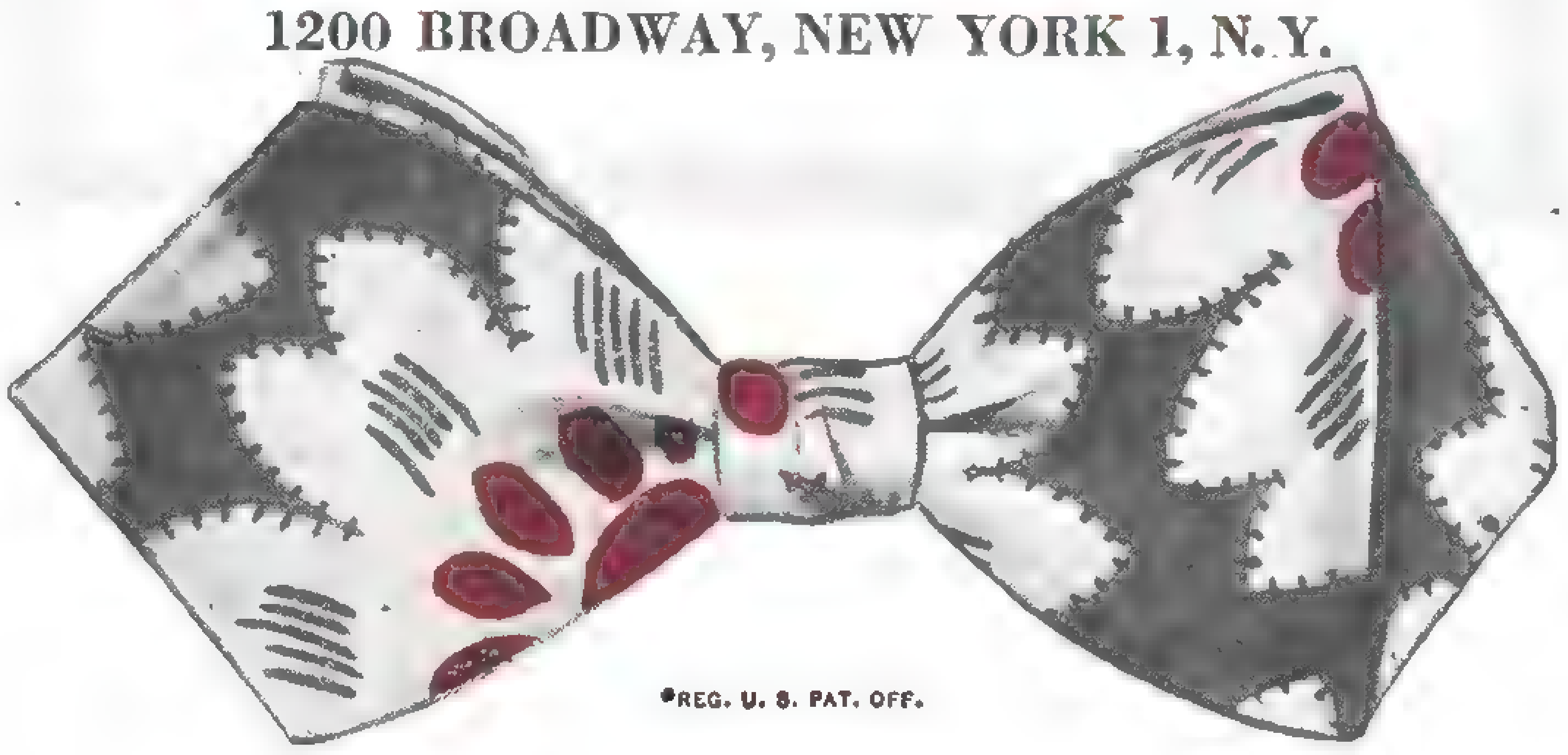

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Slaughter Under Water

Continued from page 185

learned about the glass face masks worn over eyes and nose by Jap divers, and made some. They've been standard equipment in the club ever since. So have special earplugs, made of plastic and molded to the shape of the individual's ear by the same process used in making false teeth.

Swim fins, introduced in this country a few years ago, are part of every Bottom Scratcher's accoutrement now. So is a three-pronged spear for stabbing sharks. But the equipment of which these hunters are proudest is their special spring-driven shaft, which drives a three-inch slip-joint spearhead clear through a 200-pound fish. A hair trigger is set off by the impact of spearhead against fish, ramming the point through the toughest scales.

This ingenious homemade harpoon often enables a Bottom Scratcher to stagger ashore carrying a fish bigger than he is. The club record is held by 150-pound Jack Prodanovich, who recently brought in a 207-pound grouper.

The club presidency automatically goes to the member landing the year's biggest fish and Prodanovich is the present Grand Walrus—an honor more to be admired than desired, in the opinion of impartial observers. The day of the club's annual banquet in January is inaugural day for the new president; and on this day he must personally swim out and fetch in all the fish, lobsters, abalones and other delicacies for the banquet. A year ago January, boomers were breaking over a fifteen-foot sea wall along the beach when Bob Rood assumed the presidency. The other members bundled themselves in overcoats and stood behind the wall, howling with glee, while Rood spent hours struggling through the towering breakers with loads of fish.

The water gets as cold as 58 degrees during the California winters, but the Bottom Scratchers glory in it. They keep jugs of coffee handy on the beach, and drink it scalding hot, with five spoonfuls of sugar per cup, as soon as they emerge from the sea. This elixir seems to maintain their body heat so well that they become no more than comfortably numb after their swims.

The last member to be admitted was Lamar "Swede" Boren, a commercial photographer, after a two-year apprenticeship. The Bottom Scratchers are glad to take any likely-looking novitiate down with them and show him how to handle abalones, sharks and other denizens of the deep, but nearly all the would-be

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joiners have changed their minds before attaining membership status.

The crushed eardrum hazard has caused several to lose interest, and sharks have cooled the ardor of most of the others. Once a member showed an applicant a shark hidden in a kelp bed, with only its tail protruding, and suggested he swim down and tickle it. "Go on, this'll be good practice for you," the Bottom Scratcher urged. "You can see from the tail it's only about a sixty-pound shark. Nothing to worry about." The applicant finally complied, whereupon a seven-foot shark irritably extricated itself from the kelp and swam away.

LOVE BIRDS FOR SALE
Fred Lundy

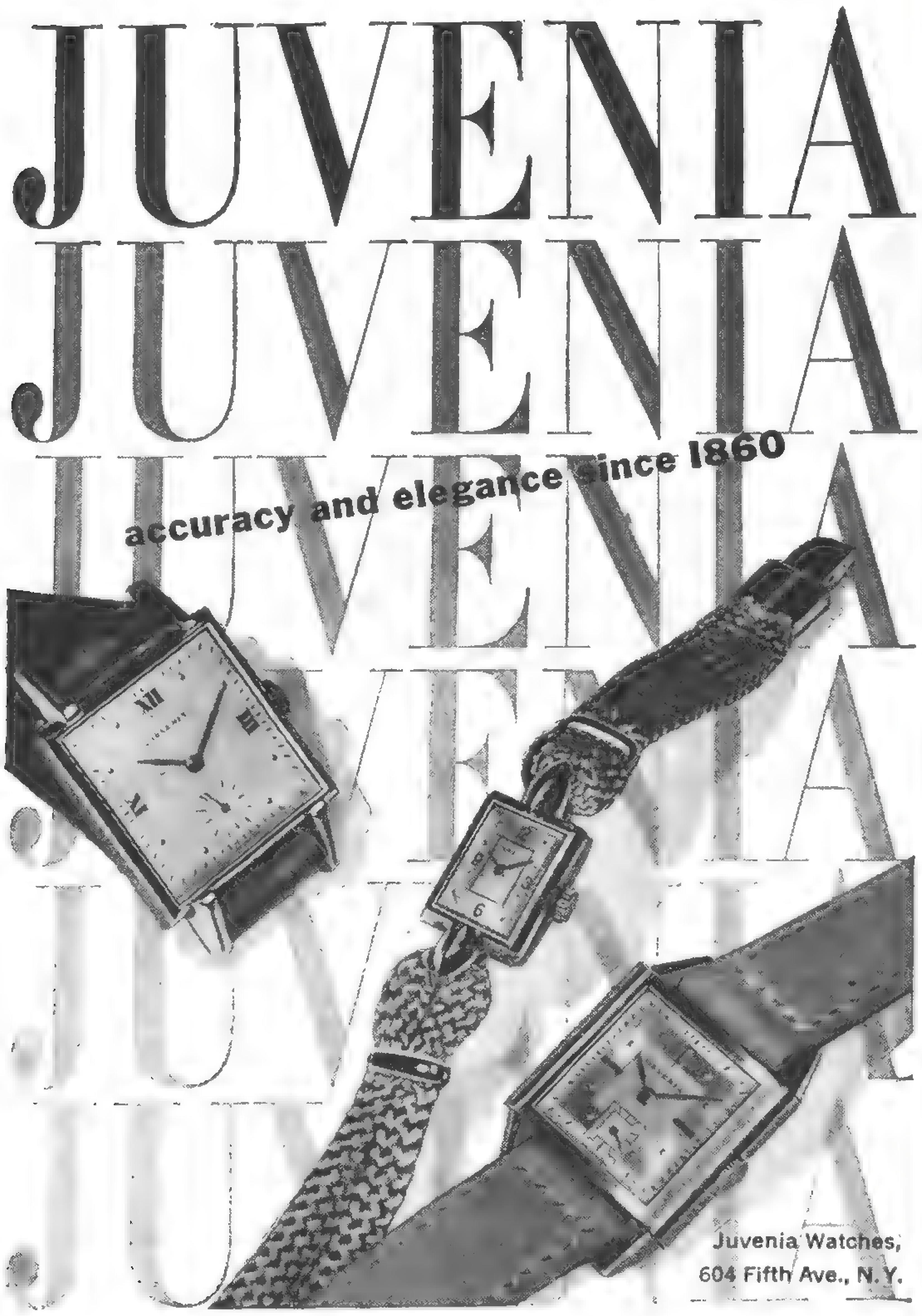
"And how long is your mother staying with us?"

Big sharks are a rarity in Southern California waters, but neither small nor large ones perturb the Bottom Scratchers. Sharks frequently doze in kelp beds along the ocean floor, and can be speared easily, they say. The varieties they've encountered most frequently are dog, shovel-nose, leopard and soup-fin sharks. Once Wally Potts noticed a hammerhead shark asleep in the deep. It was twelve feet long and four feet in girth. Potts decided to swim back to the surface, get his knife, and rip open this creature's belly just for a lark. By the time he returned with his knife, however, he was disappointed to find that the hammerhead had awakened and departed. Pott's disappointment was softened when he read in the *National Geographic* Magazine that a hammerhead shark, if it is wounded, will attack a man.

The same twelve-foot shark gave Ben Stone an interesting three minutes several weeks afterward. Stone was swimming toward shore when he noticed the hammerhead following him curiously.

As the shark drew within biting distance he prodded it with his spear, and it veered off, only to return a moment later. This time Stone gave it a savage biff in the nose, whereupon it churned up such a maelstrom of water that

Continued on page 188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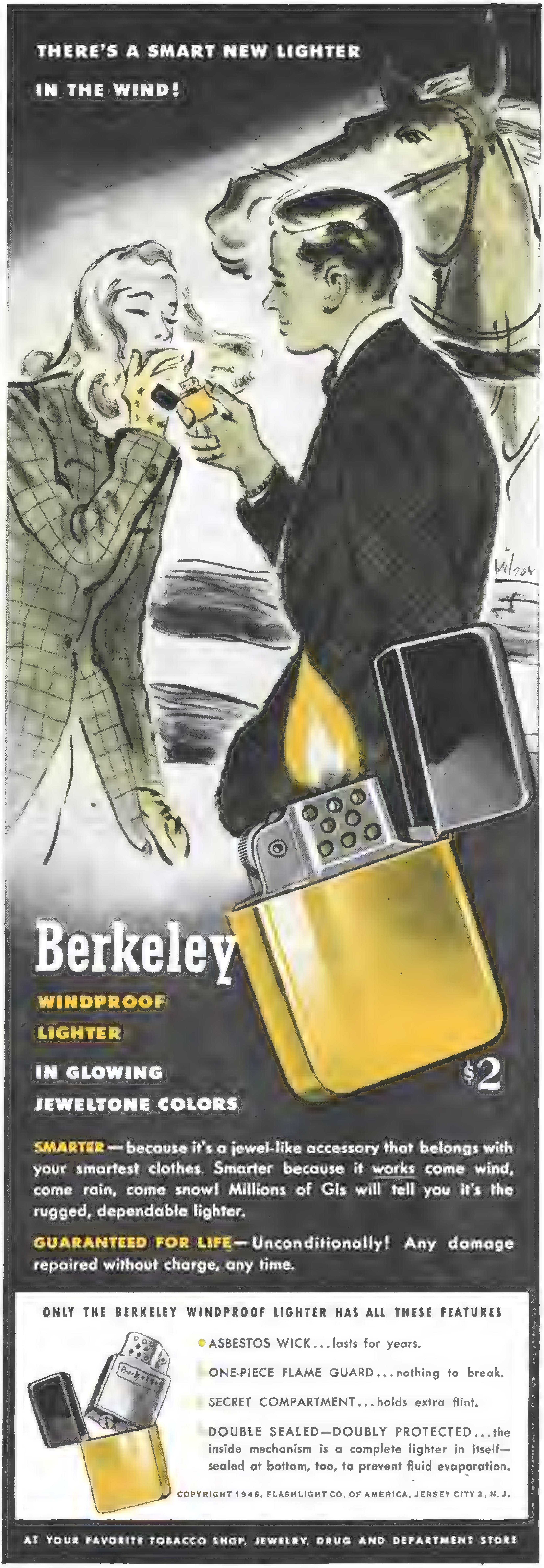
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Slaughter Under Water

Continued from page 187

Stone was swept over a reef into shallower water. "From there I promptly proceeded in to shore—without looking back," he says.

Other Bottom Scratchers can recount similar instances of unwarranted aggression by denizens of the deep. A lobster once clawed a glove off Boren's hand. A 300-pound grouper gave Potts an argument about two halibut he was towing to shore. A sheepshead snatched an abalone out of Orr's hand. An eel tried to bite off one of Prodanovich's fingers, but was frustrated by the fact that there happened to be a ring on the finger.

The most memorable case, however, occurred one Sunday when Jack Prodanovich was about twenty feet down. He had noticed a giant grouper about fifteen feet below him, but had turned his attention elsewhere because the fish was too distant to be speared. Suddenly the fish shot straight up at him. Prodanovich managed to get his spear in front of him in time to point it at the grouper, and the fish stopped just short of the spear. Prodanovich could see its fangs—slightly larger than a police dog's—yawning at him, and then the grouper swam away.

The Bottom Scratchers later asked a San Diego ichthyologist if a giant grouper would attack man. "That's something we've been hoping you fellows would find out for us," he replied.

The approved method of bringing in a shark barehanded is to grasp its tail with one hand and swim for shore with the other. This theoretically renders it powerless, particularly in the case of the usual small sharks. If you keep twisting your wrist as the fish turns, it will be unable to bend around far enough to get its teeth into you. And, since a shark gets most of its propulsive power from its tail, it can't swim hard enough to resist being pulled ashore.

This theory works well most of the time—so well that even a girl can follow it successfully. Viola Potts, Wally Potts' wife, once captured a three-foot shark by this technique. Jack Corberly actually got two shovel-nose sharks—one in each hand—on the same dive and swam to the beach with them.

However, there are times when the theory doesn't work so well. Orr admits he once had to let go of a horn shark to keep it from biting him. This would seem to be about as safe as relaxing one's grasp on a tiger's tail, but it did save Orr. The fish sank its teeth into a near-by inner tube instead

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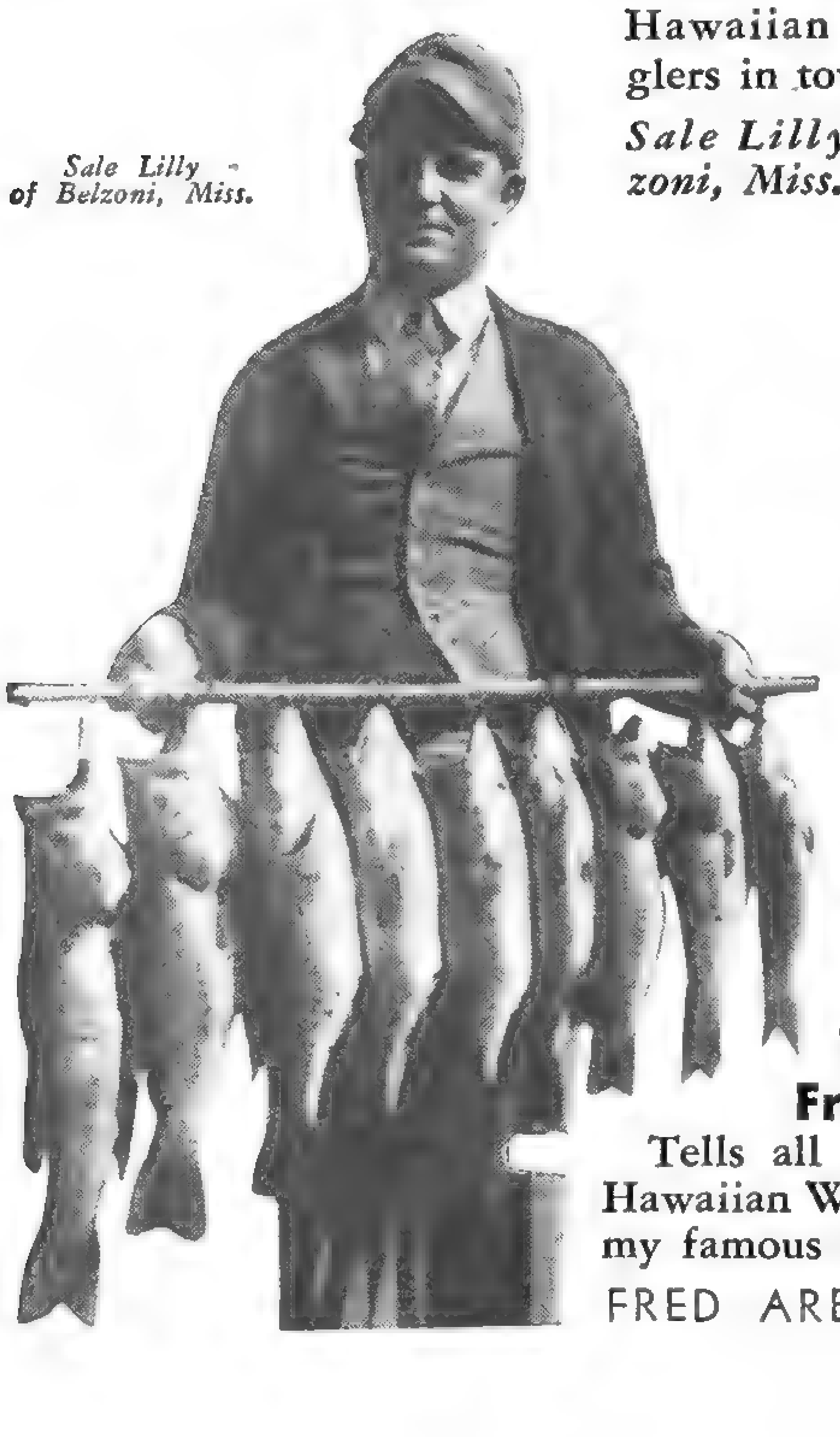
(Left to right) Wayne Ballard, M. L. Knight, Homer Patton and Buster Patton



Sale Lilly of Belzoni, Miss.

Texas Anglers Get Bass With Hawaiians

Ed Cromer, member of the Fort Worth Anglers Club and editor of the *Fisherman,* sends me this photo of four of their members with catfish and bass. In his story he reports: "These boys say there's nothing to it. All you have to do is to go to Lake Texoma, fish in the Cedar Bayou and haul them in. The bass were caught on Hawaiian Wigglers."

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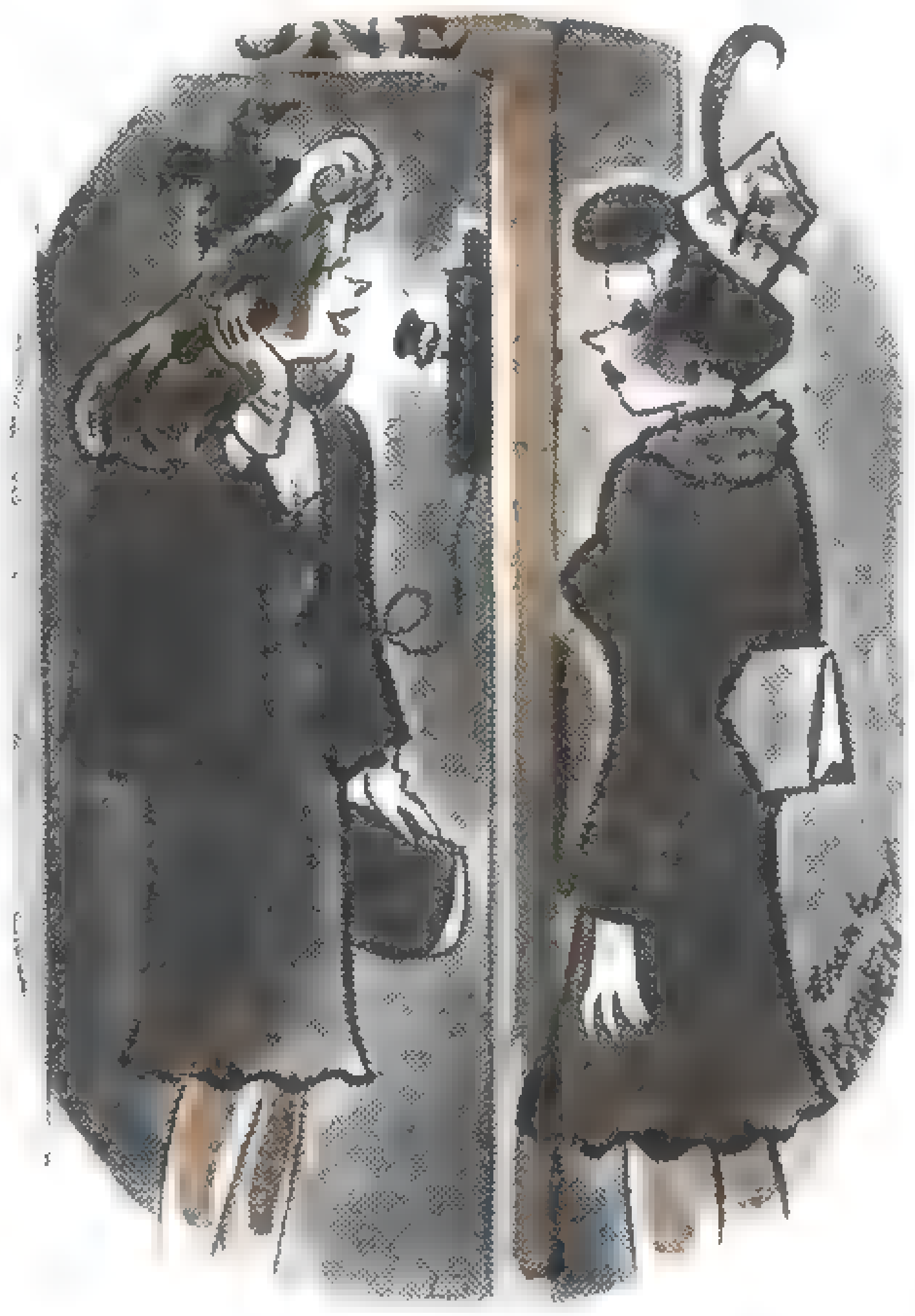
of into Orr—who used the time to ram a spear through the fish's head.

Meeting an octopus would probably seem even less pleasant, to the uninitiated, than meeting a shark. However, this is considered merely a happy little experience by club members. Octopuses found in Southern California waters are all small, according to the Scratchers, and cutting one apart is a simple matter if it should fasten itself onto you.



"Your dinner is on the stove, dear—just call the gas company, pay the bill, and get them to turn on the gas"

The history of the Bottom Scratchers goes back to the depression year of 1932, when Glenn Orr, like many a lesser man, was having difficulty keeping his family in groceries. He read somewhere that it was possible to pry abalones off submerged rocks, and that they made succulent food. Being in a mood to try anything, he tried swimming out to sea and exploring San Diego's shallow underwater ledges for abalones. He brought in three the first afternoon; his family enjoyed them and Orr has been a spare-time sea hunter since.

He told Prodanovich and Stone about his discovery, and the three of them began diving together, teaching themselves by trial and error. They combed the local undersea areas all day Sundays and after work on weekdays—more for the sake of augmenting their income than for the pleasure of the hunt. No one becomes really fond of this activity, evidently, until he's spent a year or two accustoming himself to it.

In 1935 the trio initiated Jack Corberly into their sport, and decided to form a club. The organization has been active ever since. It makes up its own rules as it goes along, collects no dues, conducts no membership drives. There are enough applicants to keep the club alive; apparently many men around San Diego subscribe to the club's philosophy that it's great fun to go swimming in the depths because "you always feel so glad to get back to shore." #

Continued from page 78

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Hoofbeats in Crimea

Continued from page 49

own stallion? I, who had reared him since he was waist high and had to be helped up on his wobbly legs?

I turned angrily away from her; I had no answer to give her. Just then I heard loud voices outside the gate and the drumming hoofbeats of many horses. Our men were coming in from the mountain corrals with some of our brood mares, and as soon as Sirdar felt their presence he went simply wild. There was also one of our best prize mares, a white Arabian—*Strela'*, the Arrow. She was not a safe mount; she had the mean trick of bolting with her rider, and we never rented her out. Only the *provodniki* were allowed to ride her.

My lady pupil looked over the horses admiringly.

"I like that white mare," she said. "I shall ask my father to buy her for me."

There was that cocksure tone again; if I was angry at her before, I was now about to boil over. As if the matter of her buying our horses had been already settled then and there.

"I don't think that my father would sell her," I answered. "She is one of our finest imported brood mares."

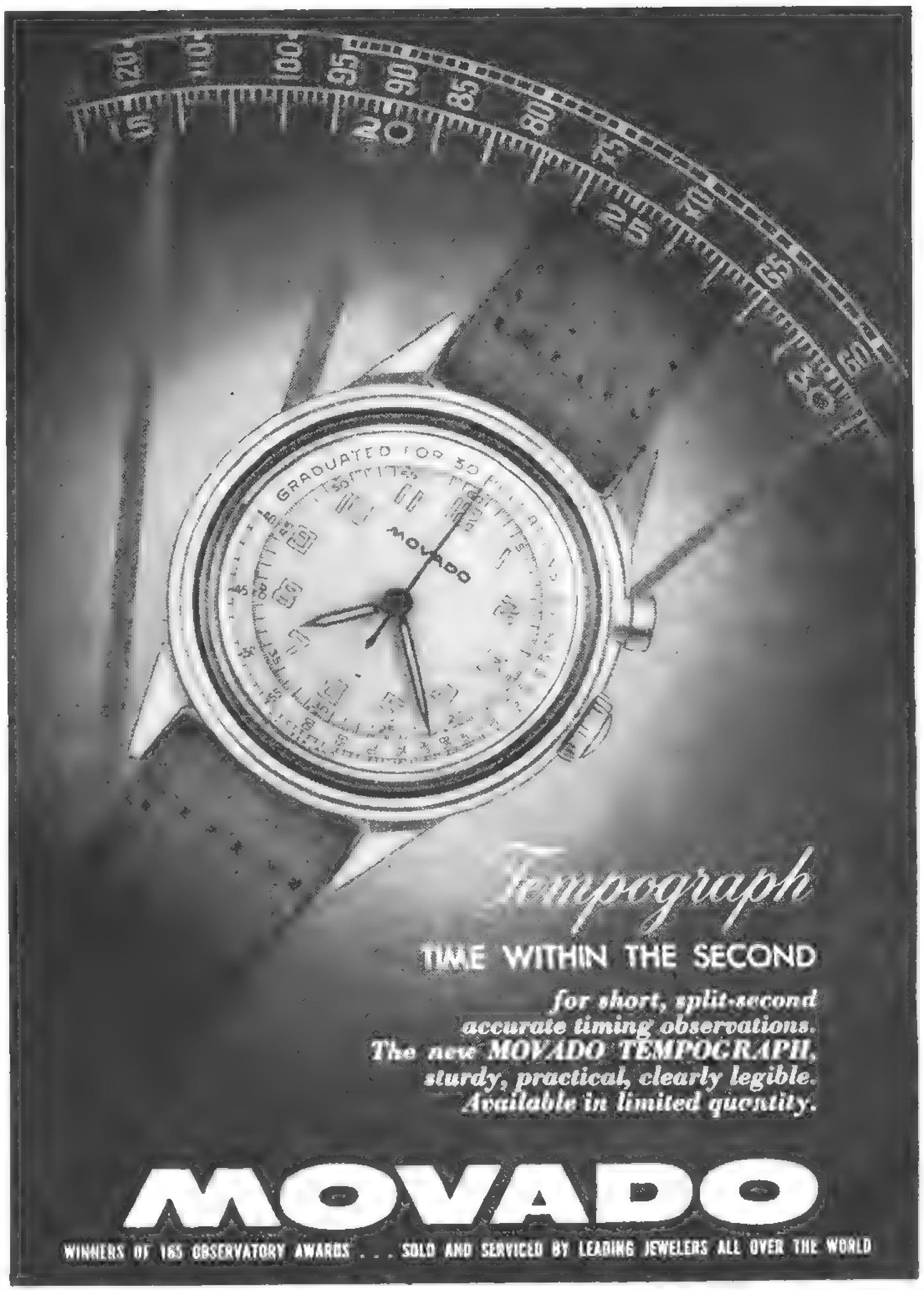
"Oh," she sounded surprised. "Are you then the son of the owner? I took you for one of the *provodniki*."

I glared at her. I a *provodniki* —a gigolo?

One of the mares neighed, and Sirdar went crazy; he started to prance and pull at his chain.

"At any rate, I would like to try riding that mare," she said. But I did not hear her, or care for that matter, because I had my hands full with that stallion. I had not noticed that she had walked across the yard. I heard someone shout in alarm. Turning about, I saw her astride the white mare. The horse seemed as surprised as I at such audacity. Zeneida had gathered the reins, and in the next instant I saw her to my—and everybody else's—horror lift her hand and give the mare the whip. Never in her life had that horse been touched by a whip. I knew what would happen next. It happened—the horse and her insane rider were flying across the yard, through the gate, and the next instant they were disappearing in a pillar of dust along the road.

For a brief moment I stood panic stricken. That crazy pupil of mine would kill herself; the horse would see to that. I threw my saddle over Sirdar's back, unhitched him and swung myself astride. Without my urging, he



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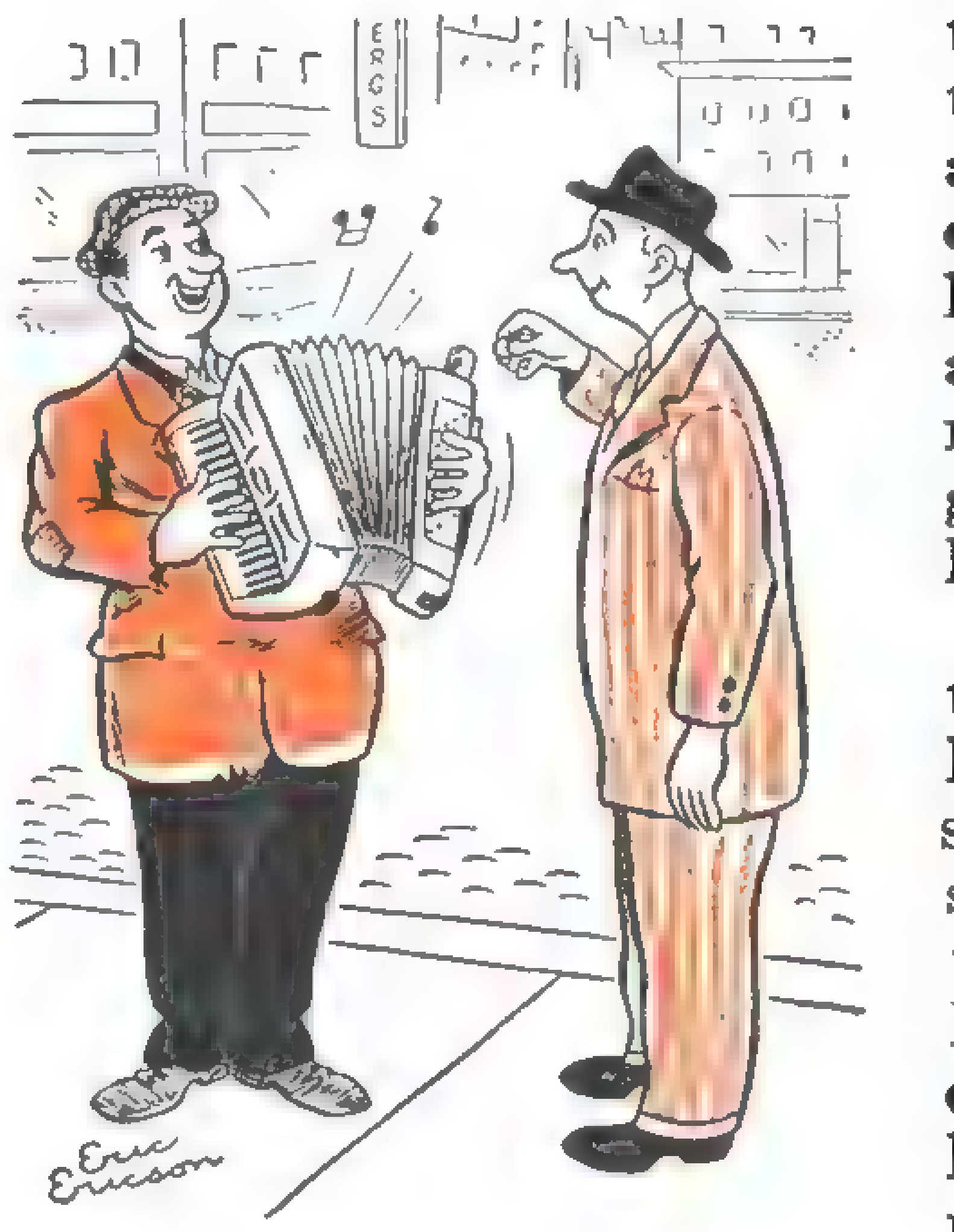
took after the fleeing, crazed mare and its unfortunate rider. He was after that mare. If the girl's unconscious and bleeding form was not lying somewhere ahead of me in the dusty road, the mare, sensing the rider to be inexperienced, would lead us up the many hairpin turns back to the mountain, back to her steppe, where other stallions and her freedom and other mares and her own foals awaited her. I saw the dust pillar make the first turn. If I rode straight up the hill, I could cut them off. Fast as Sirdar was, we did not make it—yet, he wanted that mare—but we gained on the bolting animal. Miraculously—Allah be praised—somehow Zeneida had managed to hang on. Her hair was dishevelled, her hat had fallen off. Please, Allah, save her somehow. If she would fall off that horse, she would surely be killed. Don't let it happen, Allah.

I could imagine how frightened she must have been, how she must have tried desperately but unsuccessfully to hold that crazed horse, pulling the reins with all her might with those beautiful, white hands of hers.

Again Sirdar and I were storming straight ahead, but at the very moment the stallion set his hoofs on the road, the mare flew by. The next instant, Sirdar had turned to follow the runaways; he almost threw me off, and, head low, he charged after the fleeing mare. He was going to overtake her.

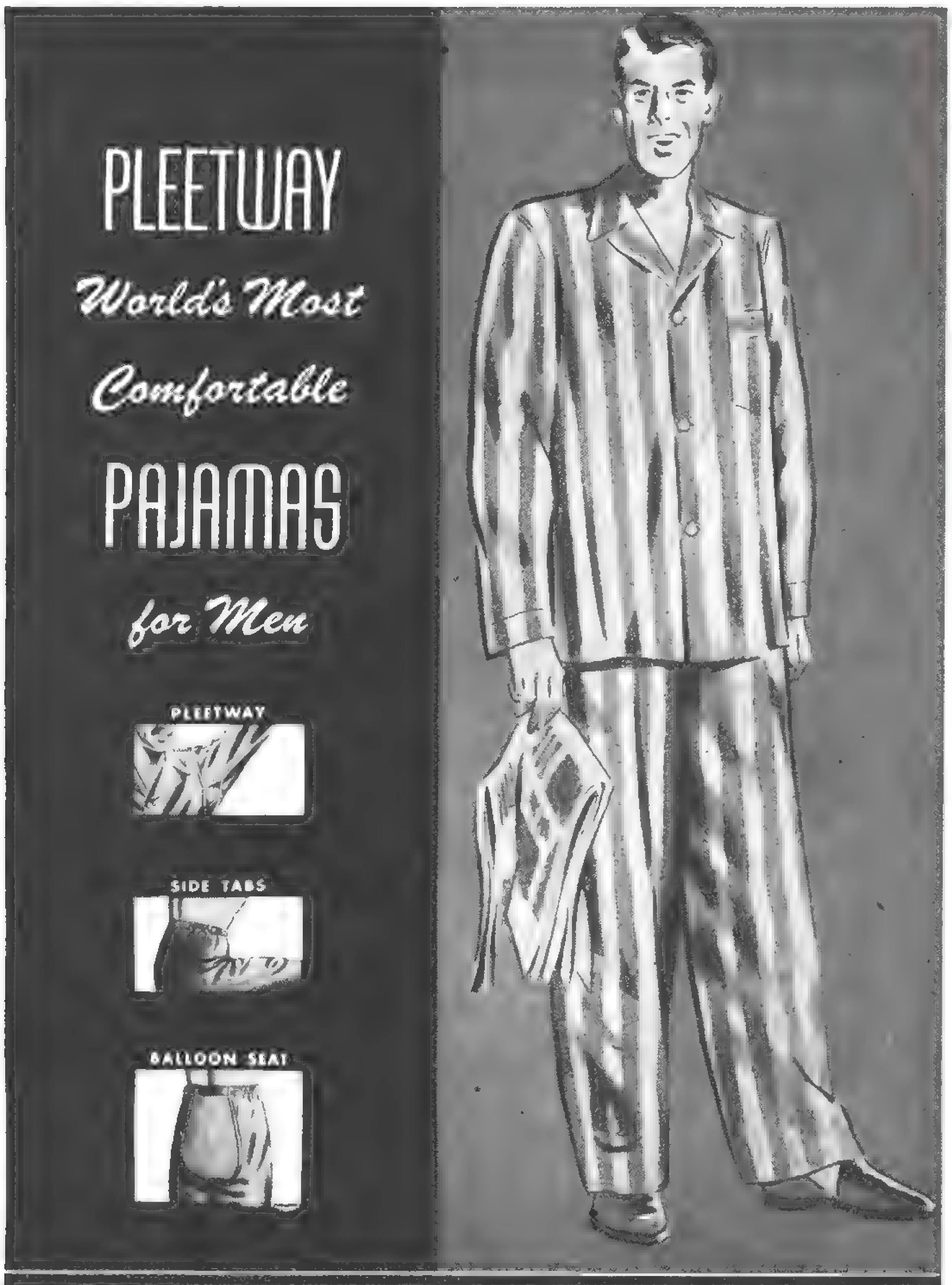


"I really took it up to be popular"

But she did not take the next hairpin turn. Instead, she plunged straight ahead into the forest, following a narrow deer path. It was here we caught up with her. I was out of the saddle not a moment too soon; Zeneida, her body limp, slowly and helplessly slid off the saddle into my shaking arms. She was in a dead faint.

I laid her gently on the ground, and still much out of breath, ran to look for water. I found it in a near-by creek, wetted my hand-

Continued on page 192



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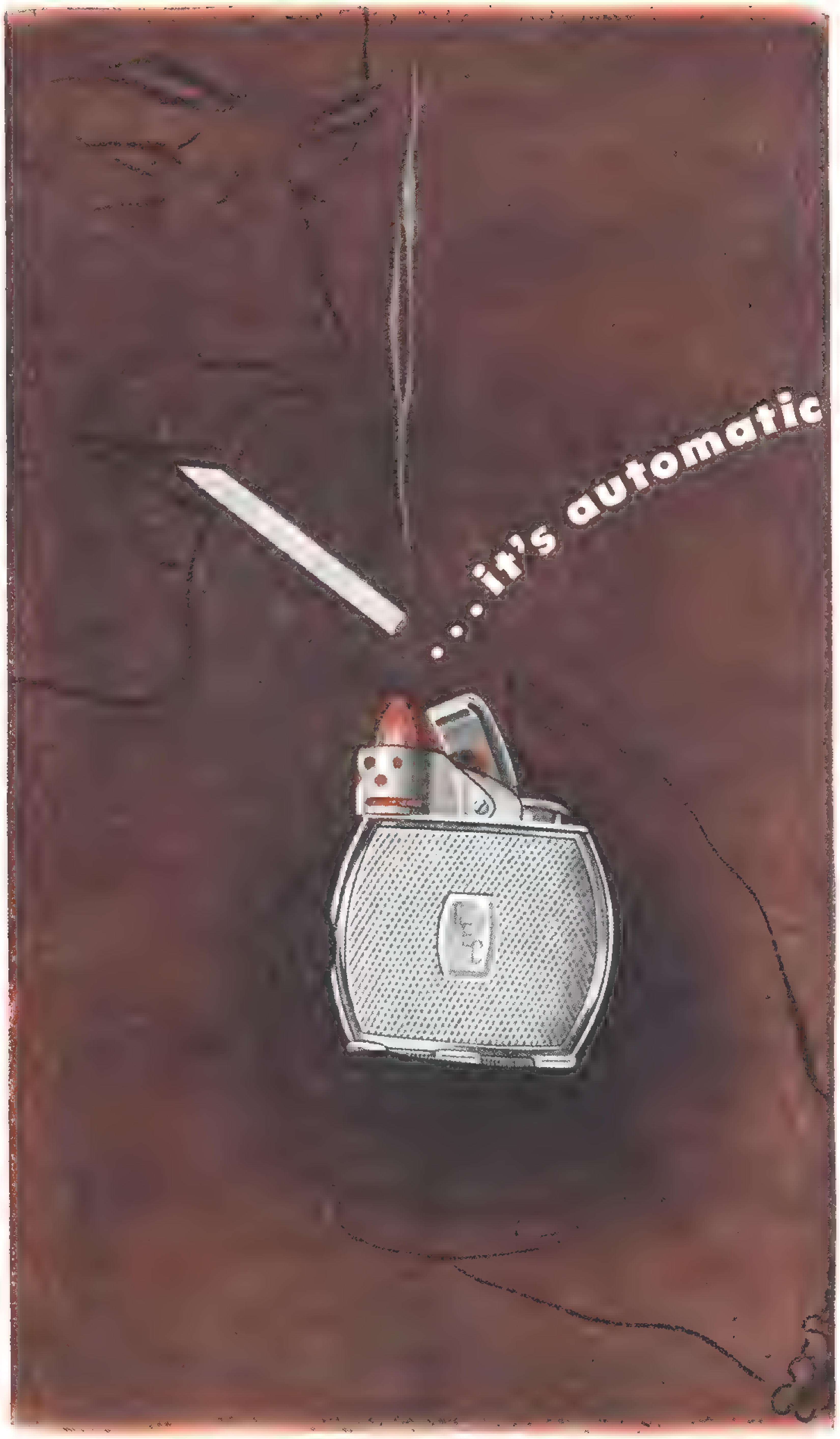

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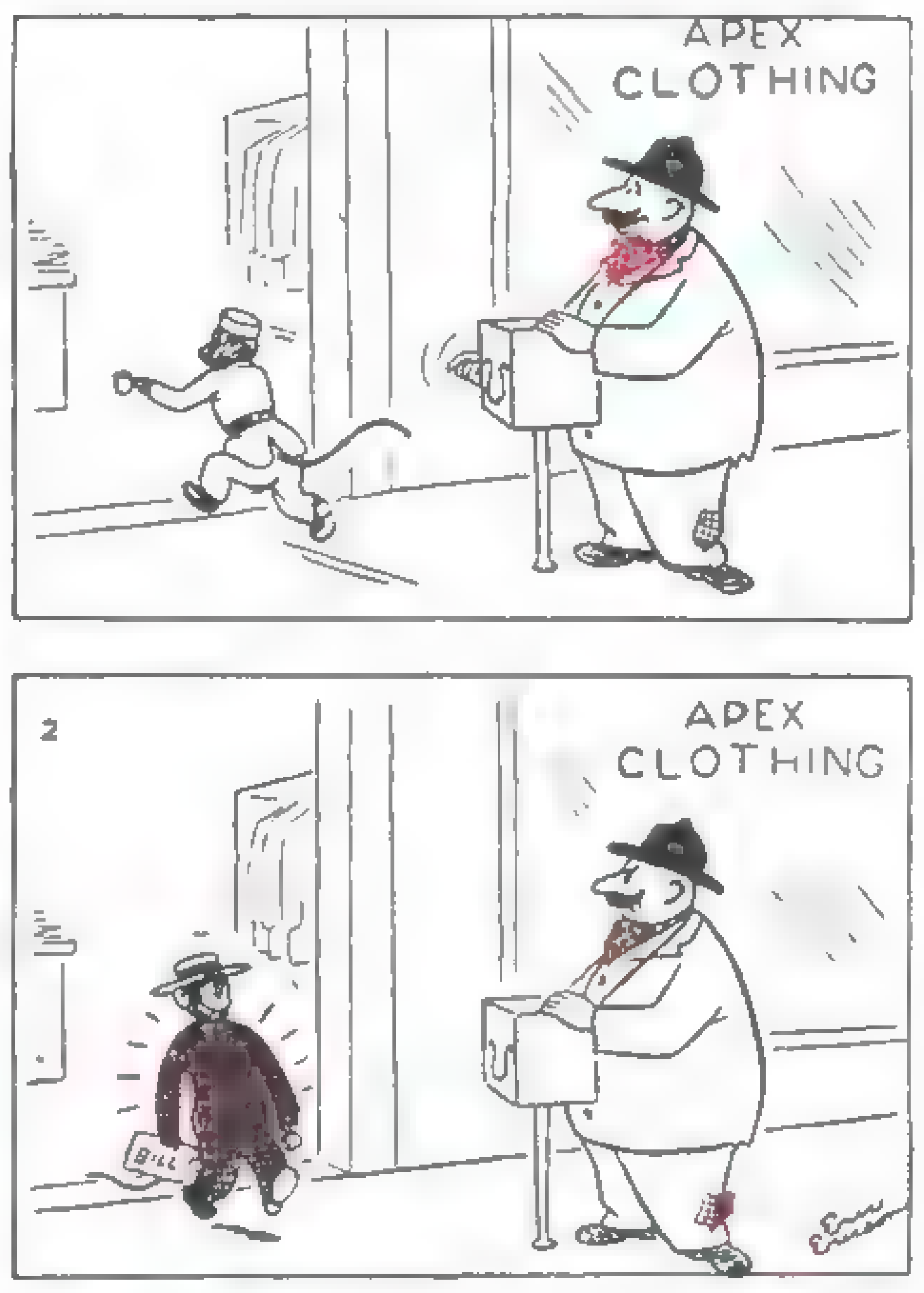
Hoofbeats in Crimea

Continued from page 191

kerchief, ran back to the prostrate, motionless figure on the ground, and gently washed her face with the cool, moist kerchief.

And then from the thicket came Sirdar's scream, the triumphant scream of a siring stallion. There was the soft, sweet neigh of the mare. I had forgotten all about the horses, nor did I care much what was happening in that thicket.

I gently rubbed Zeneida's hands and arms. Her eyes were closed. Her face was very flushed; to me, it seemed to have an almost uncanny glow, the like of which I had never seen on any woman before. Her breath came in short, pained gasps. This had been too much for her heart, and I feared the worst. I had to do something, and I quickly tore open her blouse.



Then, to my relief, I saw her slowly open her eyes.

She lifted her arms and we embraced. "Dearest—*dorogoy'*," she said in a low, gentle voice.

I saw Zeneida only once after that. Father had taken Mother and me to the horse show at Yalta, the season's greatest social event, which the Tsar and Tsarina attended. The whole court was there. I could not believe my eyes. I saw her ride a magnificent roan and put it through the most intricate paces and pirouettes. She took jumps only experts take. No, this could not be she—it was hard to believe she had learned so much in so short a time.

I asked Father who this champion rider was.

He looked a little surprised at my lack of social enlightenment, which he himself had so sadly neglected. "She is the famous Countess Zeneida Petrovna Roumva, lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty the Empress. For the last three years no one has been able to beat her. She is an excellent horsewoman."

I should say she was. ⧺

Continued from page 49

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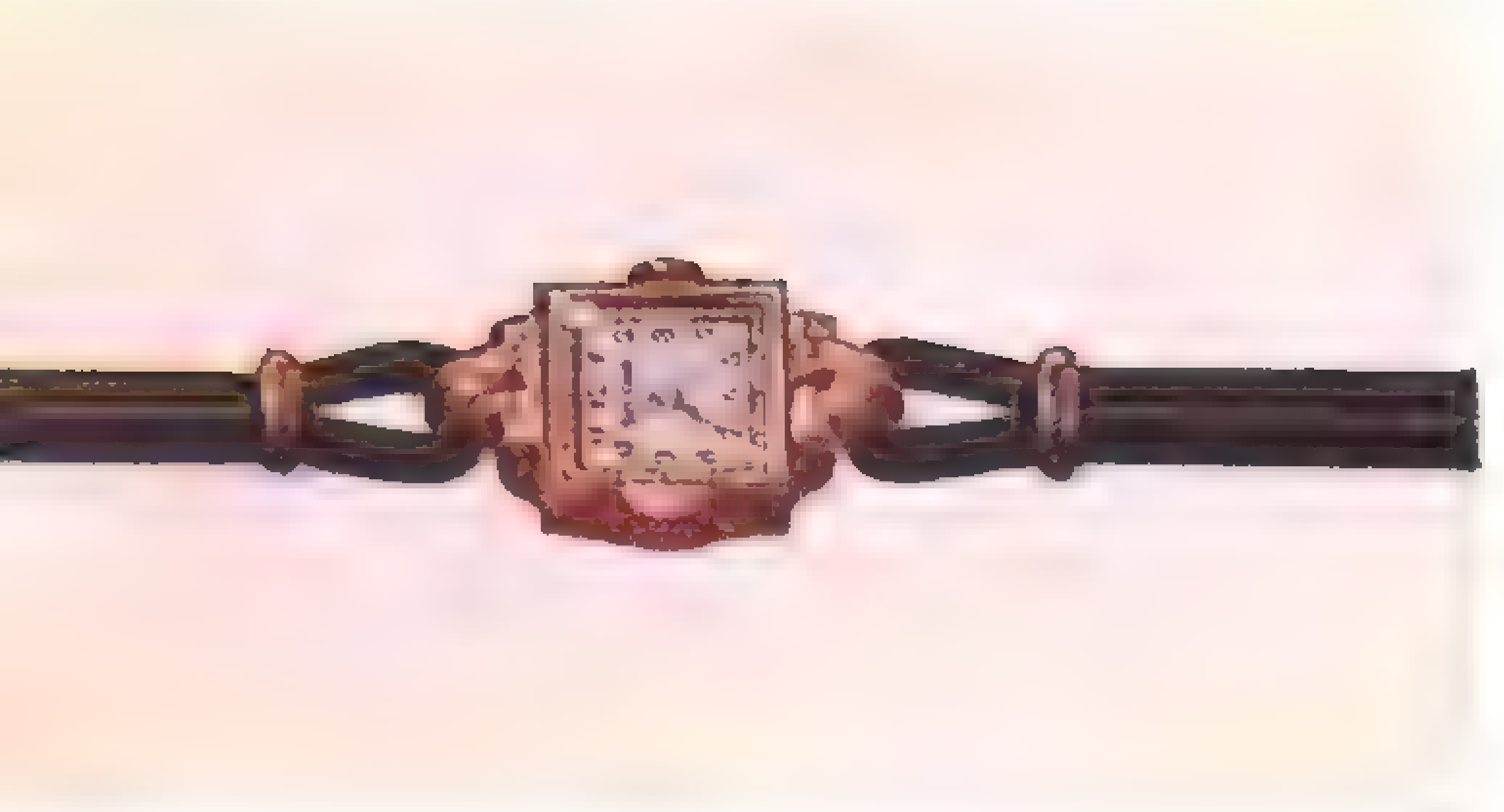

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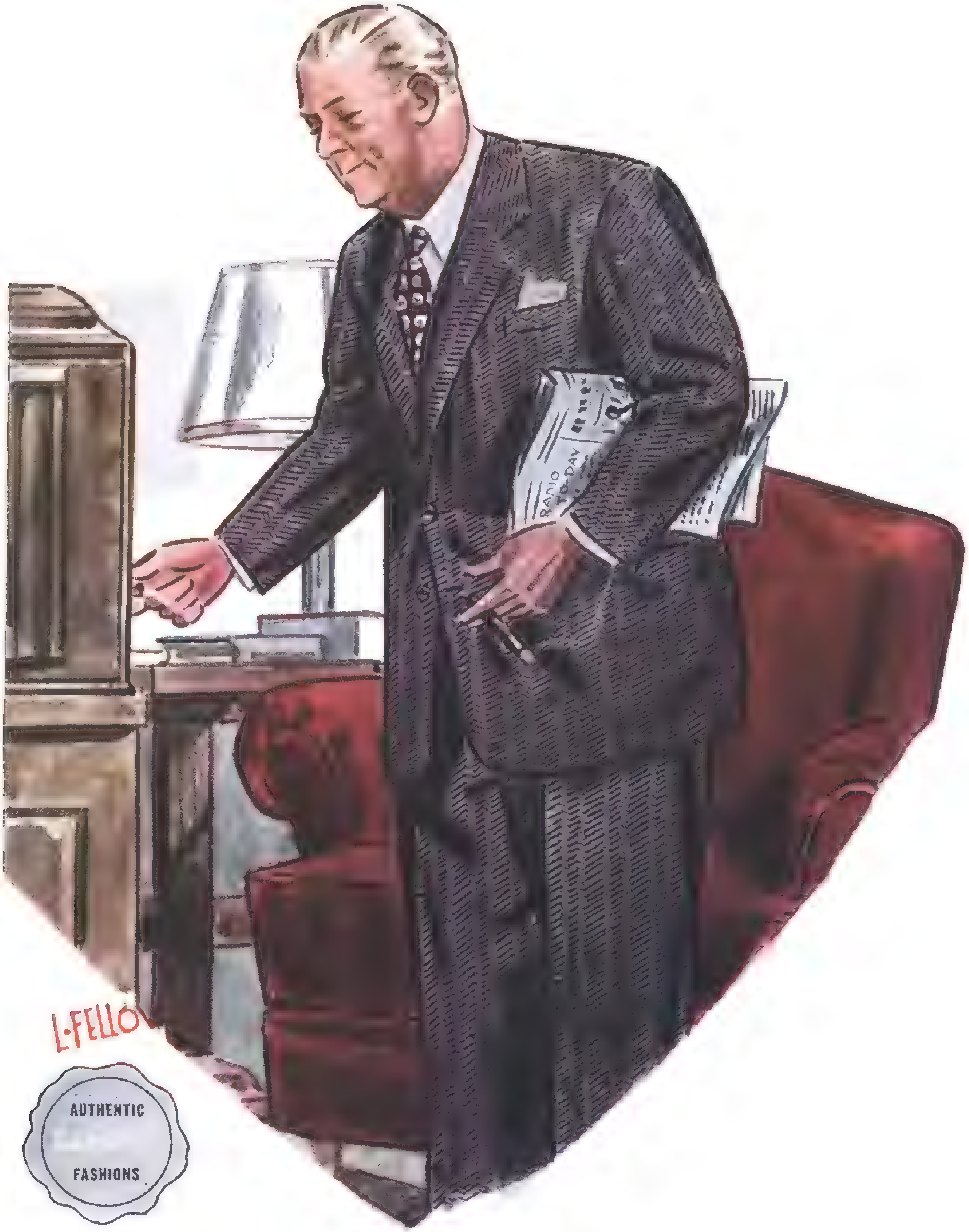

EASY DOES IT

Drawing by Fellows

This solid citizen, whose most strenuous exercise is flipping the radio dial, and who leaves diets to the distaff side, manages to make the least of his bulk by keeping an eye on clothes tricks. Note the vertical lines of the small tick weave of his hard-finished worsted suit. And his jacket is shorter than usual to increase the length of the important area between the jacket edge and the floor—and make his legs appear longer. The straight cut of the jacket front makes it hard to guess his girth. And the extra long lapels, the tapered line of his trousers, the moderate length of his collar points and the small-figured foulard tie all contribute to an illusion of greater height and less weight. All this without giving up desserts or buying a rowing machine, thank you.

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

The Courtship of Pee-wee Joe

Continued from page 111

sagged beneath a load of steaming dishes. There was a heaping platter of fried chicken, a huge bowl of collards cooked with white bacon and smaller bowls of green beans and okra and tomatoes. There was a pokeweed salad and homemade jellies. An enormous, golden-brown corn pone steamed invitingly. A granite pot of coffee burbled on the stove, and the granddaddy of all lime pies faced them boldly, its lightly-browned meringue alluring.

Both men slid quickly into chairs, their weariness and aches forgotten, temporarily. At the widow's hearty invitation they attacked the delectable viands with much lip-smacking, knife-wielding gusto.

Finishing finally, Blowfish tilted back his chair. " 'Fore the Lawd," he announced, "I ain't never envied a man married to a good cookin' woman before." He kicked Pee-wee. The little man's eyes were glazed from fatigue and satiety, but he managed a fervent, "Amen to that!"

Widow Pruddy flushed, jellied, then looked down and fingered the edge of her apron modestly. "It do 'pear like you could set an' visit a short spell," she enticed.

Pee-wee would have slumped back in his chair willingly but Blowfish arose stiffly. "Mizz Pruddy," he declared firmly, "we've got chores to finish. There'll be other days for visitin'."

"I shore hope so." The widow's sigh rippled the window curtains. "I'd be proud to have you all back any time a-tall. Seems like one or t'other could get over more frequent than you has done."

Blowfish quailed at the thought. "It's right hard to leave such purty company," he evaded. He forced his anguished frame out of the cabin and creaked back to the chicken lot with determination.

When Pee-wee had climbed back up to the roof, Blowfish addressed his own rebellious body sternly. "You'll finish what you started or drap daid!" he warned himself. "Pee-wee's gotta be cured!" He set a pace that made Pee-wee quail in horror.

The sun was low when Blowfish finished the fencing. He sank to his knees from sheer weakness and drove the last staple with feeble, fumbling tappings.

He remained on all fours for a moment, panting, head hanging like a played-out dog. Then, still clutching the hammer, he crawled to the shade on the far side of the shed and collapsed at full length. But even though almost unconscious, he retained enough shrewdness to hammer blindly on the wall, now and then, thus simulat-

Continued on page 198

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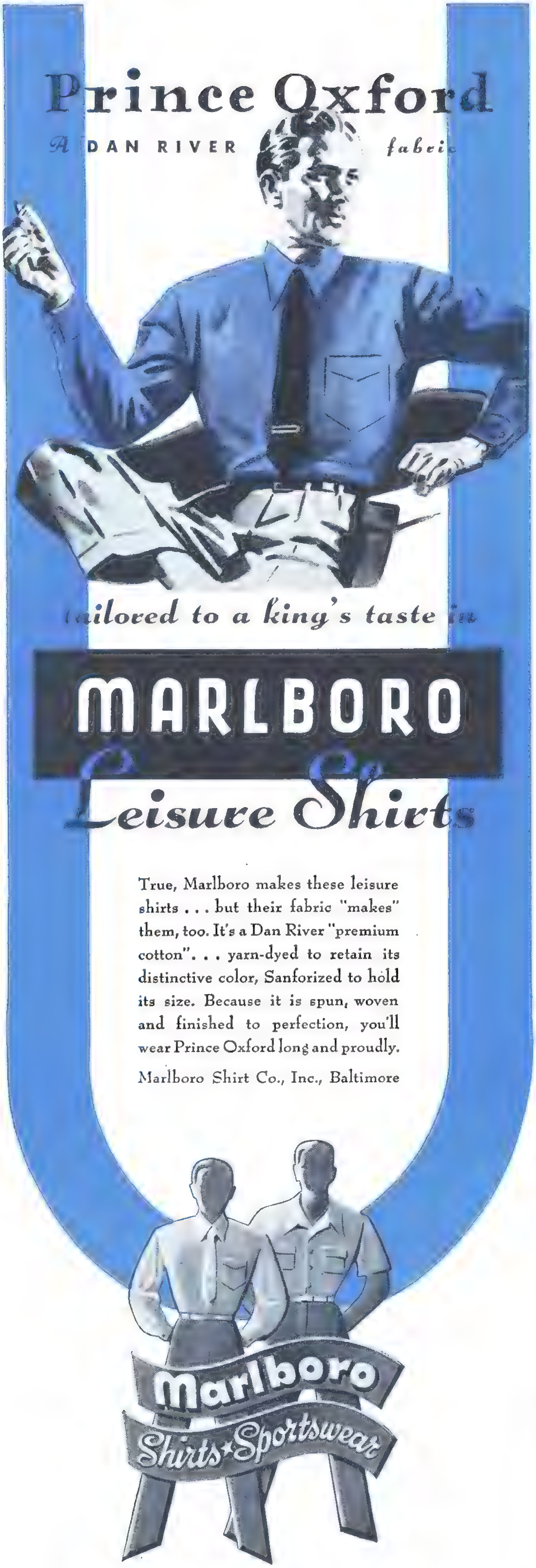
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The Courtship of Pee-wee Joe

Continued from page 197

ing industry. Overhead Pee-wee worked on numbly.

After a few minutes Blowfish revived slightly. Reaching up weakly, he grabbed a window sill and pulled himself to his feet. Once erect he called forth a herculean effort, squared his drooping shoulders courageously and stepping high, wavered out into the open. When near the cabin he shouted with quavering, forced gaiety, "Well Mizz Pruddy, that ties it! Your chicken run is all fenced, varmint tight!" Then back to his partner, "You 'bout done, Pee-wee? Time's a-wastin'!"

He stayed on his feet, knees knocking, heart laboring, breath wheezing audibly, only by embracing a porch post.

Pee-wee drove a final nail, smeared on the last dab of pitch, wobbled down the ladder and joined Blowfish at the porch. He too, was nearly spent but in slightly better condition than Blowfish.

Widow Pruddy bustled out onto the porch, her dream-fogged eyes completely blind to their distress. "Pity you boys gotta rush off so early," she lamented. "I sorta figured you'd set an' visit a spell, then eat another snack afore you took off."

Both men were so tired that the thought of food was repulsive. Even the porch chairs held no allure.

Pee-wee swallowed convulsively. Blowfish forced a ghastly grin and strove to make his voice regretful. "Such would pleasure us mightily, Mizz Pruddy, but we got our own chores to tend to. You ready, Pee-wee?"

He turned and staggered blindly toward the gate. Although he managed to force his shoulders well back, his attempt to prance gaily resulted only in a stumbling parody of his former carefree swagger. His course was erratic, serpentine. Pee-wee followed wearily, two paces to the rear.

Widow Pruddy watched them go with elephantine yearnings. She saw them only vaguely through a thick haze of amorous anticipation. "Don't you boys be such strangers from now on!" she trumpeted hopefully.

Afraid to stop and turn lest he collapse, Blowfish staggered around in a tight half-circle so as to face her, Pee-wee bringing up the rear. Removing his sweat-soaked hat gallantly, he croaked noncommittally, "We'll be a-seein' you!" Completing the circle he set a new course for the gate.

They made it back to their shack in silence, each wrestling with his own thoughts and fears. Once home they dropped soddenly into their bunks.

It was nearly noon when Blow-

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fish awakened reluctantly. Memories of the day before flooded quickly back. The little cabin was utterly silent. A sickening fear lest his heroic sacrifice had been in vain chilled his spine. He opened his eyes and groaned with utter despondency.

"You feelin' poorly, Blowfish?" Pee-wee's soft inquiry rang in his ears like a hymn of love. The little man had not gone back to the widow's! Relief swept over him in a wave of undiluted joy. "Pee-wee," he moaned piteously, "I'm sorer than a whipped rooster."

Pee-wee said nothing but arose from the box where he had been sitting in silent meditation, and brought a tin plate of food and a mug of steaming coffee. "Here," he commanded gently. "Git outside-a this an' maybe you'll feel better. I done et already."

Blowfish obeyed meekly. The plate held a mound of hot grits and two thick discs of fried fish.

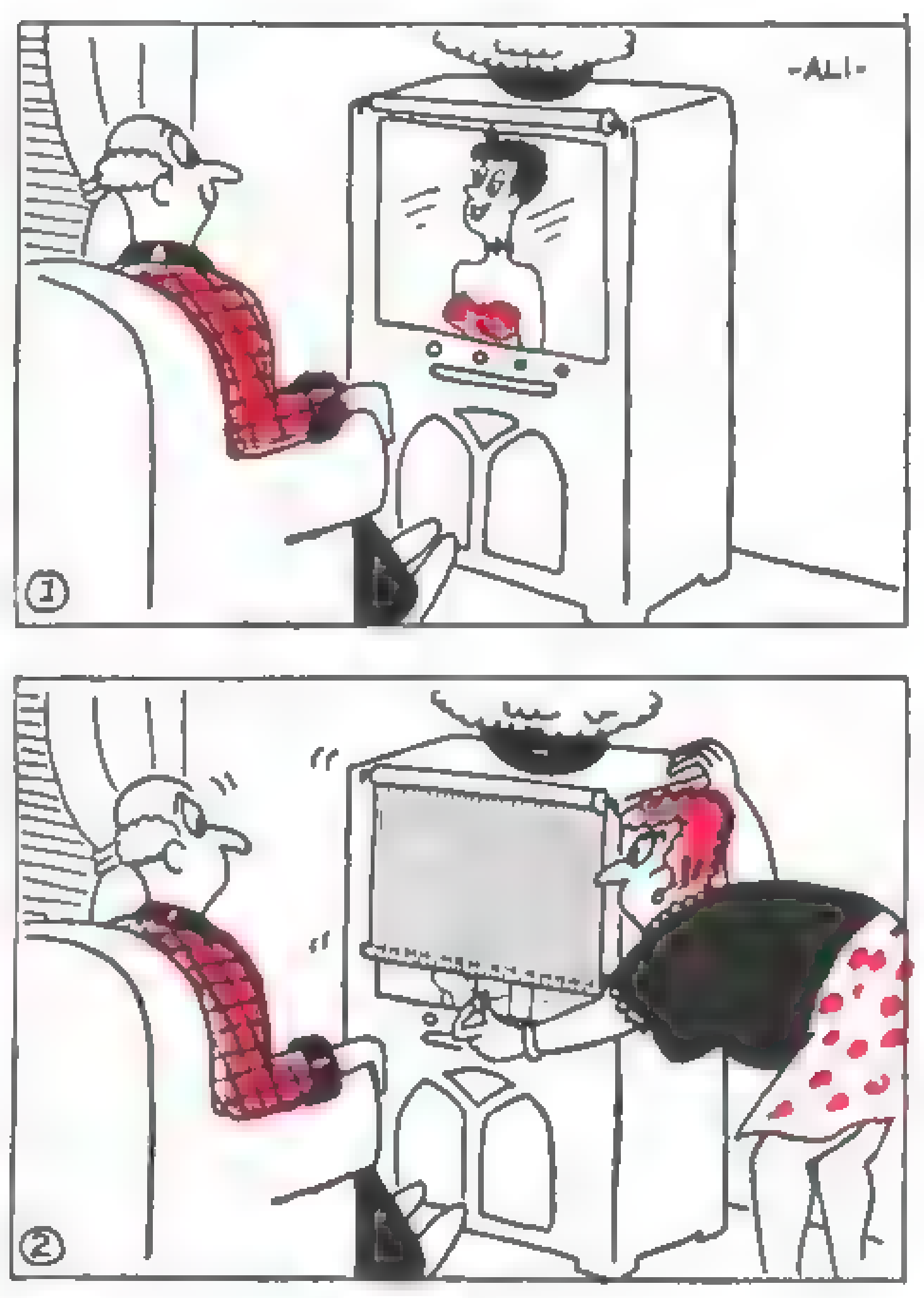
After a moment Pee-wee spoke diffidently. "Blowfish—I—I bin a studyin' an' sorta figgered that jist layin' 'round and eatin' a pile of fancy rations might be bad for a man as active as I be. I—I sorta wanted to git your idees on that afore I went back."

Blowfish furrowed his brow and answered thoughtfully. "Pee-wee, it might be you is right. I has heerd that too much rich rations kin kill a man." He extended the emptied plate and cup adding, "That was plumb good." Then with only the mildest curiosity, "Where'd you git swordfish steaks?"

"Swordfish, hell!" Pee-wee grinned triumphantly. "That was shark! Plain old dog shark. I thought it made right tasty rations."

Blowfish sank back without comment, his aches and pains forgotten. His eyes closed wearily. A snore of full contentment blasted forth.

Pee-wee placed the dirty dishes in the skillet and climbed into his own bunk. Within minutes his high-pitched wheezing chorded and discorded with his partner's rumbling bass. #



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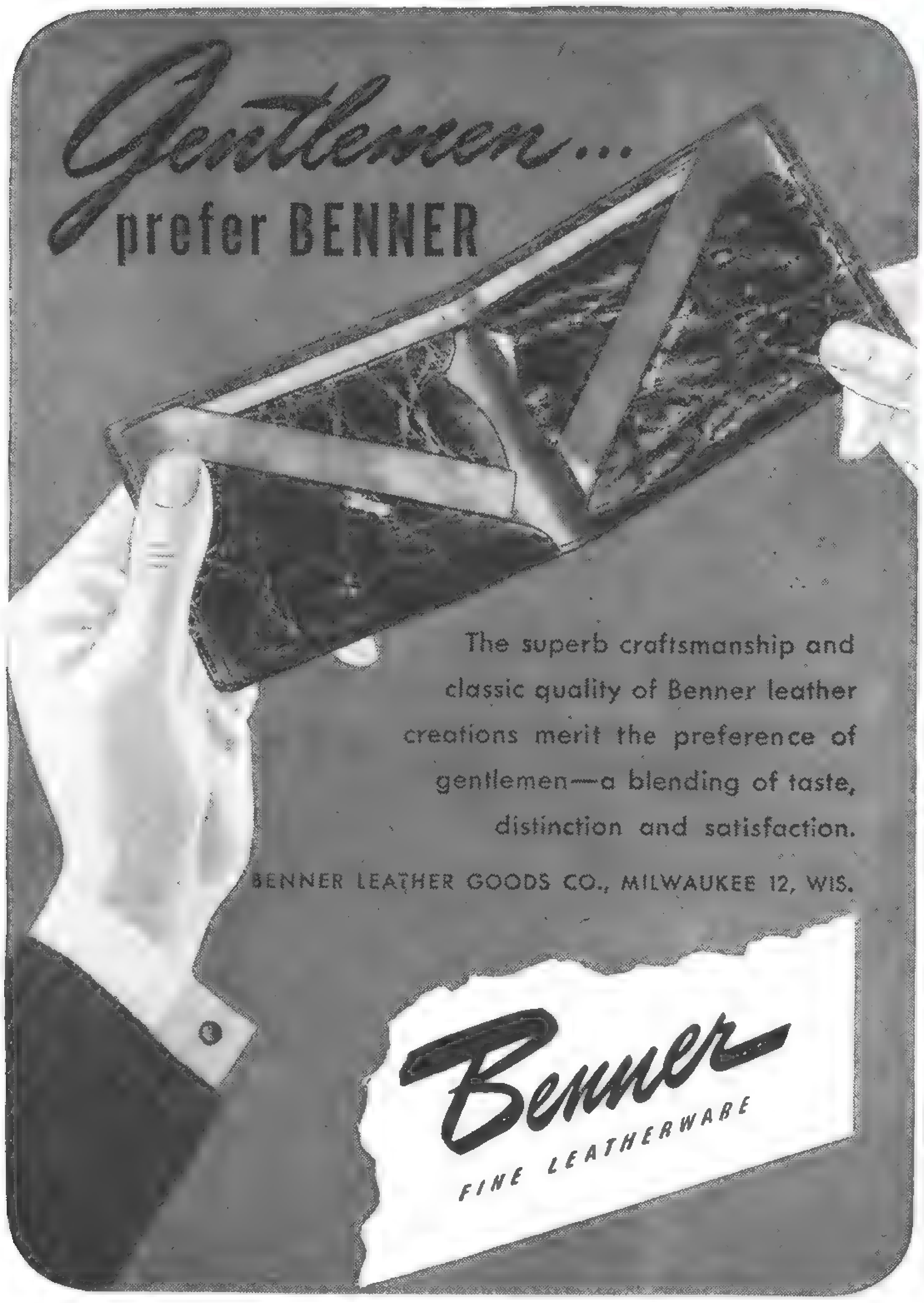

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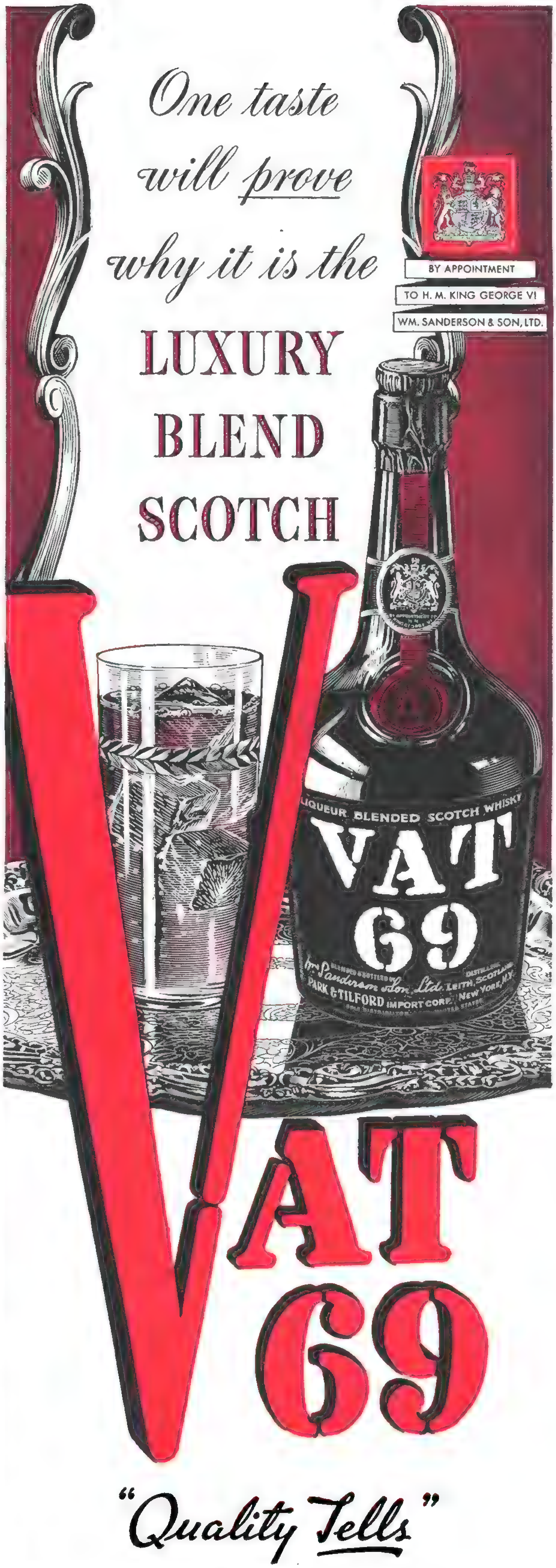

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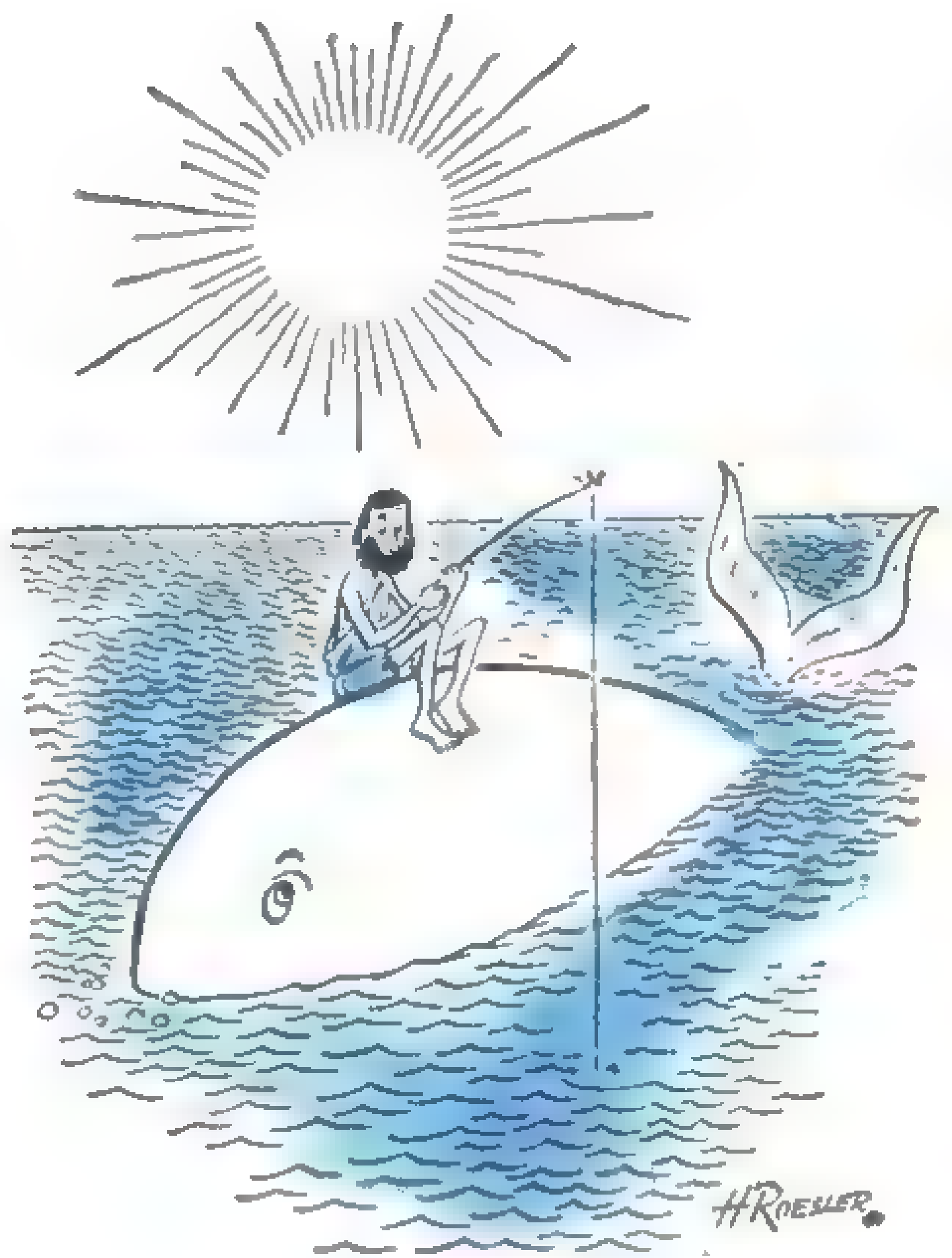
Hardhearted Hired Girl

Continued from page 55

mestic management surreptitiously that papa is two-timing. She has a much better method for staying in the driver's seat. She just lets the boss suspect she is framing him in some manner too mysterious for the mind of mortal man to fathom. He'd like to plant an ax in her head but, on second thought, he remembers that she probably is the only person in the world who knows where to find one of his business letters in the office filing system. Consequently, the employer has to continue living under her Damoclean sword.



He dare not be too forward wanting to open his own mail. If he does that he'll increase her suspicions that he is up to some dirty work. And the embarrassing thing about it may be that he is. Furthermore, he has to be careful about even writing his own letters. If the omniscient secretary learns—and she's sure to—that the big boss has been pecking out a note on her typewriter, or has been scratching out a letter by pen, pencil or painting on silk, she sniffs that a curve of some sort is being thrown.

So what'll the man do? If the secretary handles her job thoroughly she gets enough on her boss to make herself a potential menace. If she is neither interested nor active as a secretary, she can't hold her job, and her boss will then have to do a great deal too much of his own work.

The rise to power of the female secretary has exposed the businessman to an unrelenting crossfire at home and office. Far from being the calculating temptress as typed by Hollywood, the secretary is probably the most faithful and cunning accomplice the businessman's wife has in her plot to keep the wage-earner under control. That this beautiful friendship, from the secretary's end, generally is founded upon a

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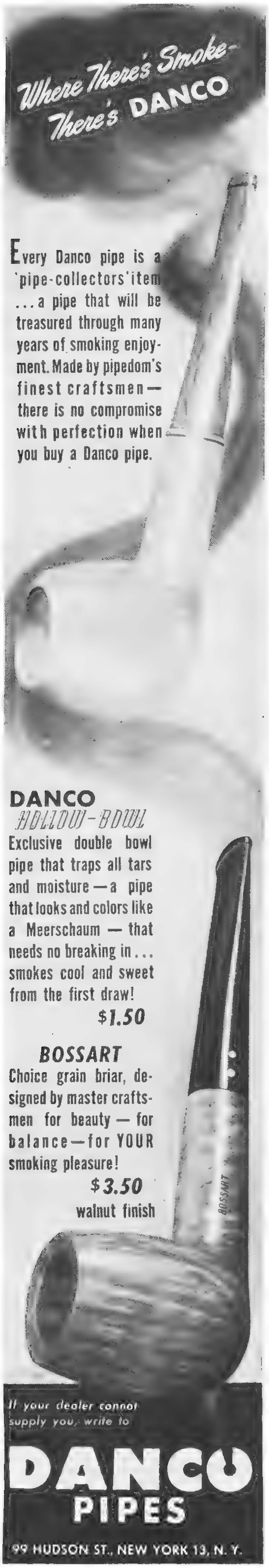

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discreetly concealed feeling of profound commiseration for the wife, makes it none the less mutually sincere. The wife herself frequently regards her husband as no bargain to work for.

Thus it comes to pass that the good Big Man who may have deluded himself that he is the sultan of a two-dame harem, in reality is constantly the target of two-barreled fire. However, this exposure is not especially dangerous as both the women regard the Big Man as nothing to excite their competitive instincts or to call for any fire heavier than that of a .01 calibre peashooter.

Any businessman whose secretary has done some shopping for his wife eventually awakens to the realization he has been whipsawed. The secretary will do a highly commendable feat of buying, in quality and price. That is, so far as the wife is concerned. But often the price, and the quantity, will make the businessman gulp in pain. Can he make a vigorous protest? Only if he wants to risk feeling that his secretary despises him as a miser and a cad who will gracefully lift a hundred-dollar dinner-and-liquor bill when he's displaying his solvency to customers or competitors, but who snarls when his wife sends his secretary on a buying spree that sets him back eleven dollars and eighty-five cents, including tax.

According to Plutarch, Montaigne, Marshal Catinat, Madame de Sévigné, Madame Cornuel and probably many thousands of valets through the ages, no man is a hero to his valet. The observation is an implication of the valet's indifference. The competent secretary is certainly not indifferent to her employer; he gives her too much trouble for her to consider him merely another male. But she certainly is inclined to regard her boss of less heroic stature than valets attribute to their august employers in their competent appraisals. The secretary usually thinks the brightest thing her boss ever did was to hire her, and if she's really worth much of a damn as a secretary, she may be right.

She is confirmed in this opinion by the leeway she gradually takes unto herself in handling her job just as she pleases and discreetly directing her employer so he unwittingly forms the habit of telling her to do just what she wants to do. That is why there are such absolutely trustworthy secretaries. One can always trust a woman to do just what she wants to do.

The insidious growth of the female secretary trend in the United States was alarmingly exhibited by the able performance of numerous Wac, Wave, Spar and Woman Marine office aides during the war. These young women were not received with any undue cordiality despite the hospitable recruiting advertisements. A doll proficient with a stenographic pothook, who was the professional

Continued on page 202

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Hardhearted Hired Girl

Continued from page 201

confidant of the top brass, and who outranked the fighting enlisted man, could not by any stretch of her imagination think of herself as the favorite pin-up girl of the warrior whom she was said to have released for combat. Furthermore she was under a distressing handicap in the inevitable discovery that there were a few hoydens who seemed to have entered military service for the purpose of teaching virile young men what the virile young men should have learned in a wholesome but less enthusiastic manner from observing the home life of the guppy.

Despite these adverse factors the uniformed young women who attended to such secretarial duties of the armed forces as they could handle, without being brought any too close to the enemy, earned the endorsement of men in good position to evaluate their services correctly. The mountainous volume of paper work entailed in the conduct of a war would have immobilized much urgently needed fighting-manpower had woman secretaries not been used.

The high brass experience in switching, so far as possible, from men to women secretaries, parallels that of big businessmen. Not very often, any more, is the Big Man of business able to get and retain the services of a highly competent male secretary. A young man good enough to be a satisfactory secretary to a man of large and varied business interests is soon recruited to handle executive responsibilities entirely on his own. Secretarial work developed Frank Vanderlip, Samuel Insull and many others who became heads of giant corporations in the first two decades of the twentieth century. Women secretaries now are in the same training school—especially in the cases of secretaries who keep the personal checkbooks of their bosses.

Rapidly we are coming to the days when the ablest of the female secretaries will be promoted to executive positions because the boss has decided they could run a whole business as thoroughly and as mercilessly as they run him. Then, he thinks, he can sit back and let his former secretary push the help around and send him a good profit for escaping the headaches of management and the annoyances of being managed.

The prospect is one that forecasts tough competition for the young man who aspires to head big business. The first-class female secretary is a hard and competent hired girl. Her boss right now would often like to be able to do without her. But that would mean he'd have to do his own hard work and that's too much effort for what he's paid net, after taxes. ╫

Continued from page 55

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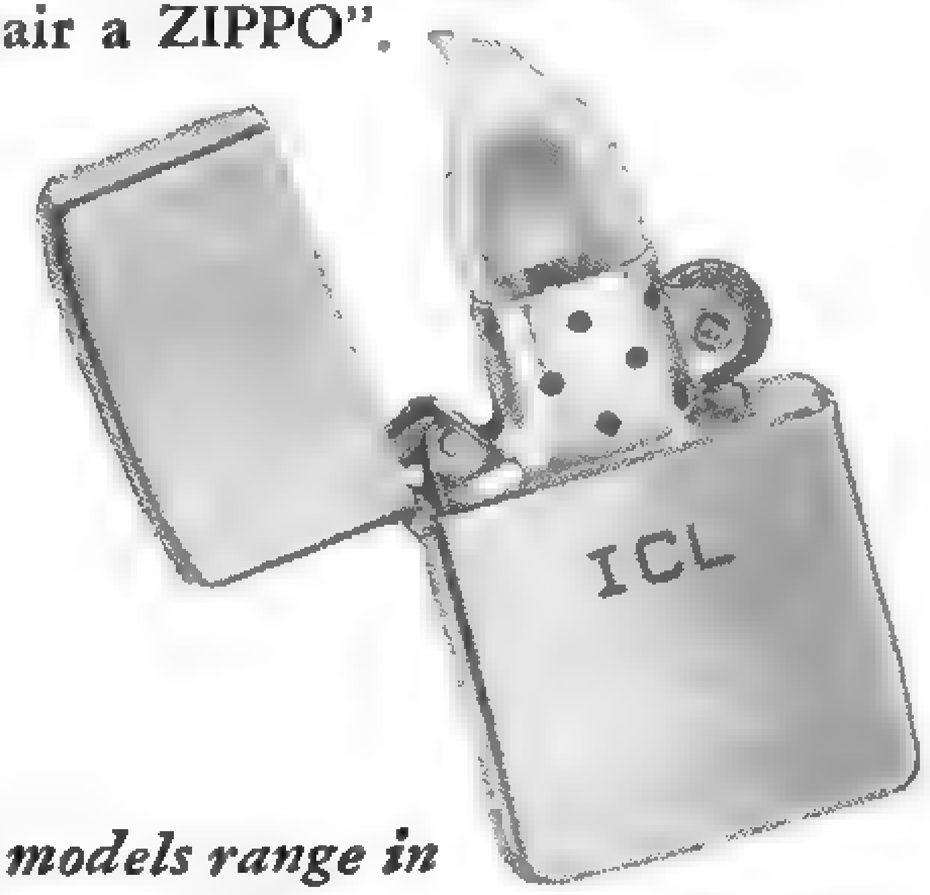

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Horses Never Cheat

Continued from page 84

dollars over the same period at Jamaica in 1944. (Compare this with twelve days at any ball park in the country.) Remember that these are official figures only. It has been variously estimated that there are from five to fifty off-the-track bets to every one registered at the mutuels. Including slot machines, cards, dice, bingo, lotteries, racing and pitching pennies, America's gambling bill this year will probably run close to seven billion dollars. From five to six billions are being bet on a game about which the vast majority knows next to nothing. "Of 50,000 patrons who visit a large track on a holiday, I would say that 40,000 know nothing about horses, and are unfamiliar with anyone connected with the tracks," writes Ken Kling, famous racing cartoonist and handicapper. The fact is that, despite all the racing dope sheets in America, it is the Jockey Club itself which condemns the ordinary Joe Zilch to a life of ignorance. And it ain't all bliss.

This isn't intentional. The fifty "stuffed shirts" don't give a hoot about betting, except when it threatens to besmirch the fair name of the sport. Then it quietly bounces a "Pittsburgh" Phil.

But while the Jockey Club will sometimes go after the smalltime crooks, it rarely touches the big moguls of the game. Racing is a business, and while it's on the up-and-up so far as business is concerned, the Jockey Club plays hide-and-seek. Moe Annenberg's empire was built up by agreements with all the major tracks for exclusive control of their information services. It was the Federal Government, not the Jockey Club, which cracked down on the dope-sheet monopoly, which had accrued 50,000,000 dollars annually.

Jockey Club cohorts defend this ostrich attitude by declaring they're interested only in improving the breed, and that's what racing's for. As anybody with the slightest knowledge of science or racing will assure you, this is sheer, unadulterated bunkum. For one thing, the original predecessor of the horse of today, who was never entered in the Jockey Club Studbook, nor a stake race, started to evolve in North America some 45,000,000 years ago. There is absolutely no proof that horses generally have increased their speed because of racing. From an evolutionary angle, the modern track is as much adapted for improving the breed scientifically as a crockery shop for testing a high explosive. It is interesting to note that thirty-five per cent of the horses who run in American races are killed or die during their first two years. Only one third of all thoroughbreds live to be six years old or more. This is not surprising when you realize that there are only about 10,000 horses in the country, and ap-

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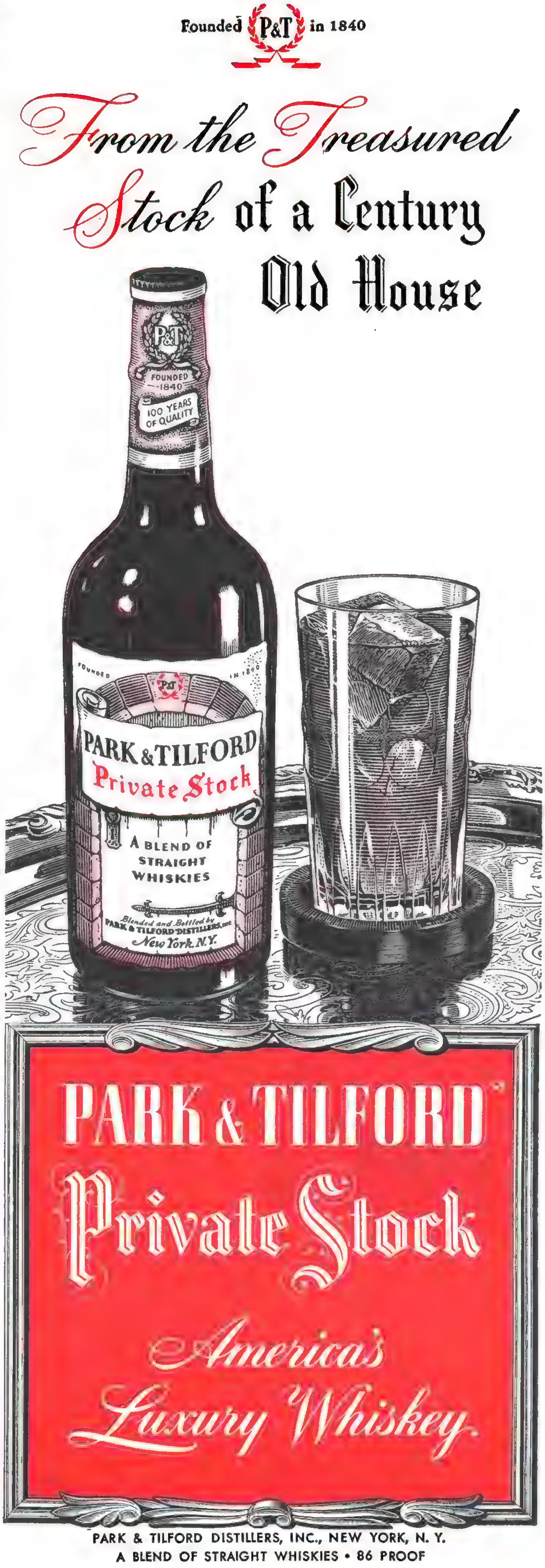
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Horses Never Cheat

Continued from page 203

proximately 120,000 entries each year. No wonder that almost ninety per cent of American race horses are listed as "platers" due to their unsound legs! If we think we've improved the speed, consider what we've done to the animal's stamina.

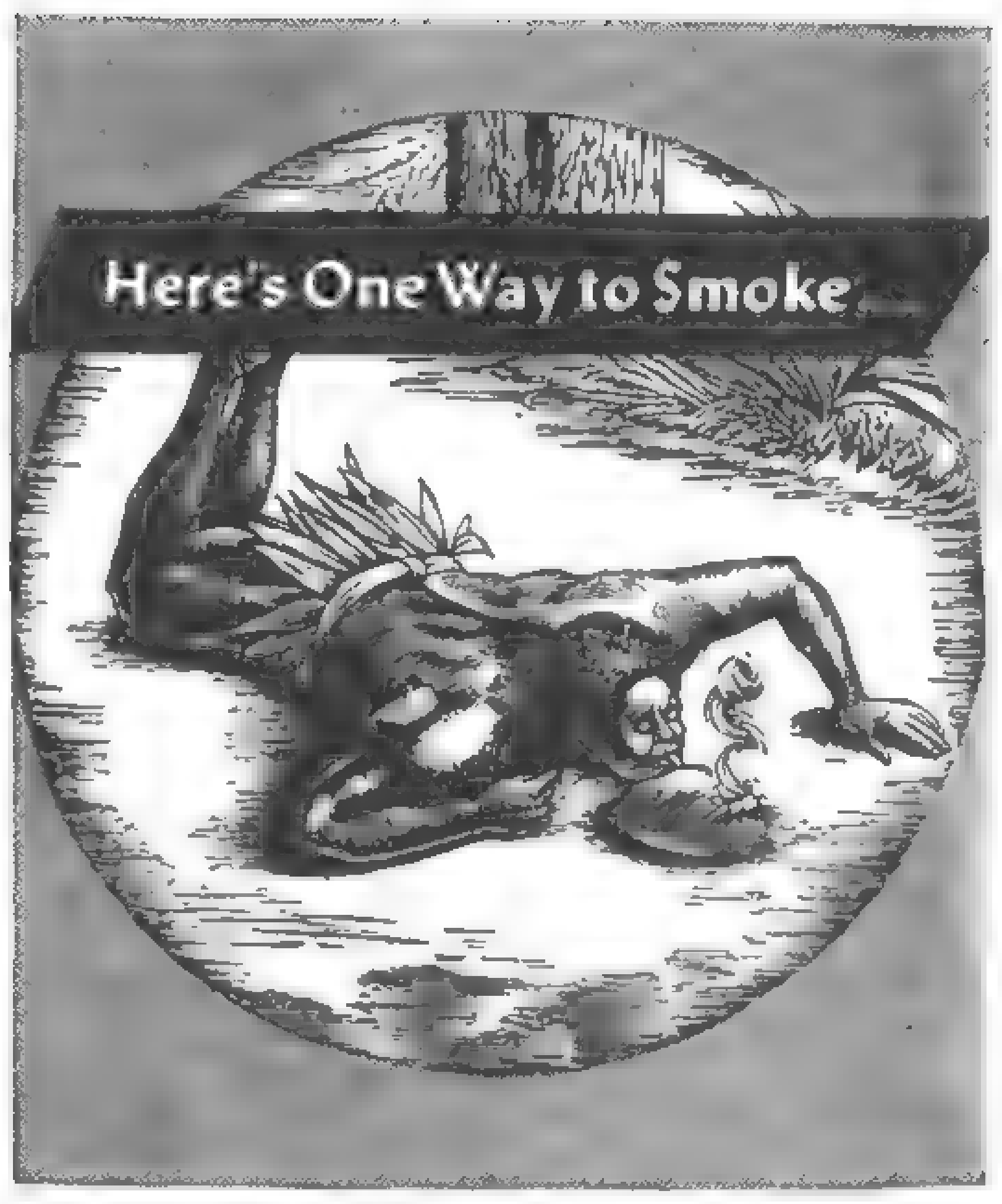
When the Jockey Club stops making lame excuses for a thrilling sport and gets down to giving the sucker a better break, everyone will be a lot happier. For it is the Jockey Club's little blue book of racing rules which keeps Joe Zilch as contented as a G.I. on Saturday night K.P. Most of the time it's what isn't in the book that makes the difference.

The basic rules of racing are heirlooms handed down from generation to generation. Does the Jockey Club meet annually to discuss changes, in the manner of other sport bodies? Unless a matter is called specifically to their attention, they do nothing. As one prominent sports writer puts it, "Racing is a neglected racket which started off to be a sport and developed into a hard-boiled business. The entire scheme of things in the racing game is cockeyed because most of the rules, originated by the Jockey Club, were made during the time when betting wasn't recognized." And it still isn't.

Let's take a look at some of the fine points of the game. There is, first of all, the "maiden race," a race for horses which have never finished on top. Practically every newspaper handicapper in the country advises his readers to steer clear of them. Why? Because there is an unofficial rule, not found in the little blue book of the Jockey Club, that an owner or trainer may run his horse an infinite number of times, and need only try to win when he thinks his horse is ready. This sounds noble, and is supposed to give the horse a liberal education.

How about the bettor? What percentage in the stands know anything about maiden races? There is nothing in the racing program to inform the public: This is a maiden race and there is no guarantee that any of the horses will try to win.

Now where does the button-button game come in? Since owners and trainers may run their horses as they please, they will give them a number of easy races with no attempt to finish "in the money." Then the horse will be shipped elsewhere, and when the handicappers note his previous poor record they'll give him everything but love. After a few more losses, and when the odds are high enough, the jockey will get the green light, and the horse will romp in. By this time the owner and his friends will be the only ones with enough faith or money left to make a killing. Just to take in as many suckers as possible the management cooperates by nearly always includ-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ing a maiden race as part of the daily double. Check any racing program and see for yourself. And who bets these long shots before the actual killing? Not race-wise Louie.

If a trainer or owner wants to educate his nag, well and good. He doesn't have to try if he doesn't want to. But why not let Joe Zilch in on the secret? If a nag is running for experience, let him run. But does he have to see his name on the mutuels? A simple rule would do the trick: Make it mandatory for the owner to state his intention before the race. If the horse is not trying, remove his name from the mutuels, and as in other races hold the owner accountable for form reversals.

Theoretically the Jockey Club is supposed to enforce the "trying" rule in all other races, but if the Jockey Club really enforced the "trying" rule it would go a long way to giving the sucker his break. Even though it couldn't prove the owner was holding back his horse, public explanation would advertise suspicious owners. As it is, Joe Zilch goes to the track, and bets "Lovey-Dove" on the horse's record. But now he runs eleventh in a field of twelve. A week later Zilch, ever faithful, bets "Lovey-Dove" again, whereupon the horse does a pantomime of a guy walking the last mile at Sing Sing. The third Saturday our hero is just about fed up with "Lovey-Dove." Thereupon, the nag romps home with the bacon. Zilch would like a little explanation. But does he get one? Can a reporter visit the Jockey Club and get one for him? For the "good of racing" the doors on Park Avenue are double-bolted.

Another place where Joe Zilch takes a beating is in the matter of big-stake races. Mrs. Winifred Smythe-Smythe of Oshkoshki Falls has a certain nag. She would like to see it run in the Kentucky Derby carrying her too, too exquisite colors down the field. All the wise guys know it can't win. All the handicappers know too. But how about Joe Zilch who likes nothing more than a mysterious long shot? Look at the mutuels and you'll see thousands of bucks placed on the horse, not to mention additional thousands never shown on the machine. Does the Jockey Club do anything to stop the imminent slaughter? It does not. It's like playing the Yankees against the Oshkoshki Falls Panthers—but in racing it's okay. Only the suckers lose. How about a simple rule which would prevent horses running out of their class?

Handicap racing presents a problem all its own. In handicaps, the track handicapper, an expert at the game, assigns weight on each horse according to the animal's previous record. Each horse is so weighted as to make the race, theoretically at least, a dead heat. The ideal situation was demonstrated at Belmont last year when three horses in the Carter Handicap finished together. How-

Continued on page 206

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* Postwar bottle illustrated. Today, Royal Banquet is being packaged in the round Victory bottle.

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Horses Never Cheat

Continued from page 205

ever the judgment of most handicappers is based on past performance. This allows unscrupulous owners to run their horses so as to obtain a favorable weight assignment. Horses are thus held back for the big killing, and the owners are given the right by the track handicappers to gyp the public as much as they can. The remedy here is to throw the spotlight on form reversals. Let the Jockey Club investigate all instances and publish the facts.

Fouling, strictly regulated in most other sports, gets special treatment in racing. The little blue book is very clear as to what constitutes a foul, especially mentioning crossing or weaving in front of contenders, jostling, willfully striking another horse, or riding carelessly so as to injure another, etc. But the joker is the enforcement provision. Nothing is mandatory. "Complaints under this rule," says the book, "can only be received from the owner, trainer or jockey of the horse alleged to be aggrieved . . . A jockey whose horse has been disqualified, or who unnecessarily causes his horse to shorten his stride with a view to complaint, or an owner, trainer or jockey who complains frivolously that his horse was crossed or jostled, may be fined or suspended." An added clause states, "But nothing in this rule shall prevent the Stewards' taking cognizance of foul riding." The fact is that usually, short of mayhem, they do nothing of the kind. How about the other provisions? There is no action taken unless and until the jockey, owner or trainer lodges an objection. Of course the foul may have been accidental. In basketball the fast action makes for numerous accidental fouls. And it may be perfectly sporting to ignore them. But results are sometimes more important than the fouler's intent. In racing, where millions may be involved, a foul should get immediate attention. But does the jockey complain? He does not. Why? Because he's a good sport? Maybe. But much more likely because he knows the same thing may happen to him next time out. Next time out he may be the fouler. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. Where does Joe Zilch come in? Again a simple rule would do the trick: Make it mandatory for the field judge to report all fouls, whether accidental or not. Let the jockey be hauled before the stewards for an explanation. Then move the fouling horse back one place in the race.

Claiming races have led to some of the worst evils in the sport with Zilch getting it in the neck as usual. In a claiming race the owner places a price on the horse, known as a "plater." (Remember that 90 per cent of American race horses are listed as such.) The racing rules provide that anyone who has started a horse at a track

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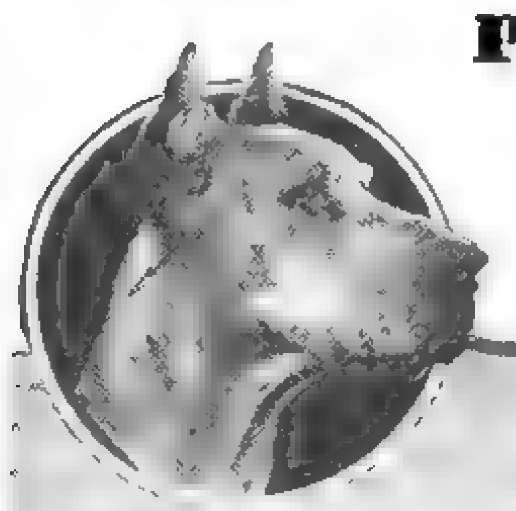

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can buy anybody else's horse out of any claiming race at the price fixed for the event in which it is entered. The racket is to run a horse in claiming races, and run him to lose. The horse is then shipped to a distant track to take advantage of the racing fan's psychology. The racing public bets on horses it knows, not on horses it reads about. The odds on a strange horse will therefore go up, since the public will lay its dough on some local favorite. Then the owner presses the button for the green light.

Another claiming racket is to drop the horse down in price to give the impression that he is getting worse, so that no buyer will suddenly show up to gum the works. The trick is to move a 5000-dollar horse into a 3500-dollar claiming race, and then clean up at big odds. This happens more often than people suspect. Just to make sure that nobody buys the horse at the faked price, the owner will take certain precautions. He will spread the word around the track that the horse is unsound. Or he will bandage the horse's legs for the race. He will also have a mutual understanding with other entrants not to buy one another's horses. It is much more usual for the sharpshooting owner to get several of his friends to enter a claim for the horse. Eventually the horse will then find its way back home. Best evidence of this racket is the promptness with which bought horses are sold at the expiration of the thirty-day period in which according to track rules they cannot be sold. Rarely does it happen that a sharpshooter is bereft of his nag.

The qualifying race is another sore spot for Zilch. A qualifying race is one in which the track makes up certain conditions for a particular race. These conditions are published in a "Condition Book" and are known well in advance by the various owners and trainers. Here's a typical qualifying race:

"Purse 1500 dollars. For Three-Year-Olds. 2500 dollars, 122 lbs. 1 lb. for each 100 dollars to 2000 dollars. Non-winners of two races since August 30, allowed 3 lbs; of one since then or two since July 26, 6 lbs."

To gain the weight advantage which may be decisive, the owner and trainer are given a free invitation to hold their horse back until the qualifying race they are shooting for. Joe Zilch knows nothing of this, blithely assuming the horse is absolutely on the level and always trying to win. He plunks down his cash at the mutuels or elsewhere only to find that his horse never quite makes it. Chances are that on the big day Joe is about finished. Solution? Let the public know that a horse is being groomed for a special qualifying race, and close entries far enough in advance to give Joe the privilege of holding on to his dough if he chooses.

Another spot for sudden form

Continued on page 208

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Horses Never Cheat

Continued from page 207

reversals grows out of the "off-track" racket. When the track is abnormal, all form is out. The owner is never called upon to explain reversals of form on a muddy track. The usual explanation for a long-shot win is that the horse is a natural "mudder." But this is an open door for running a horse as he's never been run before. A good tip for Joe is never to bet favorites on off-tracks. A better one is to make mud pies and watch the horses run.

What's in a name? might be the theme for another thorn in the sucker's side. The Jockey Club has a peculiar attitude about changing the names of horses. This can be done for a hundred dollars. The change of name must be advertised until the horse has run three times. The old name as well as the new name must be given in every entry until the horse has run three times under the new name over the course of an Association. After that no advertisement is needed. What happens? Joe Zilch, who like most fans does not keep a record of each horse's career, sees a new name, and neglects it. When the horse capers in, he's dumfounded—no balm to his wounded purse. Why not keep on advertising the former name for the duration of the horse's career?

The most flagrant example of the Jockey Club attitude towards the betting public is in the matter of incidents at the post. A case occurred recently when in a field of ten horses seven got off to a false start. They continued running, ignorant of the fact that the race was not official. Result? They had to rerun the race against the three horses who had not made the mistake! These, of course, finished 1-2-3. And yet the suggested rule change is so simple: If a horse should run away or be injured, pinned, or if in any way his condition be suddenly changed at the post, or the conditions of the race be changed, let it be mandatory that the horse or horses affected be withdrawn and money placed on them be returned to the bettor.

These are only a few ways in which the racing public is sold down the river every day in the week. Actually the rule book needs a complete overhauling, because most of the rules are relics of the horse-and-buggy era, and many of them are unofficial and not in the rule book at all. Sooner or later the public will itself wake up and demand action. The matter rests squarely in the hands of a group of fifty men who must either break with a stupid tradition, or eventually watch it break them. The touchstone is Rule 220: "The Jockey Club takes no cognizance of bets." Major Belmont and his lofty brethren still live with the dead. But the Joe Zilches are many, and are getting more vocal. It's about time a good sport got a dose of horse sense. ##

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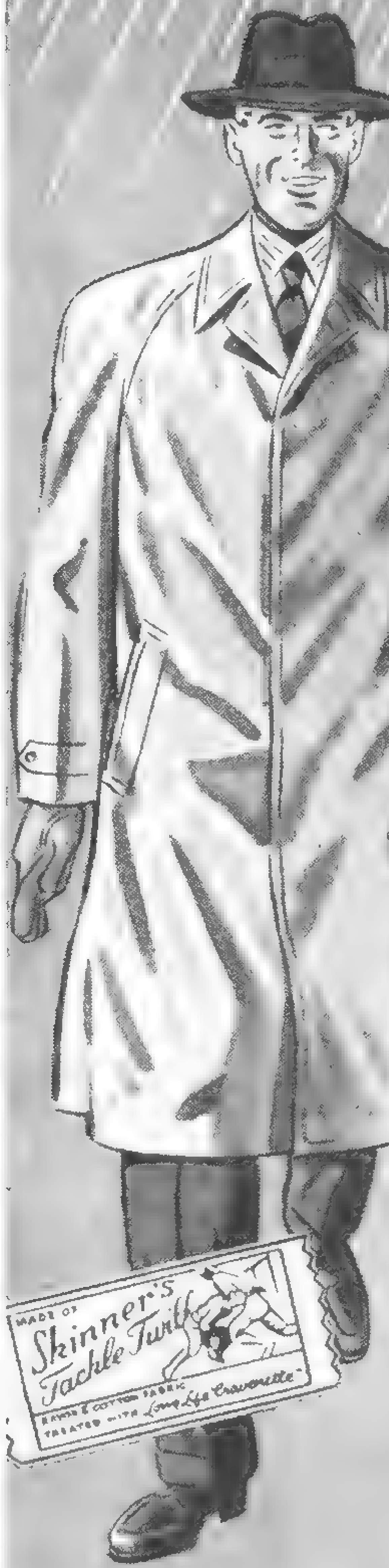

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No Turning Back

Continued from page 83

and spindrift was cutting like sand hurled by a giant's hand. The sail filled with a crash which ended in a screaming shriek as a seam ripped across its belly. Shalimar fell farther off the wind.

Leaving the wheel and clinging to the grab rail on the cabin top, Don worked his way swiftly to the forward deck. He saw the towering comber and wrapped both arms around the mainmast as it came aboard.

The weight of the sea almost crushed his ribs against the mast, but relieved some of the strain upon his arms. When his head came above water, he gasped for breath. By the time the deck had cleared itself, he was lying prone, holding onto the bitts with his left hand while he unlashed the sea anchor with his right.

Dropping it overboard, he fixed the cable in the chock before the next sea came aboard, crashing him against the deck, tearing his hands loose from the bitts and washing him halfway to the cockpit before his safety line stopped him.

He didn't wait for the decks to clear themselves. Clutching the lee grab rail, he worked his way forward around the mast to free his safety line, and then aft on the windward deck to the cockpit.

The scuppers hadn't yet drained the cockpit so he stood in water a foot deep, crouched in the lee of the cabin bulkhead. The wind on his face as he peered over the cabin was like a padded club.

Wallowing in the trough while her bow headed slowly into the wind as she fell back on her sea anchor, Don wondered how stays and masts could withstand the enormous pressure.

Slowly Shalimar's bow came into the wind and the wallowing snaproll altered to a spine-tingling upsurge, followed by a roller-coaster pitch down the slope of seas which surged beneath her like hills seen below a fast-flying plane. One instant Shalimar's bowsprit pointed toward the clouds, the next toward Davy Jones' locker and Don marveled that a creature of wood and metal, cunningly contrived by men, could withstand such forces of nature.

Even as he wondered how the rent stormsail, which popped like machine-gun fire, had lasted so long, the portion above the ripped seam, which had been whipping like a monstrous pennant, seemed to dissolve before his eyes into a mass of ribbon-like streamers.

Knowing no boat could take what Shalimar was taking without some water coming through her straining seams, he braced his feet widely and pumped until the bilge pump sucked air. Since ten minutes pumping cleared her bilges, he knew her fastenings were standing up under strains no builder could have anticipated.

The crest of a sea Shalimar was mounting divorced itself from the wave of which it was a part and

Continued on page 210

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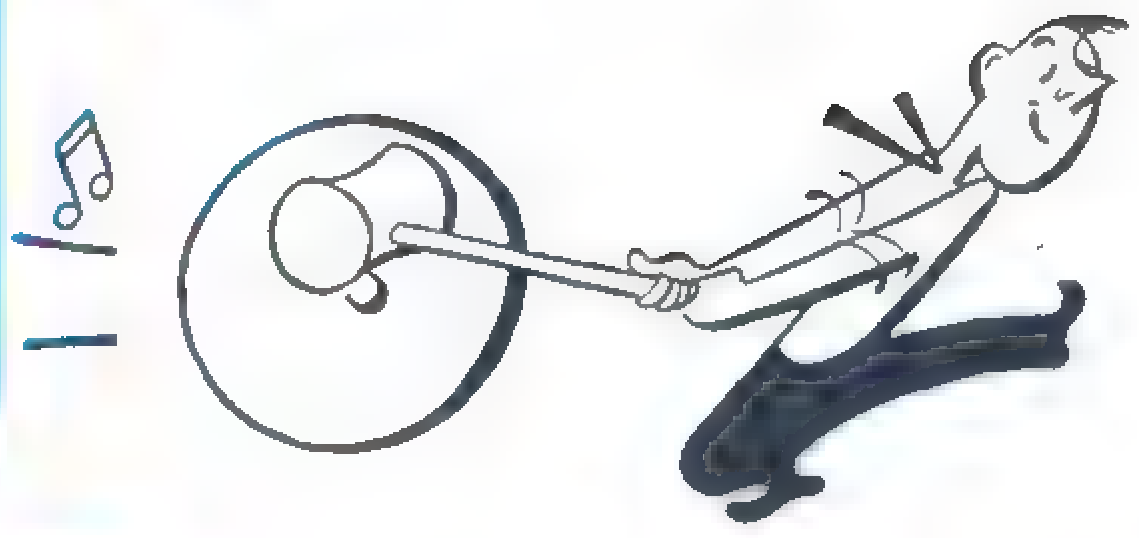

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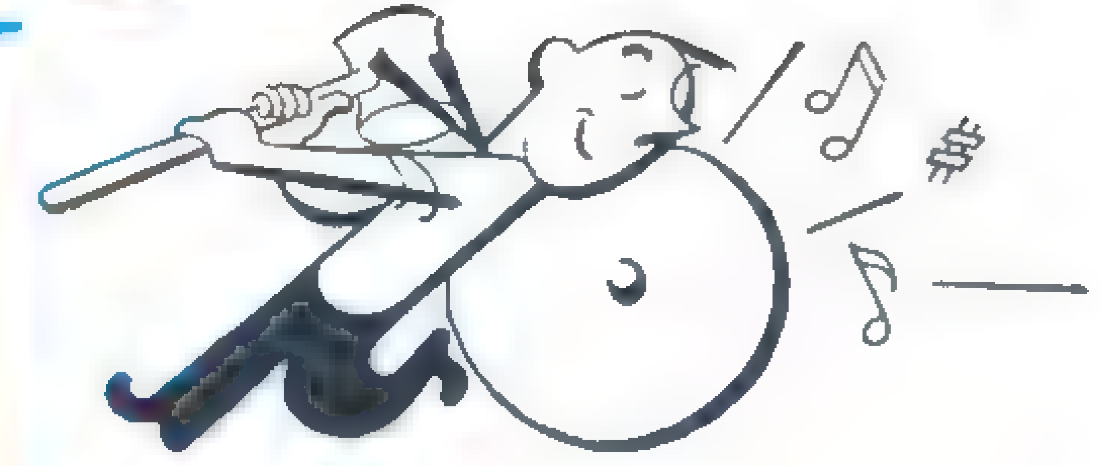

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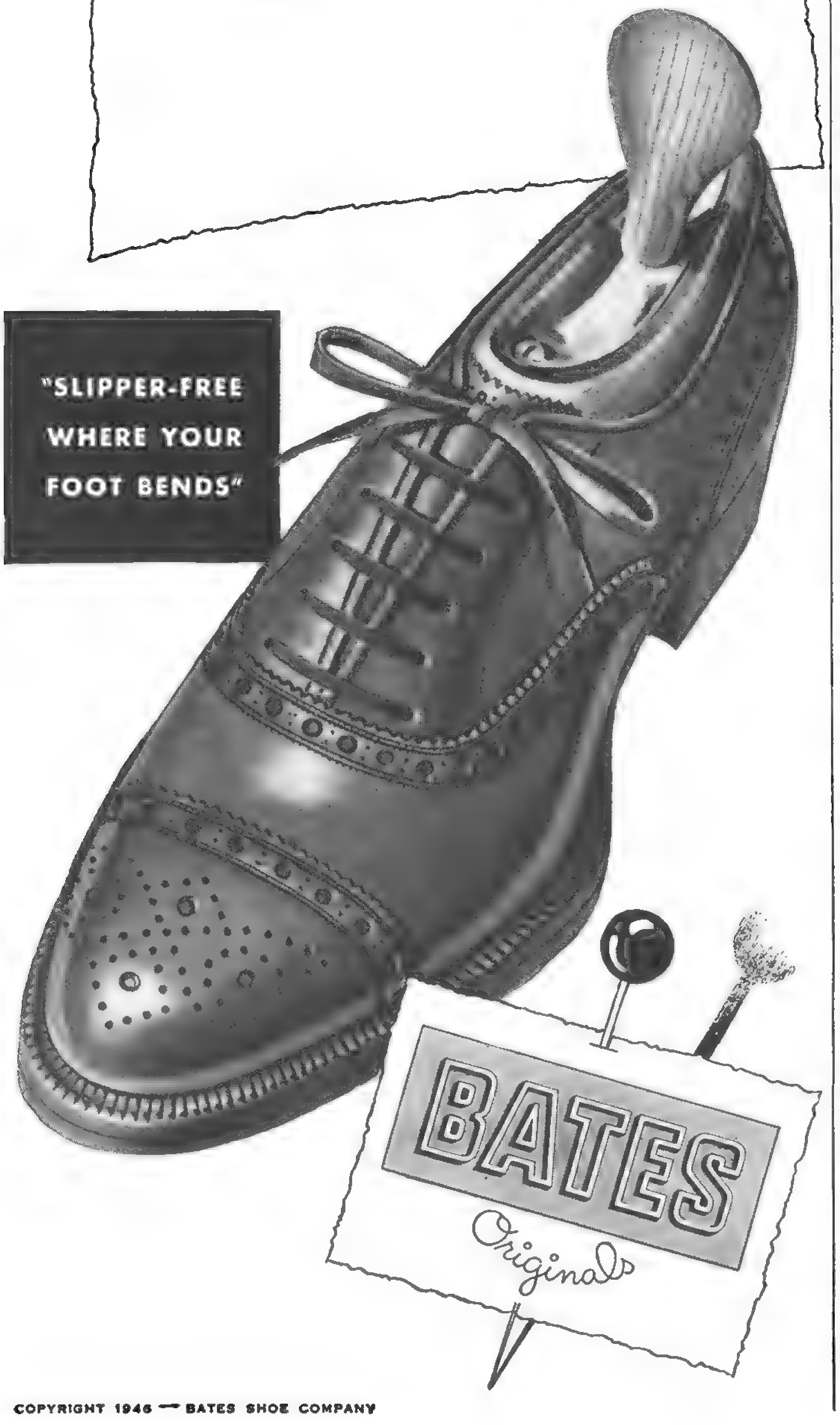

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No Turning Back

Continued from page 209

fell like a solid sheet, engulfing Shalimar.

Don had seen it coming and crouched in the lee of the bulkhead. Aside from a ducking and another bump on his head, he weathered it unharmed.

He climbed part way down the companionway ladder before unlashing his safety line and making its loose ends fast. Ducking below, he closed the companionway doors behind him.

For a few minutes, he stood at a porthole, bracing himself to Shalimar's pitching, watching the Gulf writhe in its agony. Then darkness fell, and he switched on the cabin light.

As the warm glow pushed back the gloom, he wondered how, with all the pounding it had taken, his battery and electrical system could still function.

After changing into dry clothes, Don dined on bananas, unbuttered bread, and water. Feeling better, he bided his time, crawled into his bunk, and relaxed as much as was possible.

Later, Don became conscious of a new sound intruding itself into the bedlam created by roaring winds, lashing seas and the creaking of cordage and timbers. It was a gentle, familiar, soothing sound. "Thank God!" he exclaimed. "It's rain!"

Within five minutes, although the hurricane roared on unabated, Shalimar's motion became easier, and he knew that the fury of the seas was being curbed by the lashing of millions of pounds of rain water. With the rain came intense flashes of lightning and reverberating peals of thunder.

Spent and sore as he was, Don couldn't go to sleep. He was lying on his bunk, bracing his tired muscles to keep from being tossed onto the floor, when suddenly there was a quiet, a quiet that hurt his ears.

The rain had ceased. The wind no longer roared. Except for the creaking of timbers as Shalimar rode up and down over the seas, he was in the silence of a tomb. It didn't make sense . . .

Until he realized he had weathered the first part of the hurricane and was now in its eye. He got up and flashed on his light. The barometer read 28.50. He tapped it gently. It dropped to 28.30.

He climbed into the cockpit. The stars shone brightly and, while huge seas hurried by, they showed not a single whitecap.

Going forward, he checked his anchor cable. The canvas with which it was wrapped where it lay in the chock had kept it from chafing.

As he worked his way aft, he checked his rigging and found it had come through unharmed except for a few frayed ends on the double-lashed coils of running rigging. Of his stormsail, only a few tattered ribbons draped forlornly from the bolt rope.

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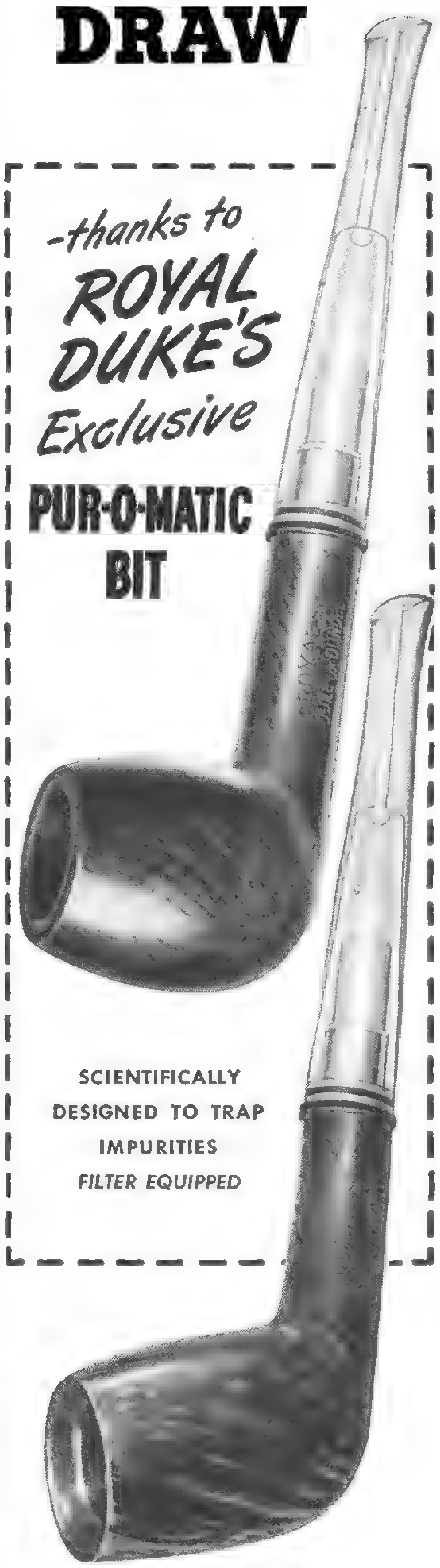

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cleared the water which had seeped in and, more than any other single thing, restored Don's faith in Shalimar and himself and helped dispel some of the fear of what might lie ahead.

He went below and piled into his bunk, knowing the hurricane would awaken him when it struck with renewed fury as it surged onward in its path.

He awakened with a bump on the cabin floor as the roaring blast of the hurricane caught Shalimar abeam and hurled her onto her beam ends. Sitting on the floor, hanging on to the side of his bunk to keep from being tossed like a pebble in a tin can kicked by a boy, Don thought, "A hurricane just naturally doesn't mean for a man to take it lying down. But I'll fool this one."

Placing the mattress from his bunk on the floor and piling pillows along its sides, he lay down and finally drifted into a troubled sleep from which he'd rouse himself every few minutes.

At daylight, rain was streaming from storm-tossed clouds, lightning was flashing, and thunder roared.

At ten o'clock, the rain stopped and the thunder rumbled off into the sou'east. Soon the seas began capping again and Shalimar's motion became more violent.

At two that afternoon, the sun was trying to peer through the clouds when, suddenly, Shalimar's motion became easy again.

Don got up from his improvised bunk on the floor and went to a porthole. Ahead, seas were breaking and wave tops were being sliced off by the wind like suds from a mug of beer. Yet, just over the bow, the seas weren't breaking. It didn't make sense . . .

Until he climbed into the cockpit and saw, a hundred yards downwind, the black hull of a freighter making heavy weather of it, lying hove to, stern first, directly in his path.

While he made his safety line fast, Don noticed the freighter's stern lift toward the sky as a huge sea surged beneath it. He saw her big bronze propeller come out, pounding the water and then race madly until it dropped back into the sea which followed, churning the water to foam.

He smiled grimly as he noticed three clouds of steam whip to leeward from halfway up her funnel as her quartermaster signaled by whistle that engines were reversed. He knew now why the seas weren't capping, for he could see the oil bags floating astern as the freighter drifted to leeward despite the power of her reversed propeller.

He could imagine what might happen if Shalimar drifted beneath the stern of the freighter as it was lifting and that racing propeller dropped onto her wooden deck. He knew that should she be hurled against the freighter's stern, it would be equally fatal. He knew something had to be done and done quickly. But what?

He jumped to the wheel. Turn-

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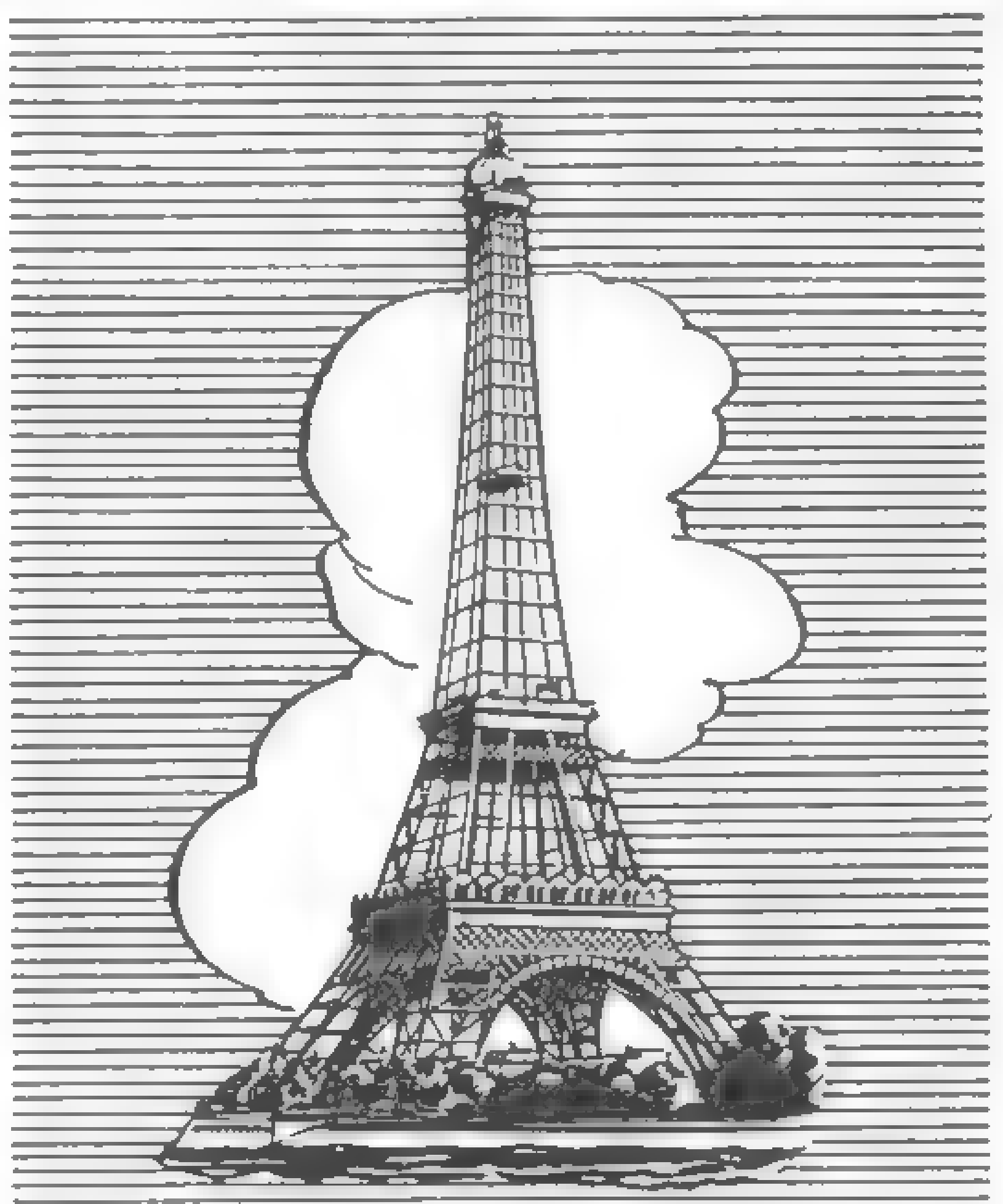

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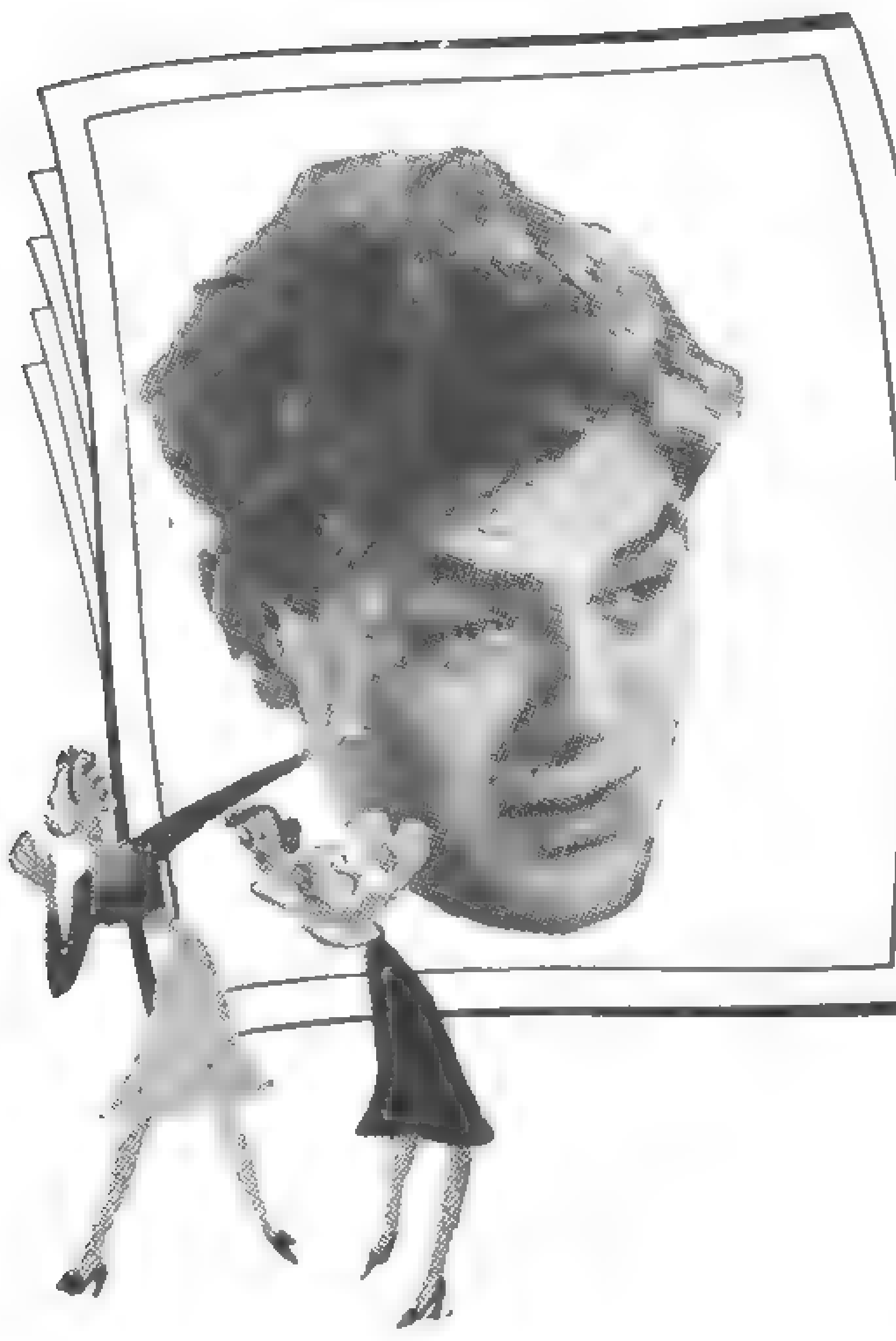

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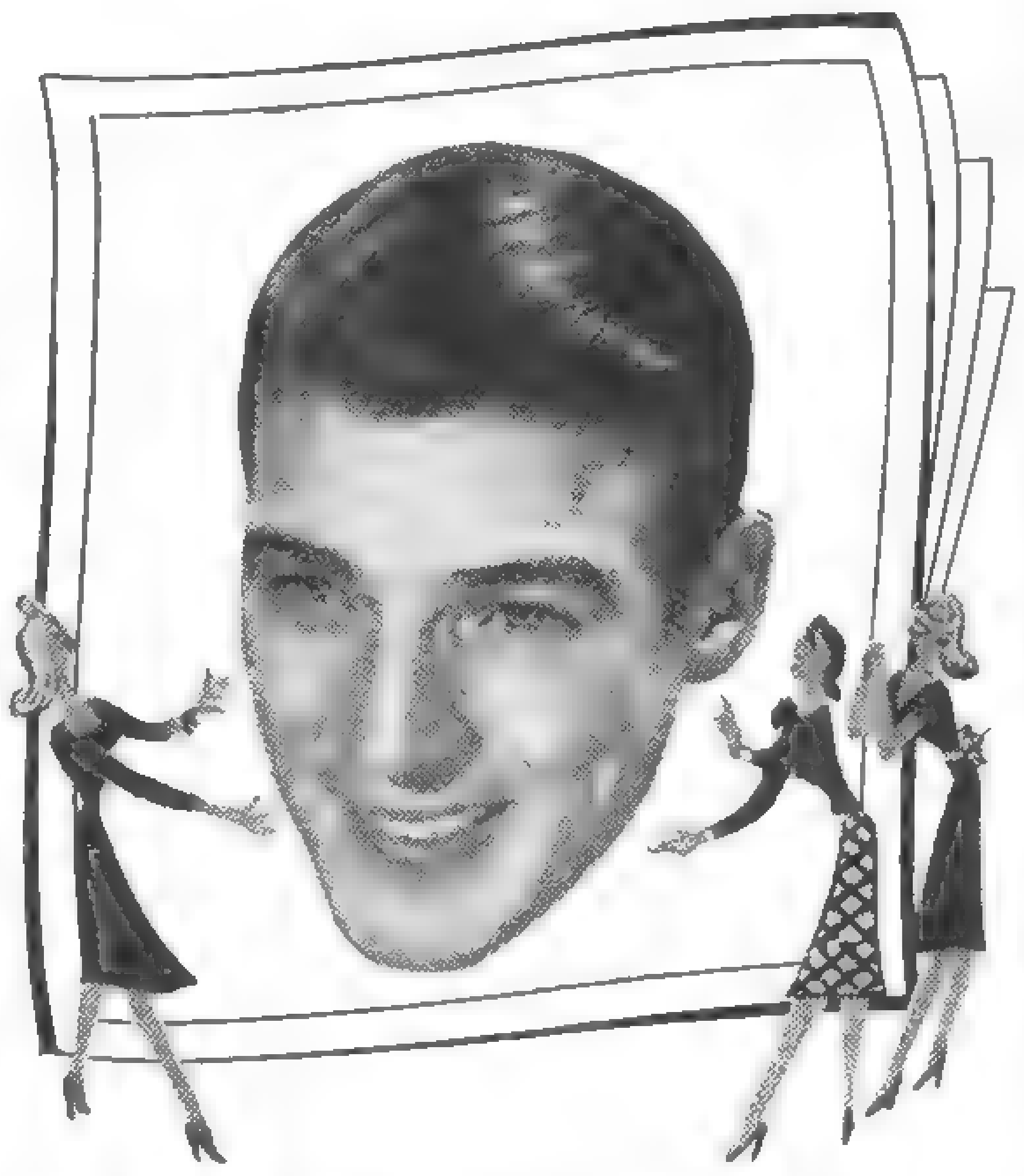

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No Turning Back

Continued from page 211

ing on the gasoline and closing the ignition switch, he pressed the starter and the motor started.

He knew the power of his motor wasn't sufficient to overcome the force of the hurricane. His only hope was that by running it full speed ahead, as he was now doing, and setting his rudder hard aport, he might alter Shalimar's angle of drift enough to clear the stern of the freighter now lifting high above him and less than two hundred feet away.

Slowly, the bow swung to port. Don was debating cutting the cable to his sea anchor, the drag of which almost counteracted the slip stream from the propeller against the rudder which was pushing the stern to starboard, when a sea helped push the bow around.

In the trough which followed, sheltered for a few seconds from the full force of the hurricane, the motor kicked Shalimar's stern around. When she lifted on the crest, the wind forced her forward enough so that only the tip of the jigger boom, extending four feet beyond her transom, brushed the freighter's stern. Don was aware of another force, too, but was too busy to analyze it.

He wasn't too busy, however, to notice the two sailors clinging to the rail at the freighter's stern holding life rings ready to be hurled. As the freighter's stern lifted, he noticed, also, that her propeller was motionless.

"Her skipper's a sailor!" he thought, for he knew that had that churning propeller been biting into the sea full speed astern, it would have sucked Shalimar to destruction.

He realized then that the force which had suddenly kicked Shalimar out from under the freighter's stern when destruction had seemed certain, was the slip stream from the freighter's propeller turning full speed ahead, moving Shalimar with it.

He knew that had the propeller turned full speed ahead two seconds longer, it would have sucked Shalimar back against the freighter's hull and to certain destruction.

Twenty feet of oil-filmed sea separated Shalimar from the freighter as she drifted past. The freighter's skipper, megaphone in hand, stood on the wing of the bridge.

"Nice work, Captain!" he shouted. "You're about twelve miles offshore and the worst is over."

Don waved his hand in acknowledgment; he knew his voice wouldn't carry.

Once clear of the freighter, he turned off the gasoline and, when the motor had coughed to a stop, opened the switch. Crouching in the lee of the cabin while Shalimar's bow swung back into the wind, he muttered, "Damn! That was a close call! From now on, bet I keep an eye out astern!"

The surging seas, which began

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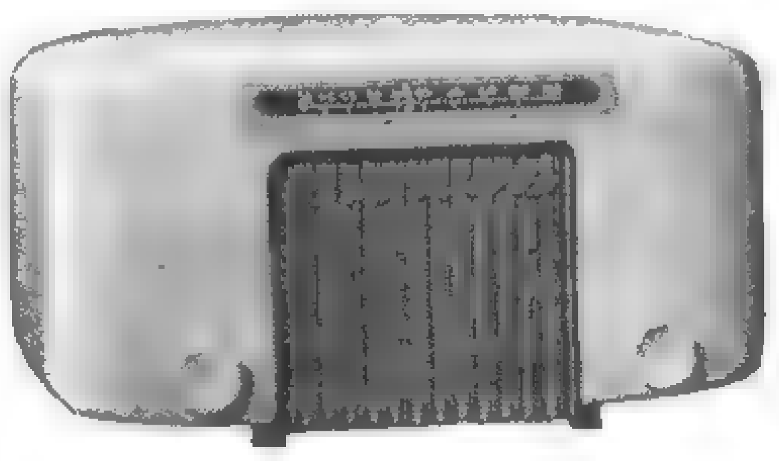

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breaking again when he drifted beyond the freighter's oil slick, made him dodge below for his oilskins and sou'wester, and made him decide to have oil bags rigged to help him weather another storm if he was unlucky enough to get caught offshore by one.

Gradually, the wind veered into the nor'west and diminished in intensity.

When his compass indicated the wind had veered to nor'nor'-west, as Shalimar lifted on a sea, Don made out a tower rising above the horizon. He had known he was drifting closer to shore for the seas had become steeper and shorter.

Bringing his chart and binoculars from below, he identified the tower as the landmark just north of New Pass at Sarasota. After watching it as he drifted inshore, he determined that he was drifting below it.

Studying his chart, he noted Sarasota Point jutting out into the Gulf fringed by shoals. But, below the point was a bight which, while it was shallow and exposed to the west and sou'west, offered good holding bottom and protection from northerly gales.

After starting his motor and hauling in his sea anchor, he set Shalimar on a course a point to eastward of the wind. Drifting astern, impelled by winds of gale force and much more powerful than his motor, Don forced the wind and sea to do his bidding.

He saw the seas combing and dashing themselves into a smother of foam on the shoals off Sarasota Point. He saw the storm-tossed trees and shore cottages, in exposed places, being lashed by breakers. But as he drifted slowly past, he was more interested in the bight which appeared below the point.

Setting Shalimar's bow two points to eastward of the wind and opening his motor wide, he sailed her under bare poles, still making sternway, into the bight and under the lee of the point.

Heading her into the wind and leaving his motor running, he hurried forward and dropped his storm anchor and began paying out cable. "The more scope the better," he thought, as he made his cable fast to the bitts.

Before he had worked his way aft, the wind had forced Shalimar astern and the anchor's fluke had begun digging in. Retarding his motor, Don waited for fifteen minutes, keeping constant check on a cottage ashore to be sure his anchor wasn't dragging. Satisfied, at last, that it was holding, he stopped his motor.

With a northerly gale whining harmlessly through the rigging and Shalimar rolling and pitching on the choppy seas which still piled into the bight, Don relaxed in the cockpit.

After lighting a cigarette, he thought, "This smoke sure tastes queer." Then he grinned, as he realized it was his first smoke since the hurricane had begun moving in. ⧺

Continued from page 83

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Your First Trip to the Moon

Continued from page 47

wind where there is no air? Neither can there be "shooting stars," because as you have already noticed, meteors that are not made incandescent by friction in the air are very dim affairs and grow dimmer as your distance from the sun increases.

As you notice the behavior of things about you and realize that you have left air and light behind you, there may come a sharp pang of fear. It will not be claustrophobia, though your cabin is tighter than any prison, but agoraphobia, or the terror that comes from losing all landmarks and all restraints. Astronomical distances, which are usually just a blur of ciphers to us, must take on both mental and visceral reality. The earth will appear four times as big as the moon does from the earth and far brighter. Other reminders that you are a long way from home will be the absence of mornings and evenings, and the slow realization that nothing in space has a base or foundation of any sort, that calendars no longer have meaning, and that very little meaning is left in such words as time, motion, weight or distance.

By no means trifle with any sudden impulse that may hit you to explore the regions beyond the moon. Even at a speed of 100,000 mph you would require six months to reach Jupiter and several years to pass the bounds of the solar system. At that point you are completely lost because your sun has become just another star, and the next object in the universe is 30,000 years away.

From these nightmarish possibilities let's turn to the pleasures of the return trip. The best place to take a good look at the earth is 10,000 miles out, at which distance it will occupy approximately thirty degrees on the interior of your black "sky." The rocket's equipment will enable you to see through the bluish mist veiling the earth and your armchair conductor guesses that what you will see from that point is the most beautiful thing in the universe—the blue oceans, the outlines of continents, the green of forests and the white of deserts. That is your home, and the home, possibly, of every living thing, rolling swiftly through the darkness upon nothing at all!

Ours is an old planet whose flaming ambitions have burned out, leaving it content to feed its little people and foster their little desires, even their desire to jump off of it and cruise about in space. At 10,000 miles you will begin to feel the gravitational pull, as though earth were eager for your return, but don't come in too fast. Landing safely may be a very tough job. All we know is that if you can pull it off and crawl out of that rocket alive, you will be willing to stay close to earth all the days of your years.

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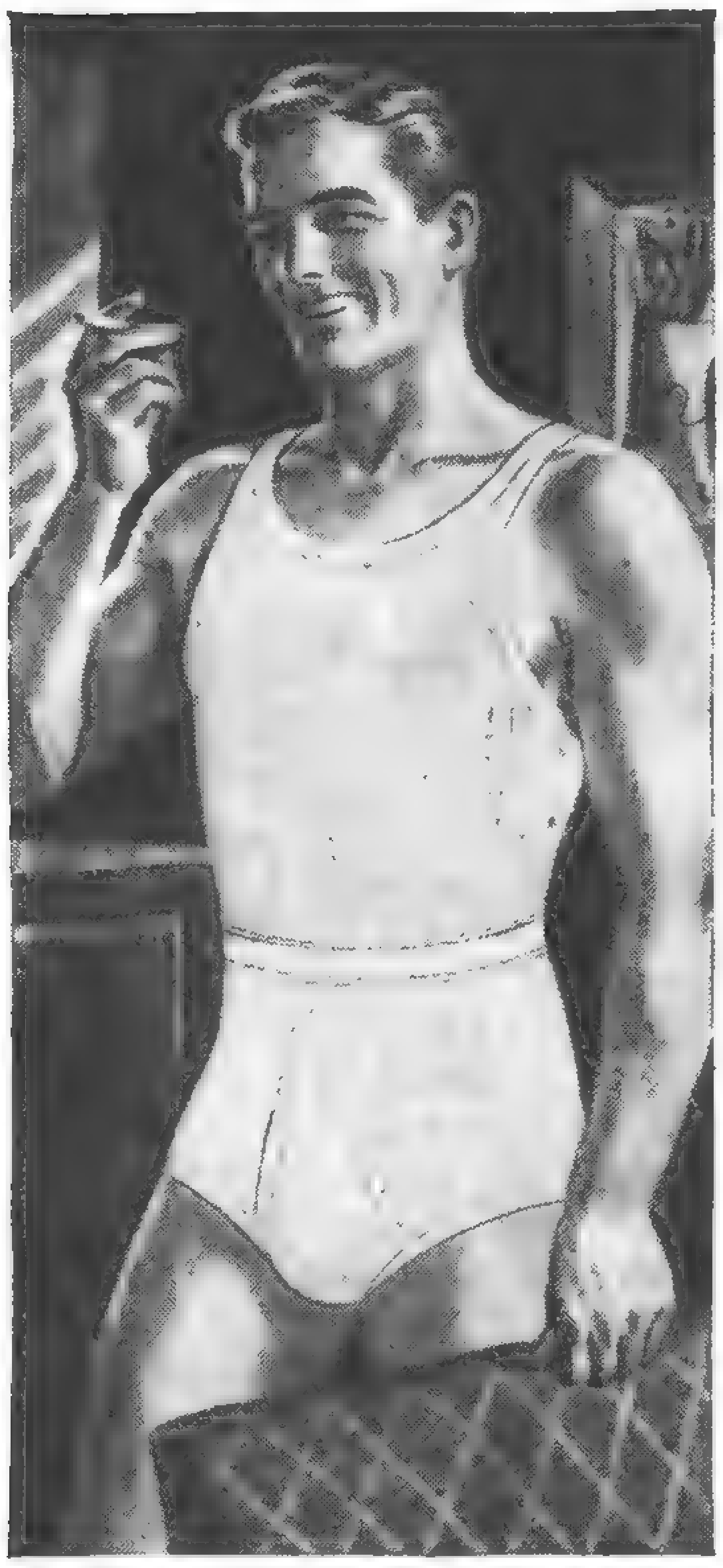

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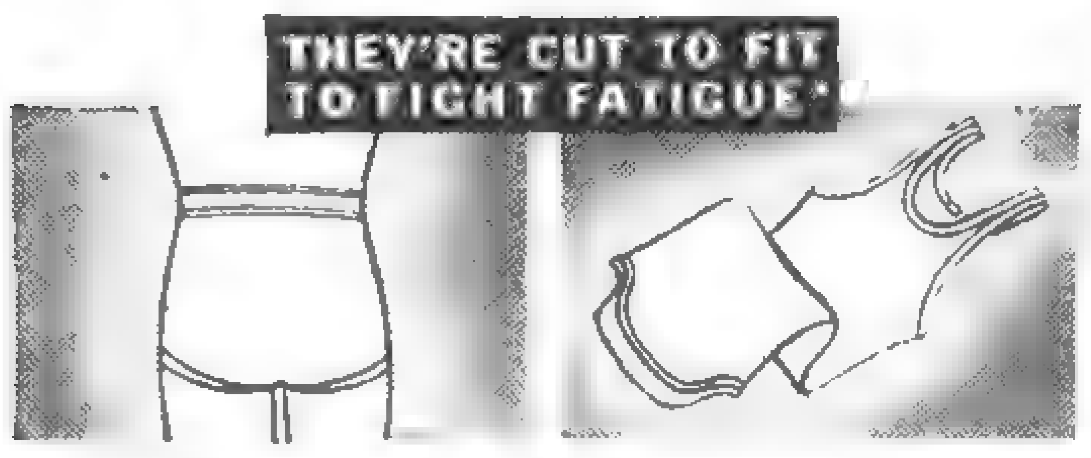

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The Japs and the King's White Swan

Continued from page 109

where they rowed in the Grand Challenge Cup at the Royal Regatta. They were representing, I found, Tokyo Imperial University, and they were using these regattas as warm-ups for the Olympic Games of 1936, where they represented Japan (up to the first race they rowed).

It is the custom every year for the best crews of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges, as well as the crews of many rowing clubs and schools in England, to compete in the races at Marlow and Henley (both small towns on the Thames between London and Oxford). The year I rowed there with my college from Oxford, there were representatives from the usual places, Cambridge colleges like Jesus, Clare and Caius, Oxford colleges like Brasenose, Magdalen and Corpus Christi, schools like Eton, Shrewsbury and Monkton Combe, as well as from Canada, Switzerland, Brazil, the United States, Ireland and Japan.

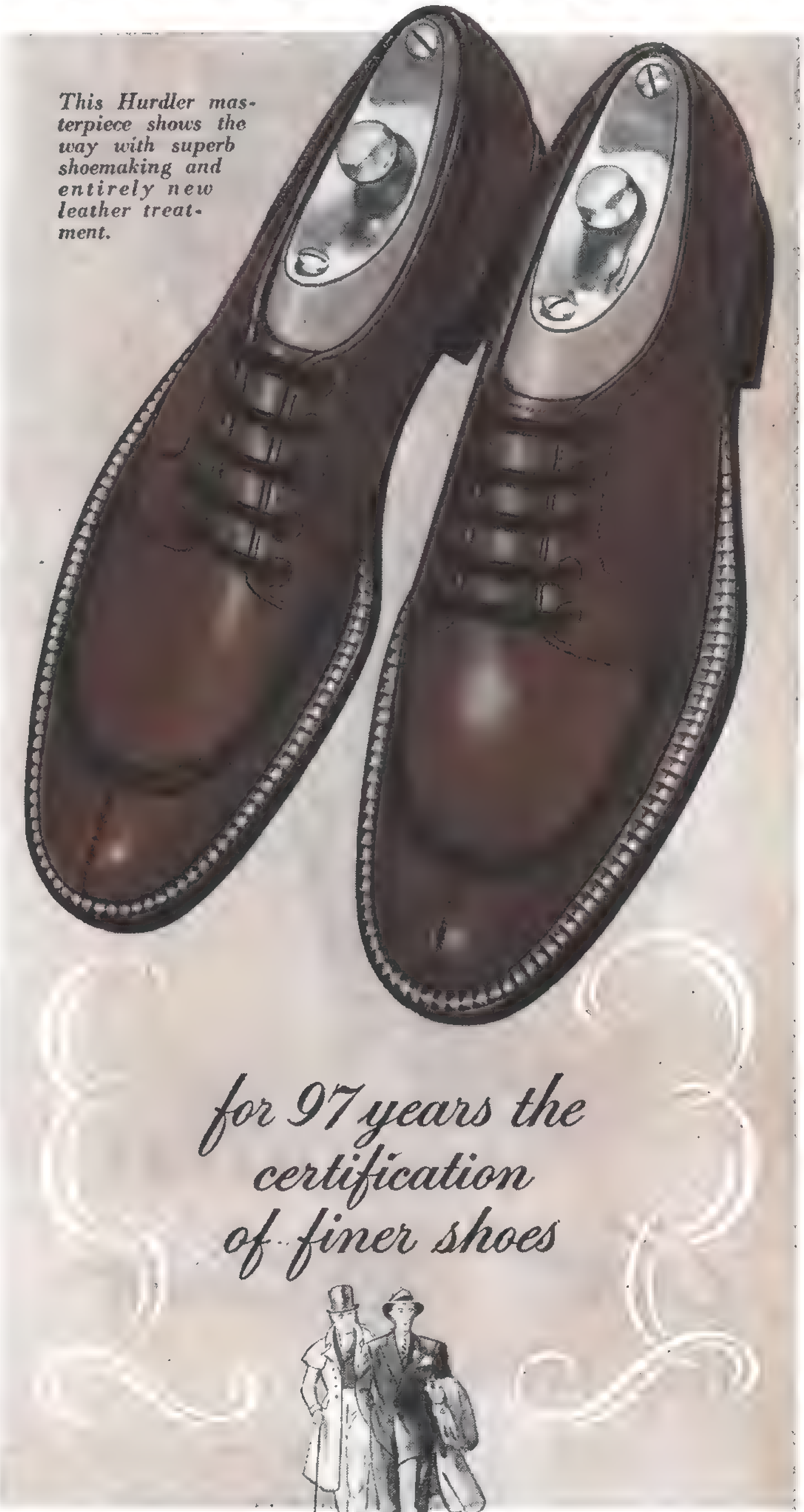
The custom is for competing crews to rent a house in Henley some time before the regatta and to live there under strict training, rowing daily with a coach who in all cases is an unpaid amateur. College servants, called "scouts," are brought along to clean the house and serve meals. A cook is hired, and the intention is always to force down as much solid food as possible, the idea being to put the maximum weight on each man. The strongest beer is drunk at dinner, our specialty being a black liquid known as "milk stout."

It was a pleasant life, all examinations behind us, nothing to do but row our guts out twice a day and eat and sleep the rest of the time. Our stroke and cox were from Australia, and they were very, very good. Number seven was a Cornishman who would put on a monocle for special occasions and leer at you through it as if you were a remote star and he was seeing you through a telescope on a remote mountain. Six was a heavy and taciturn boy from the Midlands. Five was huge, awkward, talked four languages rapidly through his nose and was cross-eyed. Four was a pale and solemn Scot, studying classics. Two was a cheerful Irishman. Bow was a lean and struggling American, somewhat given to shooting off his mouth at unexpected moments. Unexpected, even to him, I must admit.

There is a towpath along the Thames from London to its entire navigable length, far into the west of England. The towpath is used by horses and the wives of bargemen for pulling the gaily-painted barges. Coaches would ride bicycles or horses up and down the towpath, yelling at their crews through a megaphone, wearing long and loud-colored scarfs which flowed out behind them like cavalry banners. The colors on the

Continued on page 216

HANAN



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The Japs and the King's White Swan

Continued from page 215

scarfs meant the crews in which the wearer had rowed.

Now and then a bargeload of coal would come along and we would pull over to the side. The river drops rapidly on its course from the western hills to the Channel, so that numerous locks are necessary for boats moving up or down. Some of these locks are quite deep, so that a rowing shell maneuvered into the bottom is surrounded by high concrete walls. The oars are half pulled through the thwarts, and as the water rushes and foams in below the boat you can feel the thin shell rise and shake like a leaf carved out of delicate wood.

The course at Henley is a mile and a quarter long and dead straight, one of the few such straight lengths on the Thames. There are booms along the course, marking it off, and spectators tie up small river boats to them and watch the racing.

The first day of racing the Japs went down the course at their rapid stroke, looking jerky and nervous. The English crew known as Leander, made up of the best oars from the Oxford and Cambridge Varsity crews, went down with that careful and deliberate style of rowing which is an accurate expression of the English character, the men coming forward easily and relaxed, reaching forward with their arms before the slide under them began to move forward, driving the oar through the water with the legs, the arms merely a lever transmitting the powerful drive of the legs. The finest sight was the Zürich Rowing Club going down. To balance a rowing shell with nine men in it, to keep it from dipping down on one side, is a hard job when it is moving fast, but the momentum does help to keep it even. To maintain an even keel at a very slow stroke is one of the hardest tricks in rowing, as men have trouble moving in a clean line forward and backward, some dipping a little toward the side of the boat on which their oar operates. The Zürich crew went downriver at half-speed, fifteen to the minute, poising like ballet dancers hung in mid-air between each stroke so that the shell never dipped, although you could see it tremble slightly with the weight and force of eight big men. There was an American crew rowing that day. Having learned to row in England, I had never seen an American boat in action, and yet I knew these men were Americans when I saw them from behind and at a distance. They had short haircuts; they wore sweatshirts; they rowed like coiled springs, driving the oars not with the legs alone in the English manner but with shoulders and arms as well, catching the water with a quick wrist motion and holding it hard with the arms all

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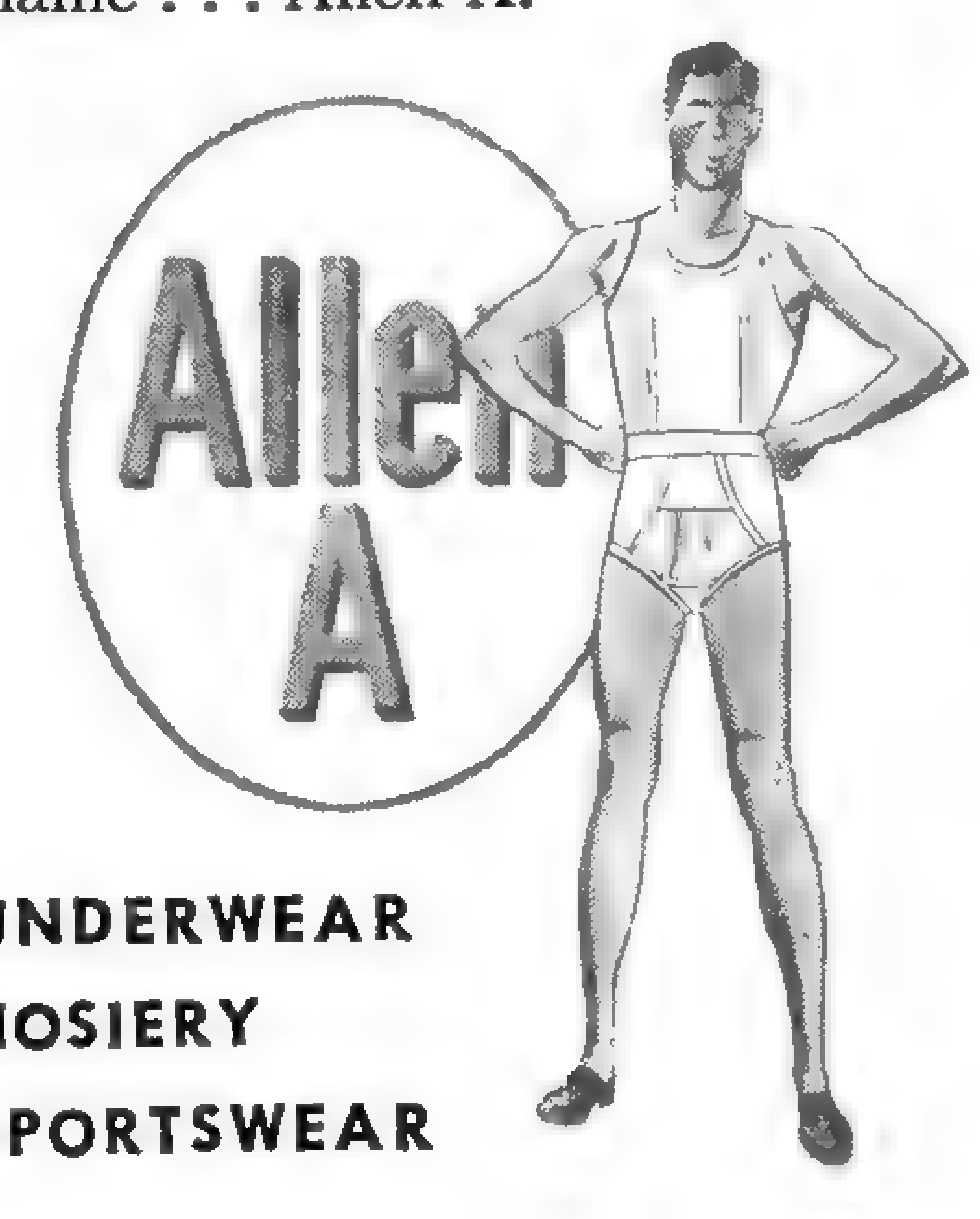

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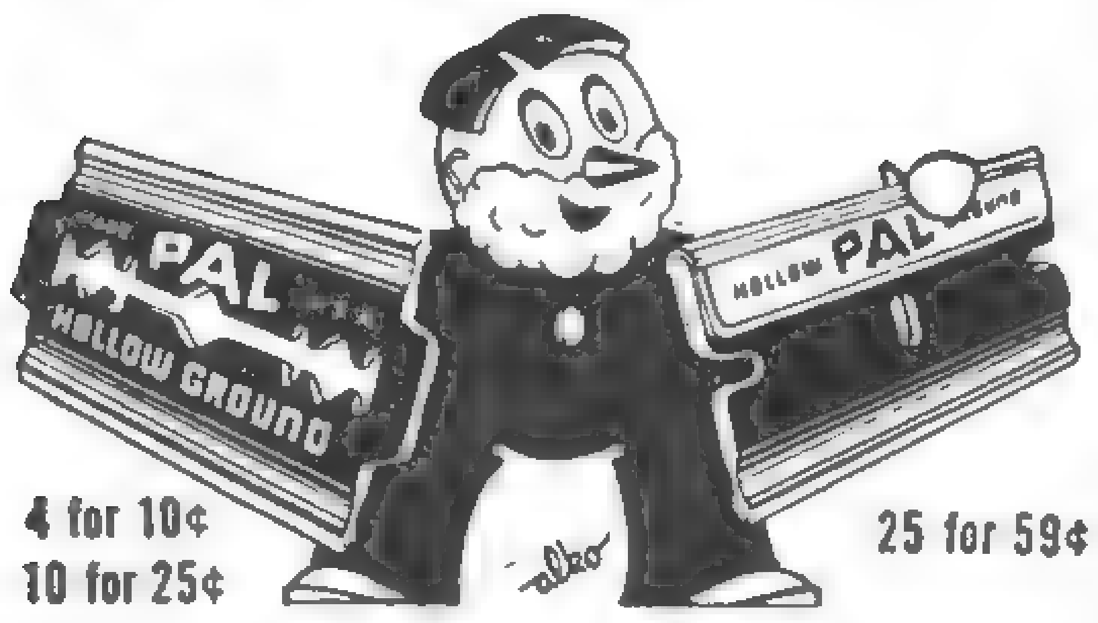

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the way through the stroke. The American seemed to attack the oar with his whole body, tearing the blade through the water rather than driving it through. It was strange to be an obscure American in an English crew and watch one's own countrymen row by in a manner strange and unreal.

We were entered in a fast race known romantically as "The Ladies' Challenge Plate." As we pushed off from the dock near the end of the course and rowed slowly down to the beginning, we felt nervous and eager, proud to be matched against one of the best crews entered (there were twenty-seven entries, with two in each heat), and yet a little scared at rowing our first big race.

The start is made off a little island. The college waterman stands in a boat holding the bow with a boat hook to keep the boat from being swept downstream. Ten seconds before the start there is a gun, and then the last seconds are counted off while you sit there erect, forward on your slide, the oar squared and poised just above the water. As the last five seconds are sounded you can feel the sweat flow down your armpits and you shiver in the chill air.

Just before we turned our boat around to get into position for the start, I looked upstream the length of the course. The river seemed to flow directly into an old grey stone church standing on the bank behind the finish line, a bend in the river at that point not being visible at that distance. It looked a long, long, hard way to the end, and for a moment I had a vision of rowing right through the door of the church and along the high, narrow nave down its center.

The starting gun boomed. The tautness of sitting tight on our slides, with our mouths dry and our foreheads sweating, seemed to drive the first ten strokes, and we got off to a fast and running start. After the boat began to move well the cox eased us down to longer, swinging strokes. We were even with the other crew at that point, but as we changed over to the slower strokes we missed the even beat, and someone in the middle grabbed only a half blade of water, so that his oar moving through the water too fast drove the boat down on the opposite side. With a gasp of misery we saw the other crew pull ahead. After ten strokes we were back rowing hard and well together and the cox shouted for ten hard ones, and as he counted them with a yell I could feel every man in the crew grating his teeth and beating the air out of his lungs with a desperate fury. Being in the bow of the boat, behind the other seven men, I could always watch the timing and power of the rowing, and all through the counting of the ten I could see a solid wall of water piled up ahead of each oar and a round, swirling pool of water left behind each oar, and I could estimate our speed by the space between the last pool of

Continued on page 218

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The Japs and the King's White Swan

Continued from page 217

water and the point at which our oars entered the river on the next stroke. I could sense the extra determination in each man as he thought of the infuriating loss of stroke and speed at the beginning. In the bow, I could watch the other crew now and then out of the corner of my eye. They were rowing smoothly and I admired their timing even as I hated it.

At the halfway point, I suddenly felt that state of absolute windedness that always hit me in the middle of a race. It was a sense of not even having enough strength to pull air into my lungs. There was a small sickness crawling around inside my stomach. But training took me through, as it always did, and without knowing how, even while thinking it couldn't be done, I kept the stroke and kept the pressure on that wall of water running ahead of my blade. The cox gave us another ten and in the extra effort of responding to it my exhaustion seemed to slip down my oar and into the water and I was back in that race again.

The other crew had pulled a little farther away by now, having increased the rate of their stroke, and at a sign from our coach on the towpath the cox called to us to put it up. I saw stroke's oar whip through the air faster, saw the other oars meet the new pace and felt the boat run faster through the grey water. A hundred yards from the finish line we were closing the gap and there was that sudden feeling of knowing you could finish and finish hard. In the elation of that moment, we rowed the finest bit of our year together. Then there was a shout from the crowd and we knew it meant the other crew was over the finish line. The back of the man in front of me slumped a little. We crossed the finish line and as the cox called, "Easy all," we dragged the boat to a stop and leaned over our oars gasping like hooked fish. The stroke turned around and said in his harsh Australian voice, "Well rowed, chaps." In the other boat a man leaned over and quietly vomited into the river. Five in our boat had his head between his knees and the air was leaving his lungs in bursts as if he were crying. The Irishman in front of me turned and said in his soft voice, "I think we could beat them another time."

There was one compensation for being eliminated so early. From then on we had nothing to do until the end of the regatta but tie up to the boom, the bottom of our boat full of sandwiches and beer, and watch the races.

The pleasantest was that between the Japs and the Leander crew. Leander began to pull away after the first two minutes, and the Japs never approached them. The English oars moved with a controlled and solid calm, a long stroke in the water and a

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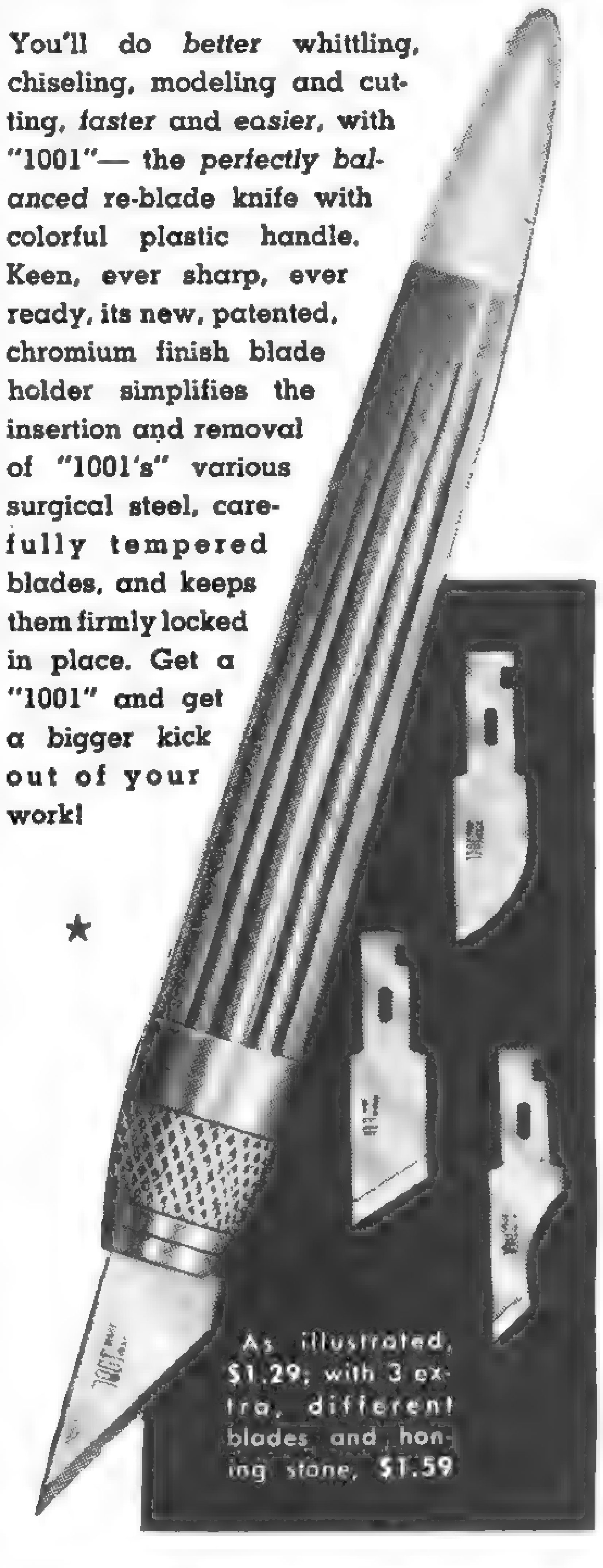

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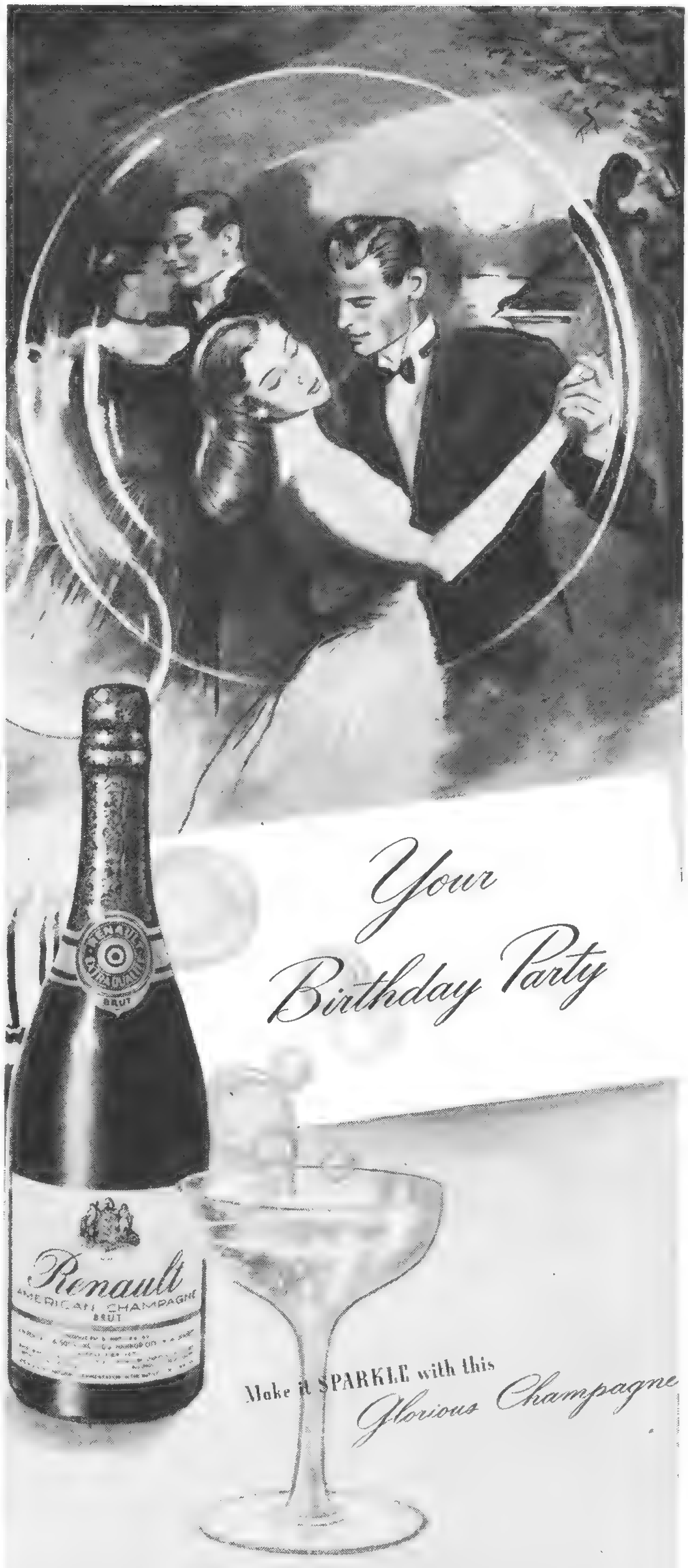
long swing forward with the oar feathered in the air. The Japs beat the water as fast as angry monkeys beating their chests, with hardly any time at all between the oars leaving the water at the end of a stroke and entering it again at the beginning of another. But between two strokes the Leander boat would run through the water with a great speed. As the two boats came toward the finish line the Japs pushed their stroke up to what seemed like sixty to the minute. Leander pushed his stroke up to thirty-six and kept moving away, the big men looming powerfully above the little Japs.

When a crew was eliminated it formally broke training with a big dinner that night. Old oarsmen of the college, called "heavies," would come around for a drink, and one ordered a dozen bottles of champagne sent to us. There were speeches by the coach, captain, stroke, cox and, in the end, by anyone who could still talk. Afterwards, our house being right on the river, we slipped outside and turned upstream where other crews were housed. The Japs having been eliminated that day, they also broke training and word was around that free sake was to be had at their house. Stroke and I saw a crowd at the lock above the bridge and went over. The lockmaster was leaning over the side with a long pole, and somebody was moving inside the lock. Then we heard a heavy Berkshire voice say, "Give up your lantern, 'Arry, Ah've 'ooked another of the little yellow boogers."

A couple of the Japs had taken in too much sake before trying to walk across the towpath and had fallen into the lock, where they howled dismally. As each was pulled out he stalked away in dignified outrage, shivering in the cold night, trying to keep his face straight knowing he had lost face.

The last one to leave the lock was the Jap bow, Suzuki. He came dripping and mad from the cold waters and stalked off like some strange fish wearing shoes. I had seen Suzuki at Marlow, standing in front of the house where the poet Shelley had once lived his mad and marvelous life. Shelley had rowed on that same stretch of the river at Marlow. The poet would sometimes go through the streets buying live crawfish from fishermen and running down to the river to throw them back. Suzuki had been staring at a guide book in the solidest tourist manner, his tiny rowing cap pushed back on his little head that was pointed like a boy's top. On his face was a look of astonishment and suspicion. As he went off through the dank mist of that dark July night along that softly gurgling English river—the water into which Shelley had thrown the rescued crawfish dripping off the pale blue flannel blazer he wore and off of the yellow hands that had touched the distant waters of Japan—his face had that same look of doubt and suspicion and astonishment. #

Continued from page 109



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The Mine that Laughed

Continued from page 115

without exploding it. The process was never actually necessary, but keeping ready for it was not restful.

In the middle of the night the movement of the raft became less restful still. From northeast the wind veered around to the east, and then dropped almost completely for a space. During the calm, the waves came from two directions at once and juggled the raft zestfully but unskillfully, dropping it many times. The men clung doggedly to it, and watched It against too near an approach.

Toward dawn the wind sprang up again. It blew a little west of southwest, almost exactly opposite to its direction of the day before. The sea grew even choppier. And the raft, of course, moved back in the direction from which it had come. The round, beaming Thing followed them, looking blandly pleased.

"We don't land, apparently," said Daly curtly.

There was no comment. They looked at It, grinning at them from thirty feet away. They now had no plans for Its use, but they did not turn it loose, to do damage to American ships. Its expression forcibly suggested the sinking of American ships as Its primal purpose. Daly shrugged. There was silence.

They drifted, elaborately failing to refer to the fact that now their last hope of life was gone. The search for them had been abandoned weeks since. They knew only that yesterday they had been blown into the course of a current which had slowed their progress before the wind. Now the wind had reversed. The current on which they floated would be traveling northeast at anything from twelve to forty miles a day. The direction was only approximate and might change at any time because of shoals or underwater banks. Their destination was unpredictable. But their fate was not.

At two in the afternoon of the next day Cowan stared out over the sea. Presently he started a little. Then he rasped, "There's a plane. One of ours."

There was a speck at the extreme limit of vision. It moved with infinite slowness, seeming to quarter the sea as if it were in search of them despite the nearness of an enemy base. But that, of course, was impossible.

"The way we're heading," said Daly, with a careful effort not to seem encouraging, "we're moving toward the area our planes patrol."

Lightfoot raised up and watched the distant speck. It hovered, moving only seconds of arc in minutes of time. But gradually, gradually it moved beyond the horizon. No one commented on its disappearance.

The Thing floated amusedly at the end of its tether. They were

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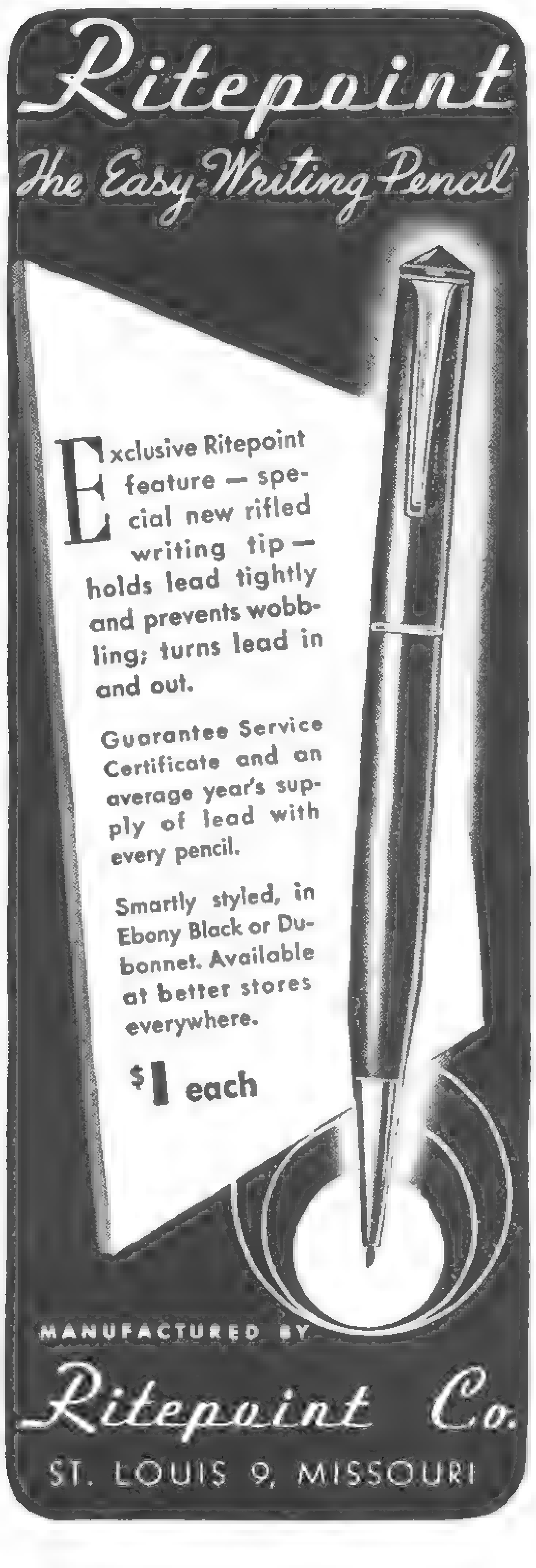
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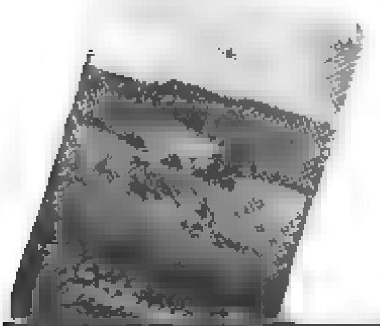

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accustomed to it now, but it still seemed like a malevolent entity which had taken to itself an iron case of destruction just so it could watch them sink to absolute despair. Because of its amusement, they were able to feel an hostility which amounted to hope.

Near sunset of the next day they were suffering a great deal —more than ever before. Painted colors to westward seemed to dissolve into long, oily swells. Cowan, panting a little, dipped his skinny hand into the water overside and let it pour back. The clear, cool liquidness amounted to a terrible temptation. His throat worked. But he felt It grinning at him. It seemed to have floated nearer, to watch.

Cowan swore at it, and said thickly: "That dam' thing is just hangin' around to have fun watching us suffer!"

Lightfoot croaked: "Maybe a Jap surface ship will spot us and come over to run us down . . ."

The three men looked at It with an inveterate hatred. But they did not cast it off. It floated at the end of its cord. Its expression was blandly, amusedly malicious. It seemed to be waiting for something. Darkness blotted it out as night fell.

When morning came there was no wind, and the sun was merciless. Long, rolling swells came from nowhere and went on to no place. The men endured dumbly. Cowan scowled at the sea and sky. Lightfoot tried clumsily to maintain a pose of stoical indifference. Daly watched all about, with his face creased in worried lines. As the leader, and oldest, he felt responsible for everything.

In midafternoon the Thing scored a minor victory. Its blandly amused expression—perhaps because of their greater suffering —seemed to have changed and to have become more mocking and more deeply amused. It looked as if it had foreknowledge of still greater torment in store for them, and waited to enjoy the spectacle.

Cowan cracked. He went into a terrible, puny rage, croaking oaths at the smiling Thing and making jerky gestures with his emaciated arms. The others watched him tiredly, and presently he subsided. The hours passed until darkness. The Thing disappeared in the night. Then Cowan said, quite rationally: "That dam' thing's a jinx. Tomorrow I'm going to haul it close and spit on it. Just to relieve my feelings."

It did not occur to any of them to let It go. It might sink an American ship. But Daly stirred as if he had reached a decision. He rubbed a dry tongue over cracked lips and said thickly—but still as if making a painstaking effort not to raise false hopes:

"There's a chance turning up. If we were close to a Jap island the other day, and it's the one I think—why—there's a pinprick of an island we might sight tomorrow, if the wind doesn't blow us off course."

The others did not speak. The

Continued on page 222

"What's this?"..
beamed the boss

"The boss is a funny guy. Never gets steamed up about anything . . . not even when I put the carbons in backwards. So it seemed a little strange to me the way he lit up like a neon sign when I walked in with the lush bouquet that James Jones & Company telegraphed him for the firm's 25th anniversary.

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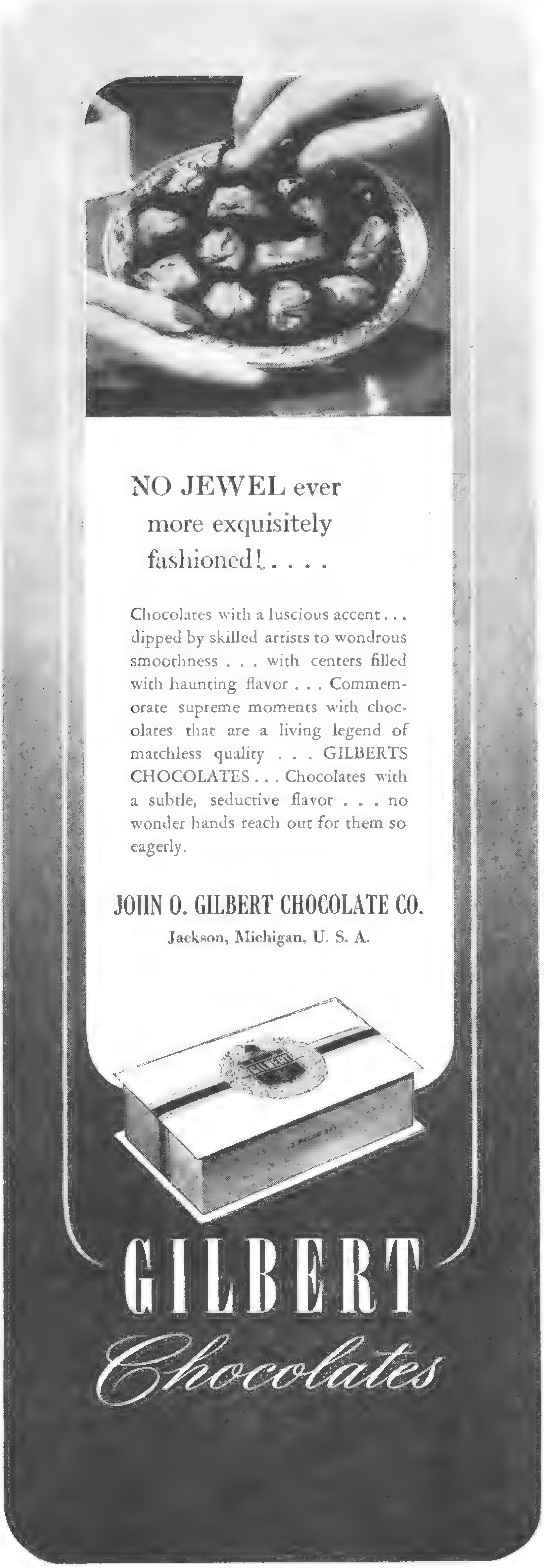

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The Mine that Laughed

Continued from page 221

raft swayed and rose and fell in the darkness. Presently there was a little breeze. It was not strong enough to be called a wind, but it blew from the right direction. When dawn came, the three looked somehow brighter and more alert, though they were terribly weak. The wind strengthened with the sunrise, too; and it seemed that the raft moved faster. But the men had been on the raft for a very long time, and they had slept hardly at all because of the unceasing motion, and they were starving.

Noon came, and passed. Only a little while after, they saw an infinitely small dot upon the horizon. In an hour it was larger. In three hours it was an island. It was still far away, and they could not see its base, but they feasted their eyes upon it. Its bearing did not seem to change. They were borne directly toward it.

An hour before sunset they could see green trees, which would mean food at any rate, and drink if they were coconut palms as well. They could see that the shores of the island were cliffs, and that the sea broke savagely against them. But the cliffs in places were as low as fifty or sixty feet, and there was green atop them. Sea birds flew in swarms above the island. Some of the trees were definitely coconut palms. The island was food and drink and safety and rest from torment. It was life. But the seas broke against sheer, forbidding walls of rock, or swirled among the jagged stones fallen from them.

While they were still two miles upcurrent, Daly cast off the cord which tethered It to the raft.

"Maybe it'll strand and blow up," he said anxiously. "That'll get rid of it. I know this island. It's a fix our patrol planes use. Volcanic island, upraised. Our planes on patrol sight it to check their position."

The island rose higher and higher as they drifted toward it. It loomed above them. The Thing lingered near by, its grin deliberately and malevolently derisive. They did not notice. The island towered above the raft. Then Daly pointed with a shaking hand:

"There's a beach! Not much of one, but we can land and the cliffs are low behind it!"

There was, however, white water between them and the beach. A sunken ledge of rock threw up a smother of foam. It looked deadly. But it was the only way to reach the beach. They drifted on and on and gripped the tiny, ineffective paddles of the raft in readiness. They were bearded and sunken-eyed and terribly gaunt, and they trembled with weakness. The seas about them suddenly reared higher, and they paddled fiercely into the very midst of the white water.

The raft reared like a plunging

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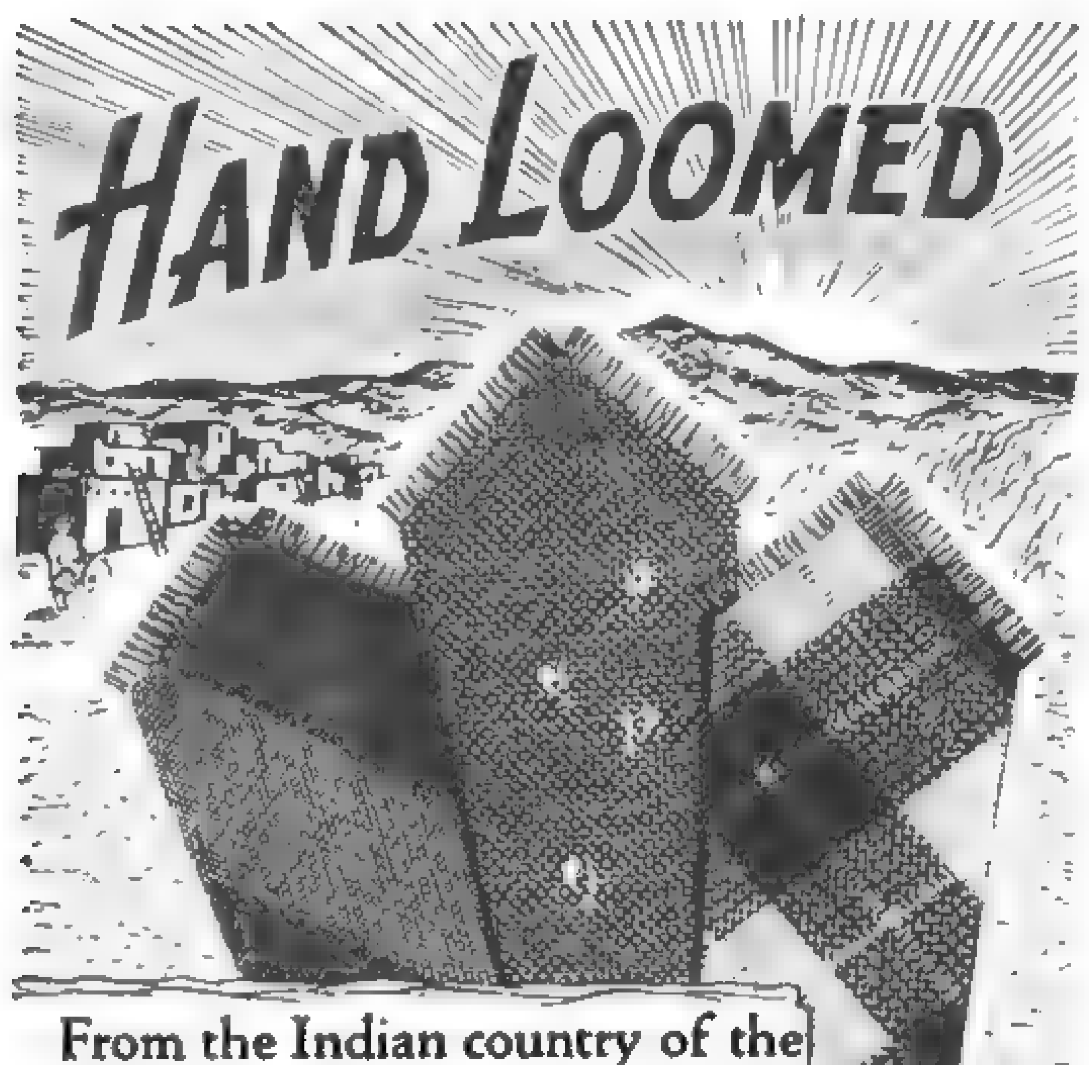

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horse. Foam swirled into it, and it dropped down and then shot upward in an inferno of spouting, foaming water. It reeled and turned completely over . . .

Daly swam feebly for the shore, inside the white water. Cowan came into view, fighting the sea. Lightfoot came up, gasping. Together, the three struggled weakly toward the shore. They crawled up on a shingle beach, which was all stones and no sand at all.

They lay there, panting in the deep shadow of the cliff. The raft floated away, following the current past the island. The round Thing with the blandly amused grin floated farther out. It seemed to turn to grin at them as it went downstream.

Presently they tried to stand, because night was near. They scanned the cliff behind the beach with a sort of desperate hope. It was nowhere more than fifty feet high. The beach itself was in a shallow cove with a small, frowning point at each end. It was perhaps thirty feet deep and not over fifty yards long. It was the only possible landing.

But there was no way to leave it. There was no way up the cliffs. None.

Darkness settled completely before they would admit it to themselves, but they were nearly sure. With daylight, they made certain. There was no way up the cliff. They tried desperately and repeatedly. Not one of them was able to get as much as ten feet above the beach.

The beach itself was merely stones. Fresh water can often be found under a sand beach, seeping out into the sea. There was no sand here. Of wreckage there was only one spar with tangled cordage fastened to it, and two short bits of splintered plank. There was nothing to sustain life.

When it was no longer possible to deceive themselves, the other two looked at Daly. He straightened his shoulders.

"We'll untangle this cordage," he declared, "and make a long line. One of us will float down—on that bit of plank—and see if there's anything along the water's edge past the point, yonder. There might be a way up the cliff straight from the water."

For some reason, they felt it necessary to pretend that there still was hope. The three of them unraveled the cordage, strand by strand, from the cast-ashore spar. They knotted the ends together to make a long line. They got almost two hundred feet of single-strand cord, which was far from strong.

Daly fastened one end to the smaller of the two pieces of plank. Cowan helped him launch it. He waded out until he floated. The other two let out the cord. Daly floated down the length of the beach and past the point. There, he could see parts of the cliffs which were hidden from the beach. They let the line out to its full length. After an interval, they hauled it laboriously back. Daly

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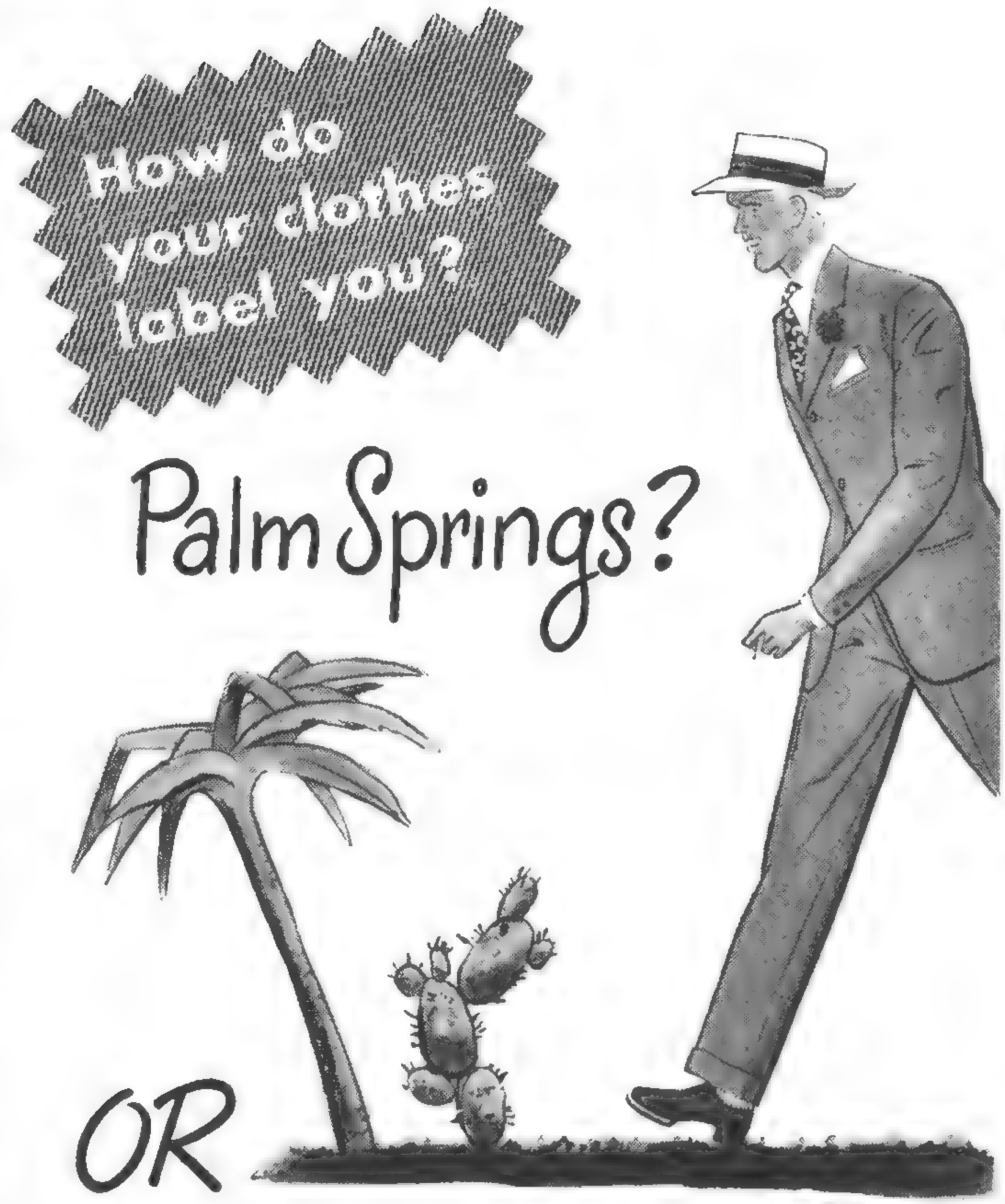
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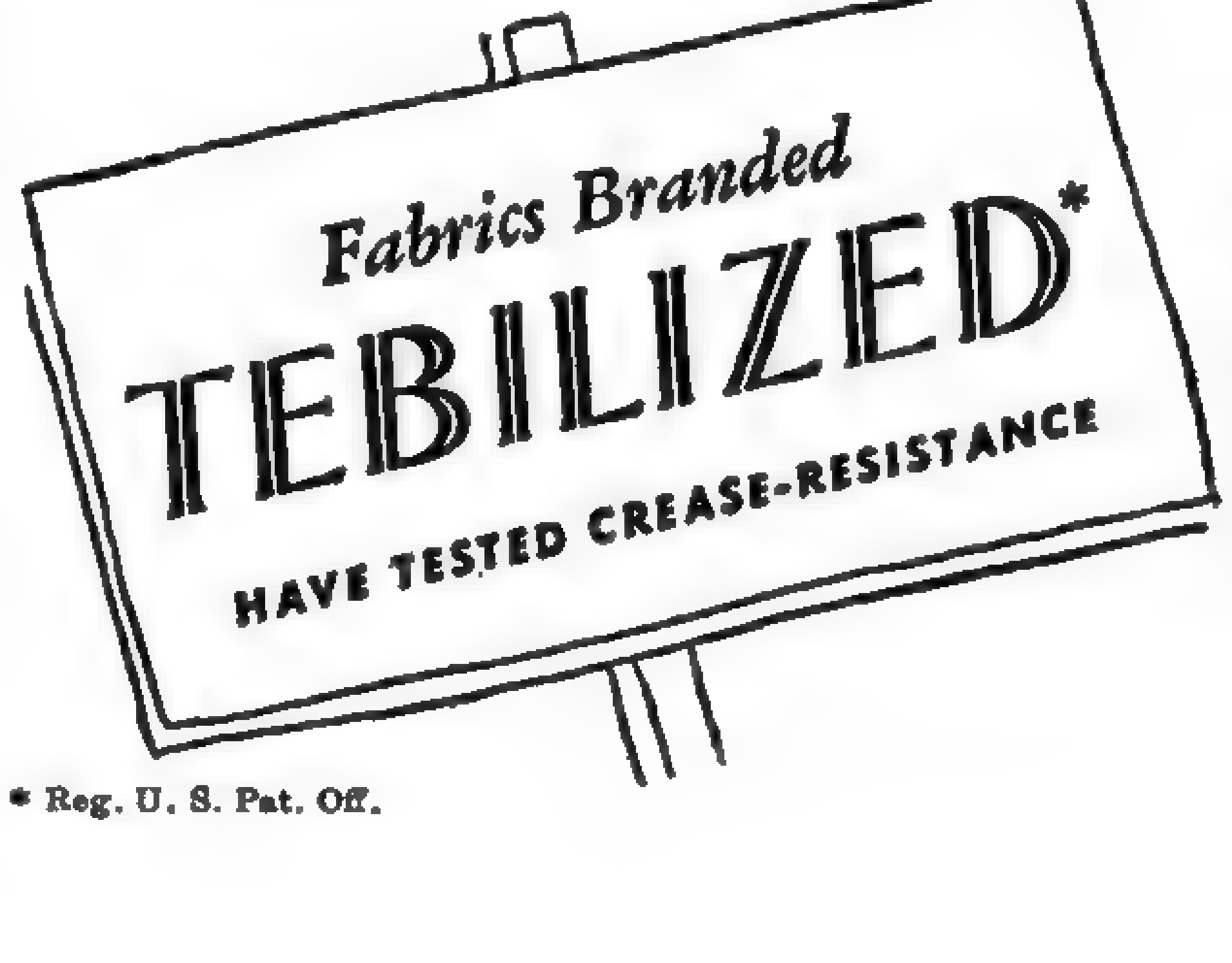

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The Mine that Laughed

Continued from page 223

came into sight, still clinging to the plank.

He staggered ashore and cried: "There's a way up. It's almost a ramp. But the line won't reach and—and we can't hope to make it swimming. We could get up to the top if we could reach that place and land there. But—" He paused and said with a hopeless reluctance, "weak as we are, there's no hope. There's no possible way to get to it."

They had not really believed there was hope, but to have him admit defeat was numbing. He sat down tiredly and said: "Wait a minute. Let me think. I've got to think of something—"

Then Cowan swore thickly. They looked seaward and saw It. Perhaps it had drifted into some eddy. Perhaps it had made a slow grand circuit of the island. But it had accompanied them for days with satisfying amusement. Now it floated just beyond the white water. It rose on the side of a swell as if to look at them. Then it came leisurely toward the white water. Undoubtedly it made amused noises as the water washed over it. It entered the white water.

Minutes later it popped into view on the nearer side. It bobbed up and down, with its green seaweed fringe tousled like unkempt hair. And the red streak of rust grinned zestfully.

"It's going to beach," raged Cowan, "and blow up!"

If it touched—this was no bed of soft and yielding sand. This beach was all broken rock. The explosion would turn every stone into a flying missile and wipe the beach clean of life.

Daly exclaimed: "That's it! I said I'd think of something! I've got it!"

He went unsteadily back to the water. He took the free end of the line. He pushed off, supported by the bit of plank to which the other end was tied. Lightfoot staggered over and caught up the middle of the line. Daly had both ends. He paddled out to the Thing, which seemed to chuckle at him. Daly was very tired, but he tied the free end of the line to the cord they had cast off from the raft. Then he waved weakly to the two on shore. Panting, they pulled him back.

"At worst," Daly rejoiced when he came ashore, "it won't go off and blow up one of our ships. If we tie this cord it won't beach here, but it'll have to . . ."

He fed out the line. The Thing was fastened to one end. It went on, ignoring this tether as it had ignored the first. It seemed to regard those on shore in the quintessence of chuckling, malevolent amusement. It seemed very much indeed like some malignant entity which had returned to watch their desperation from close at hand. The men were hopelessly marooned, now. They would die of

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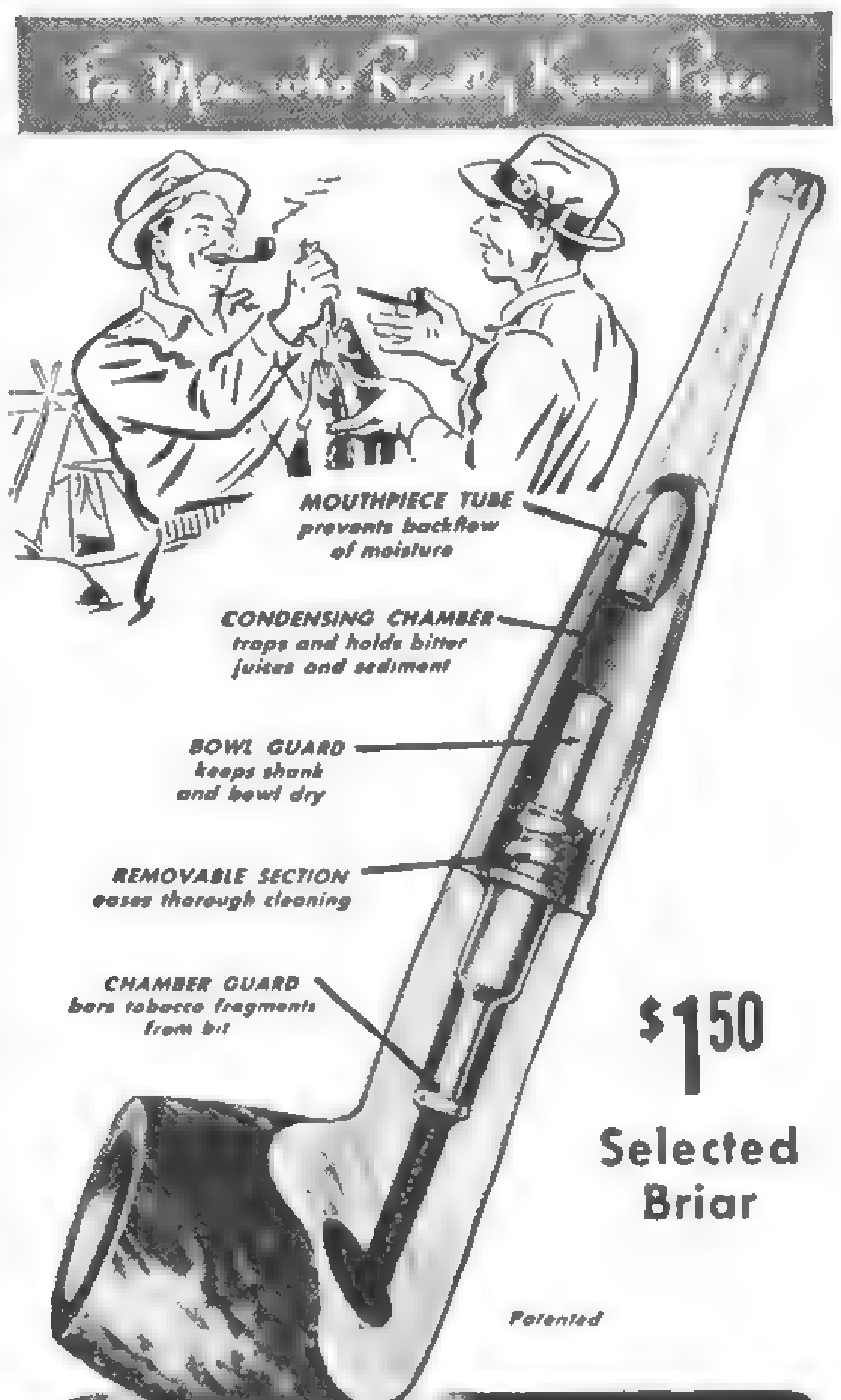
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hunger and thirst with abundance only fifty feet above their heads, and with safety not a hundred and fifty yards down current from the beach. The Thing seemed to cock its eyes backward as the current carried it on. It seemed enormously amused . . .

"Now!" panted Daly. "Make the line fast! Hold it! The Thing can't go on! It has to beach—against the cliff!"

The other two understood suddenly. They bent their puny strength to hold the line against the tugging of the current upon the Thing's body. It moved shoreward, but also it dragged the three scarecrows along the beach. Then it struck.

Five hundred pounds of T.N.T. went off in contact with the base of an age-rotted lava cliff five storys high. The earth shook. The sound was numbing. Daly began frantically to haul in the now-free line. Then there was a growling noise which rose to thunder. A huge wave splashed offshore, and there were grumblings, and the impacts of late-falling stones upon others. Then they saw what they had done.

The rotten cliff face had collapsed. There was new beach, not quite connecting with the old and not as firm and not as continuous, but infinitely useful. The Thing, in its death throe, had made a path almost to the way Daly had sighted, leading up to the top of the island.

Weakened and trembling with fatigue, the three men ferried themselves one by one to the new footing they had contrived. From the new beach, they let Daly float down to the bottom of the cliff passage. He landed, and helped Cowan. Two of them helped Lightfoot ashore, and there were three to help each other climb to the land of the trees and plenty atop the island.

Later, full of young coconut milk, Daly said seriously:

"We don't want to loaf. We'll rest a bit, and eat some more, and then start to get a beacon ready. When one of our patrol planes sights this island, we've got to be ready to signal."

Lightfoot grinned suddenly:

"You know, I'd have liked to see the expression on that Thing when it realized what we were doing . . ."

This, of course, was nonsense. It assumed a personality and a purpose in It, whereas the Thing had been a floating mine only, with a seeming of features made up of a streak of rust, a firing tube, and patches of discoloration. It could not have been anything else. But all of them felt as Lightfoot did.

Cowan growled: "Hell! Let's get a beacon fire ready. There are a lot of other Oriental expressions that need to be changed! I want to get back and start changing them!"

He got up, still staggering with weakness but with his belly gloriously full, and began to gather the materials for a fire. ###

Continued from page 115

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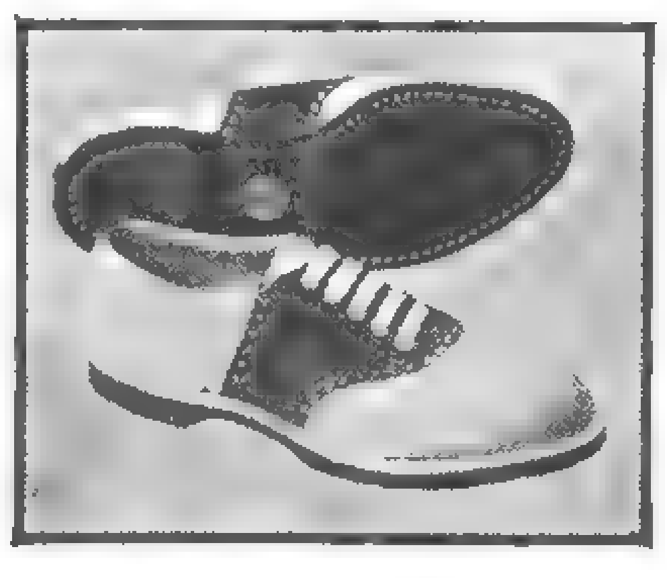

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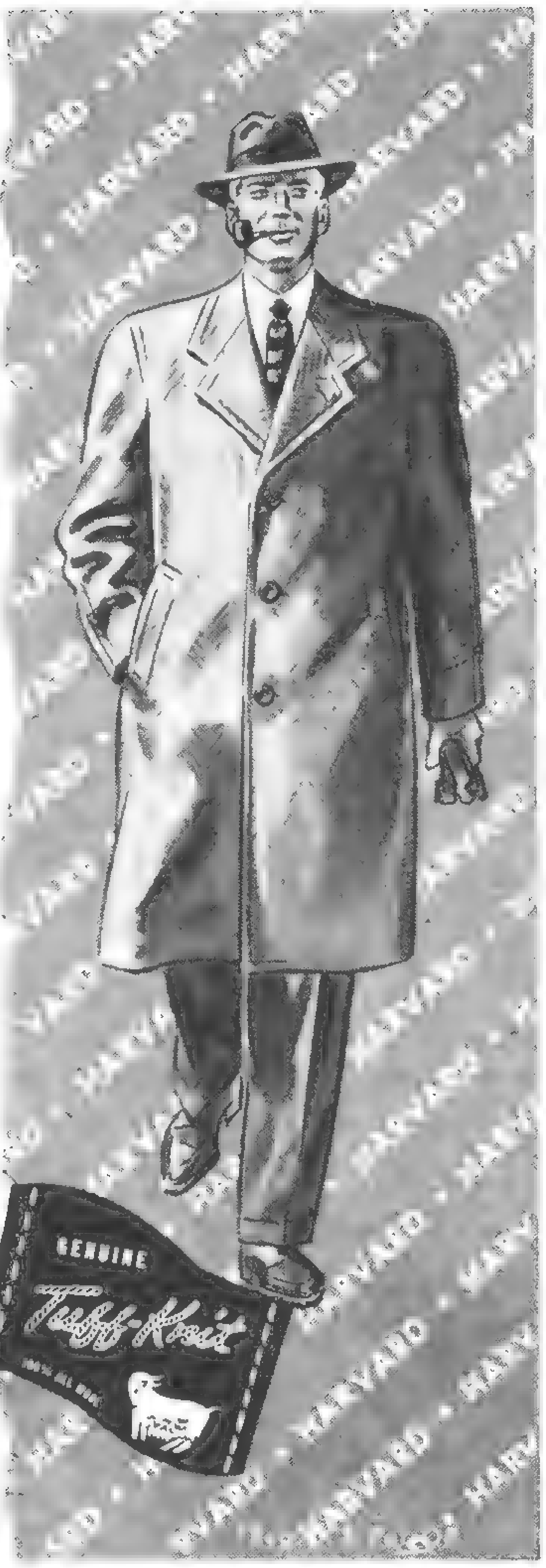

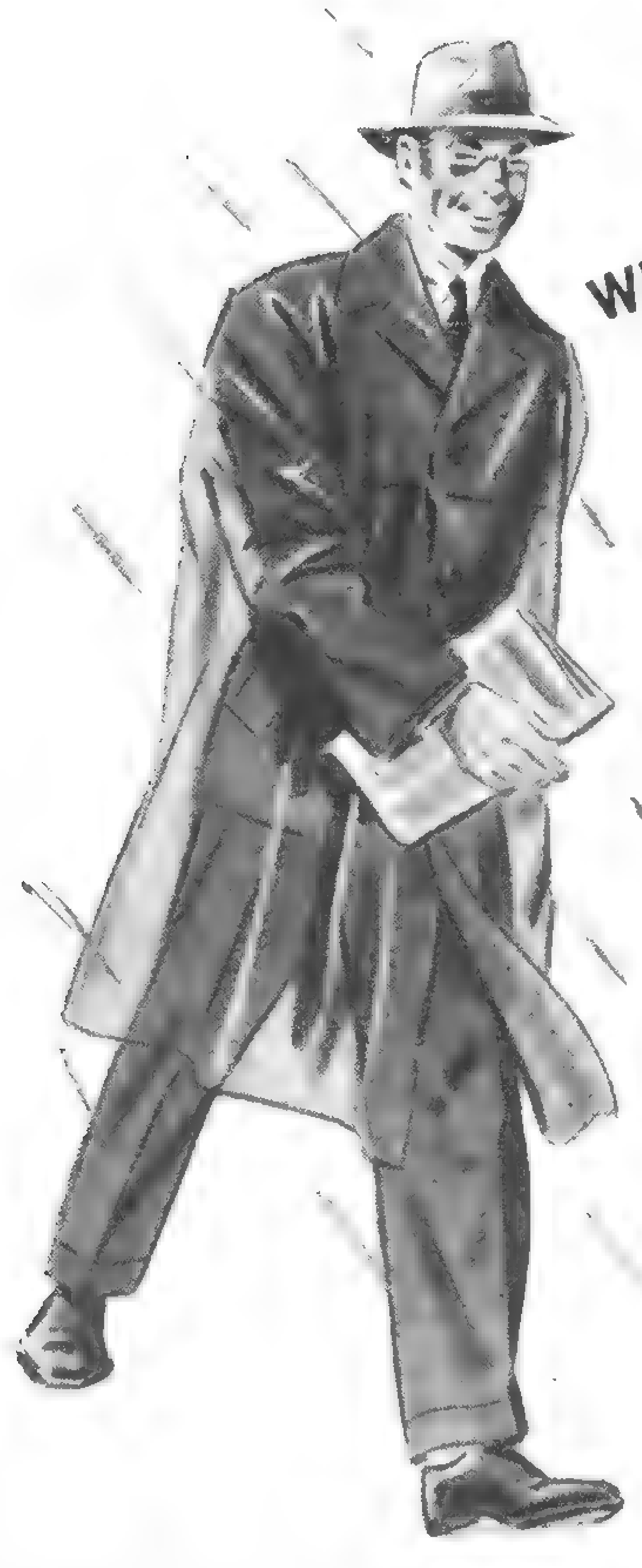

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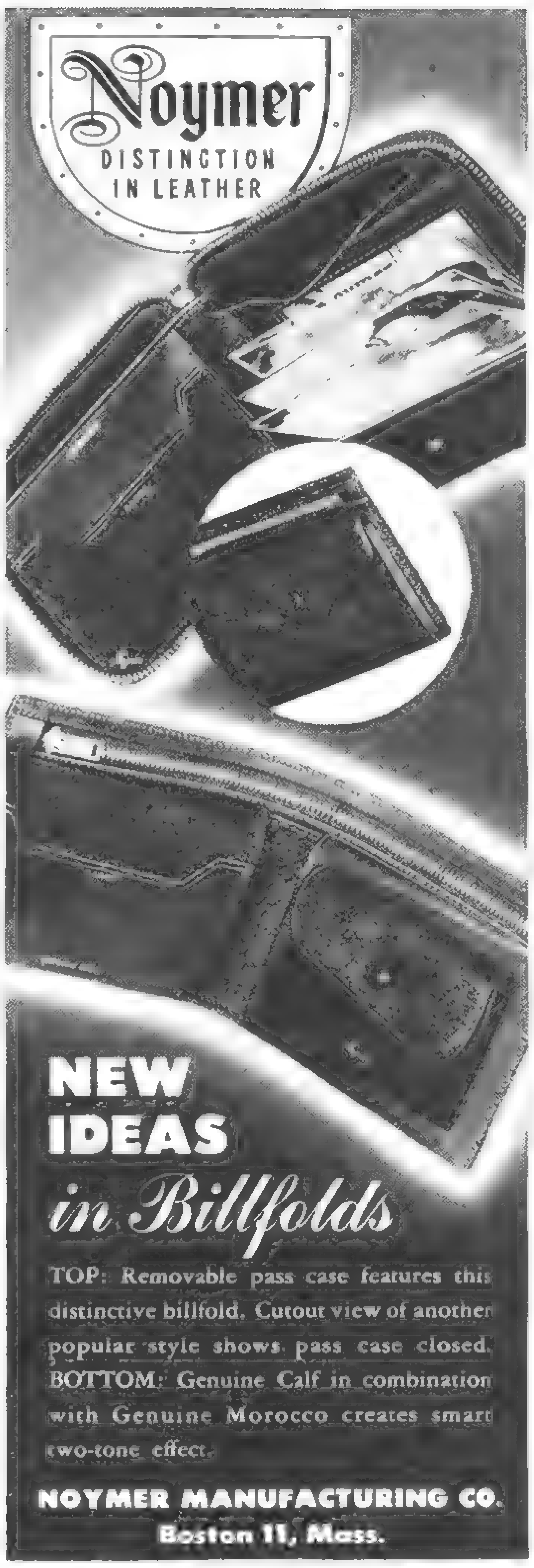

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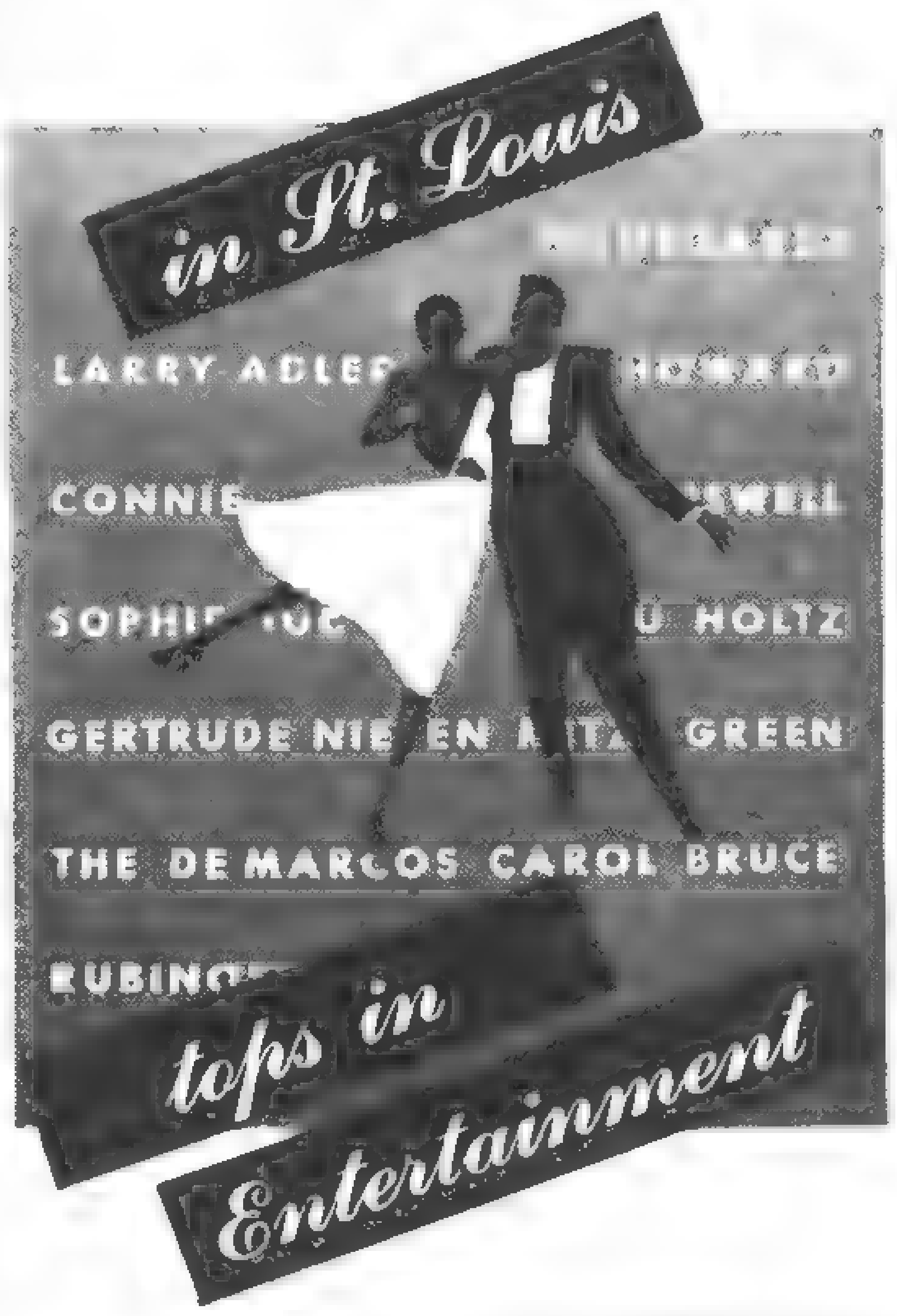

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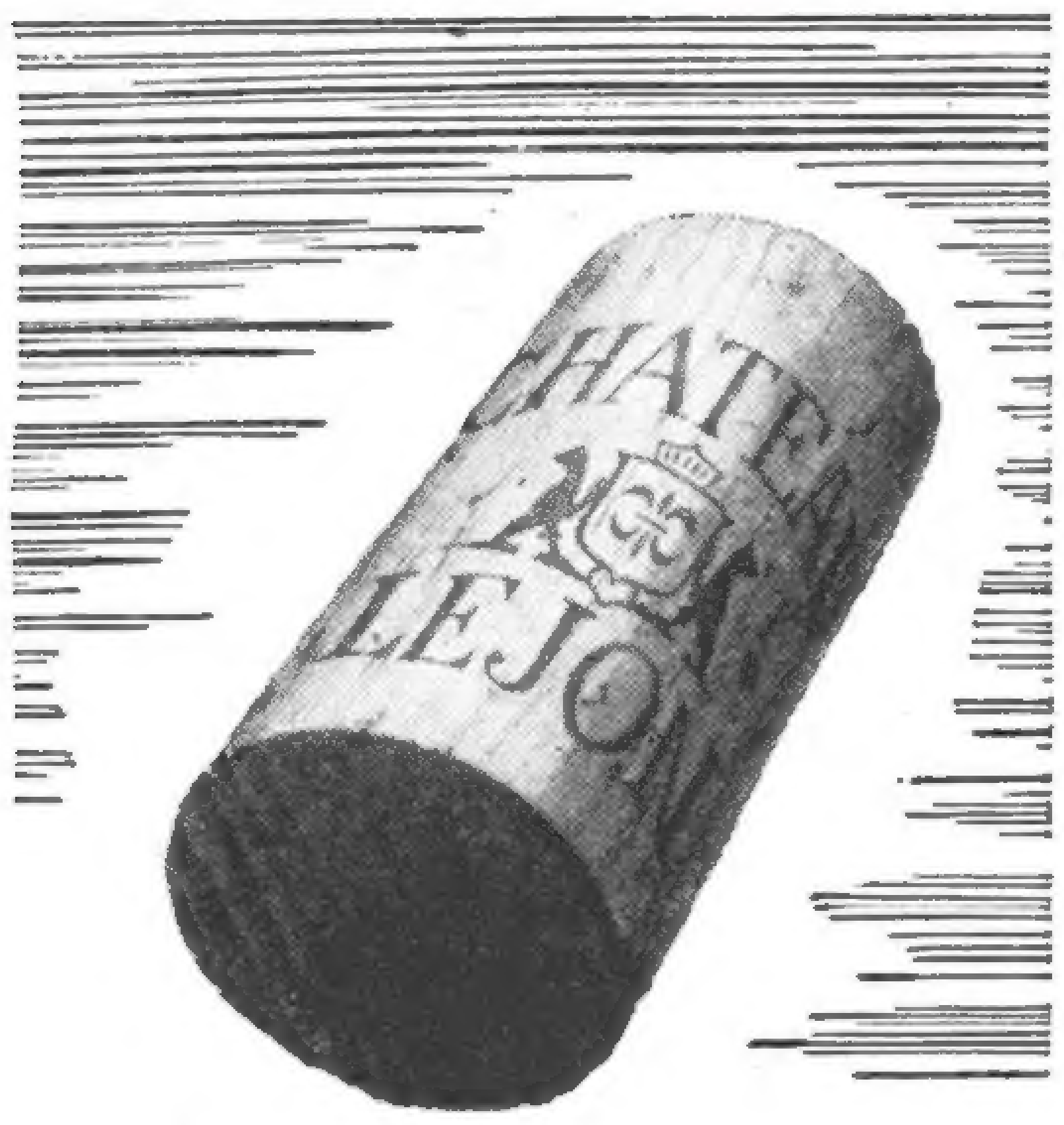

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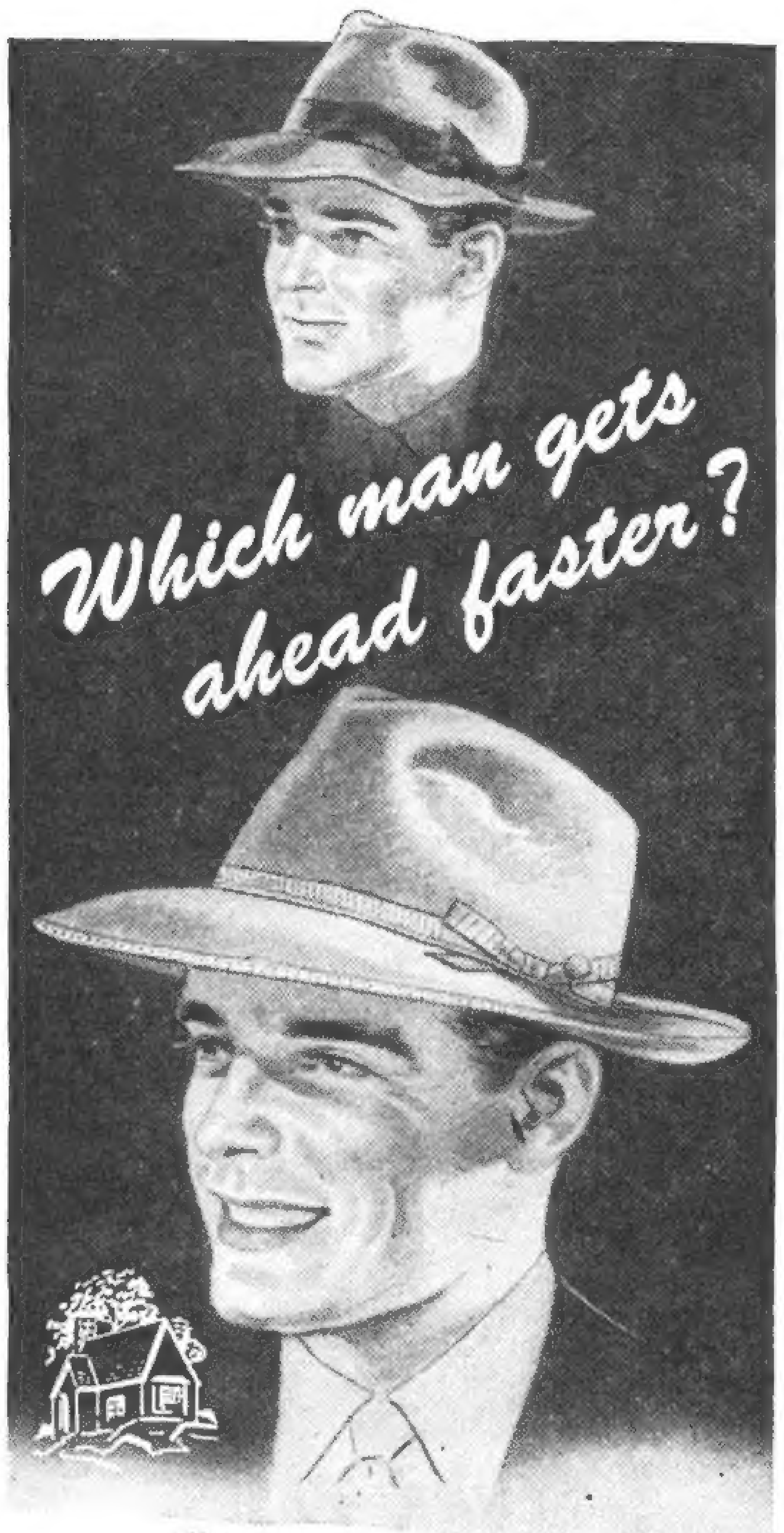
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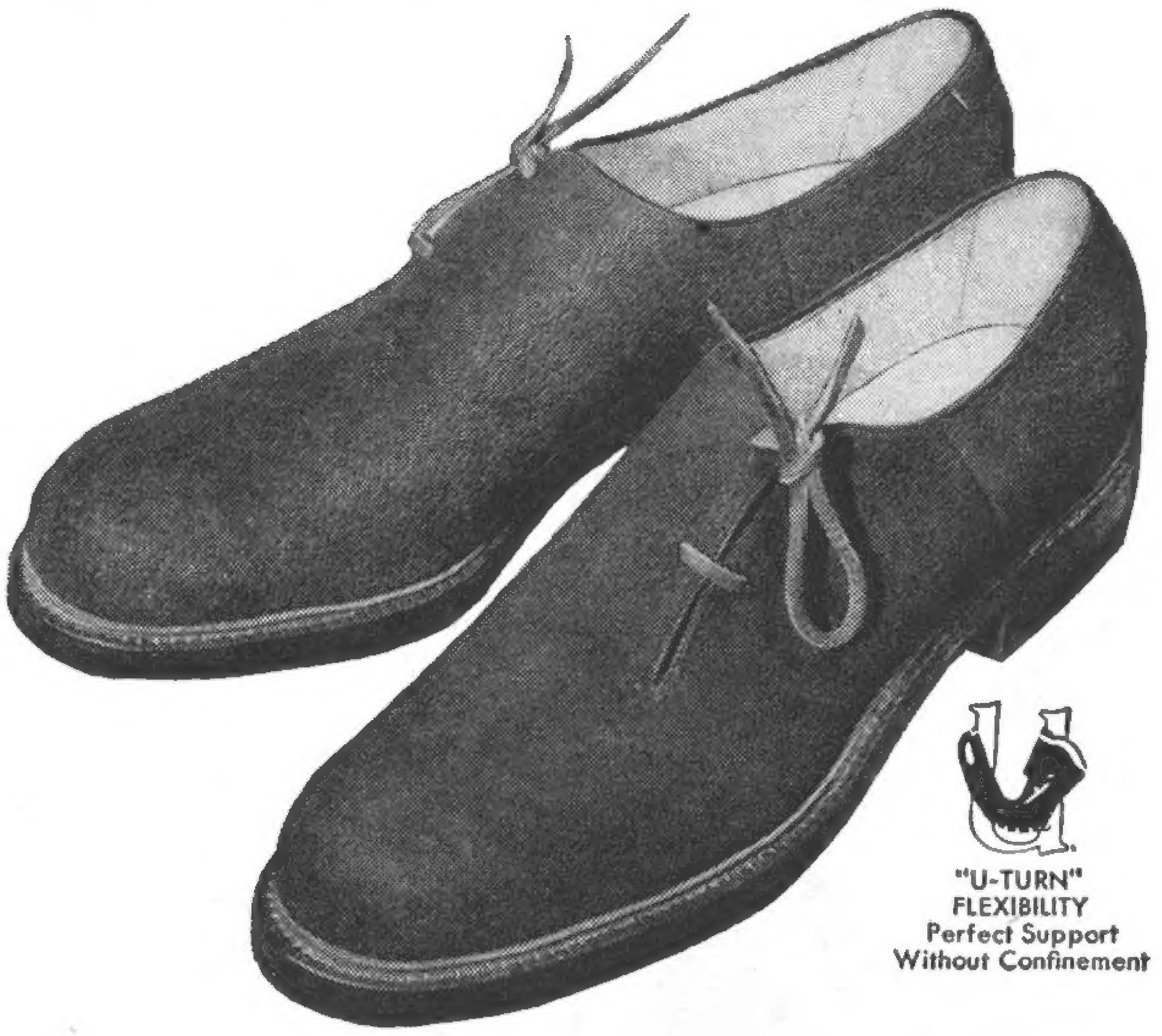

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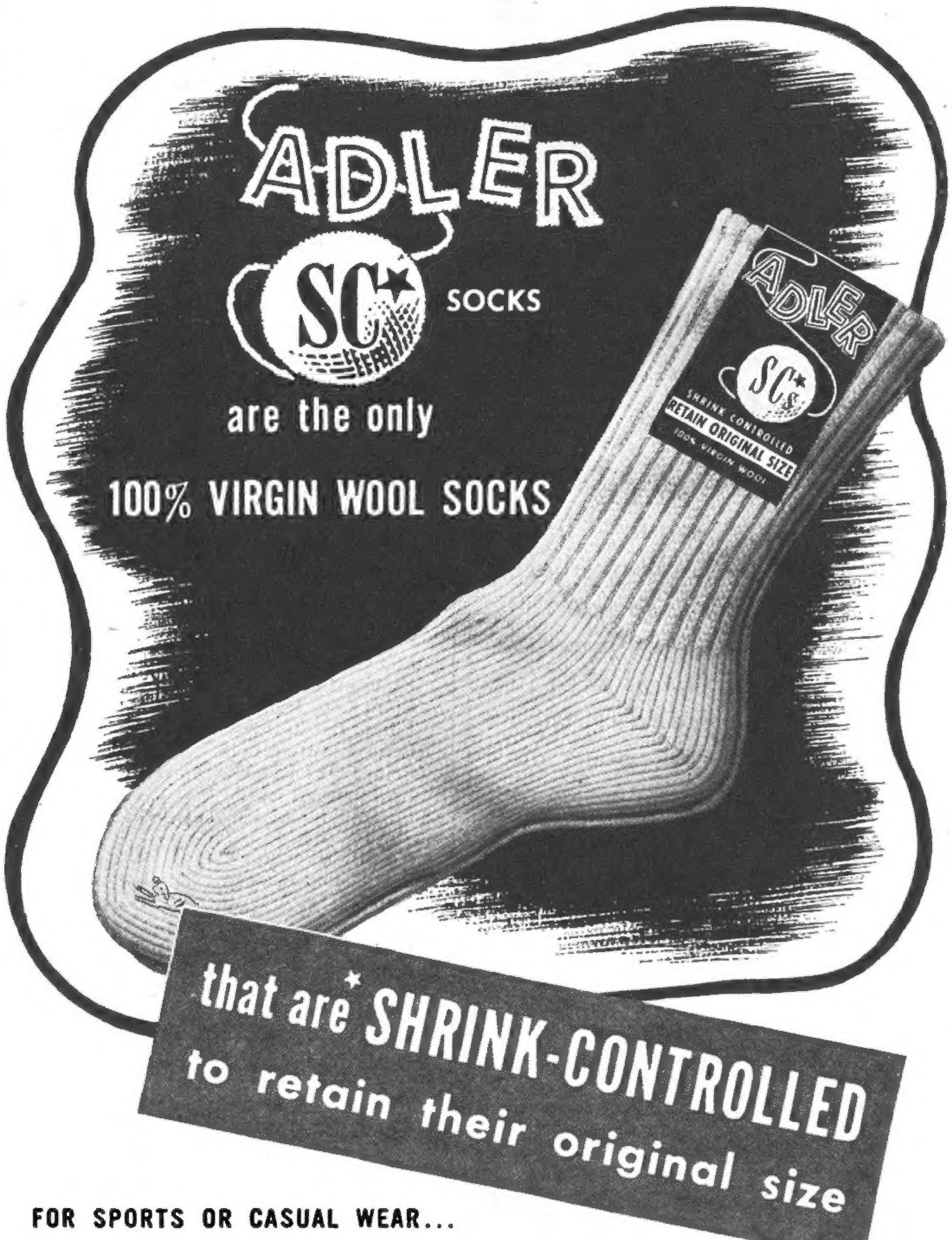

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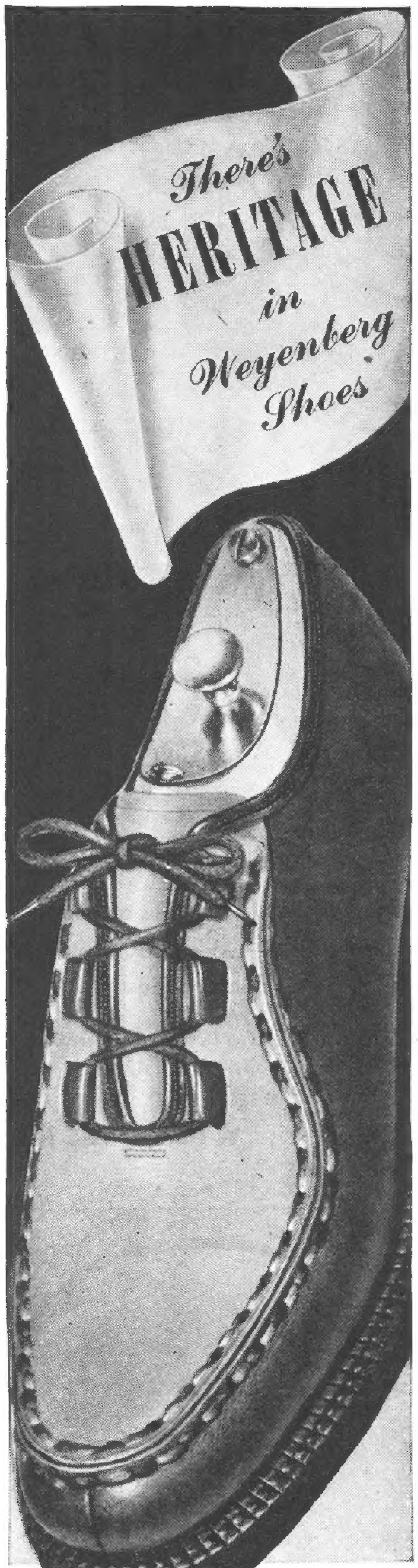

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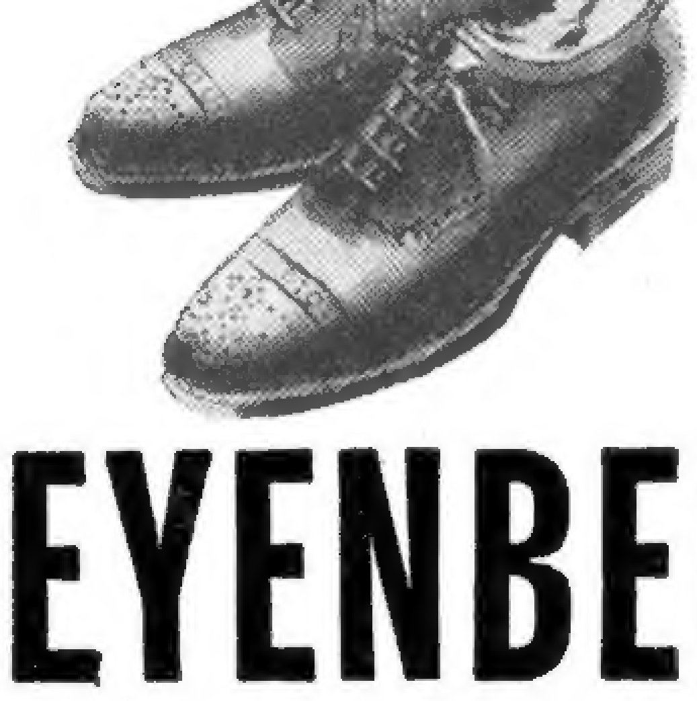

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Shoes for men

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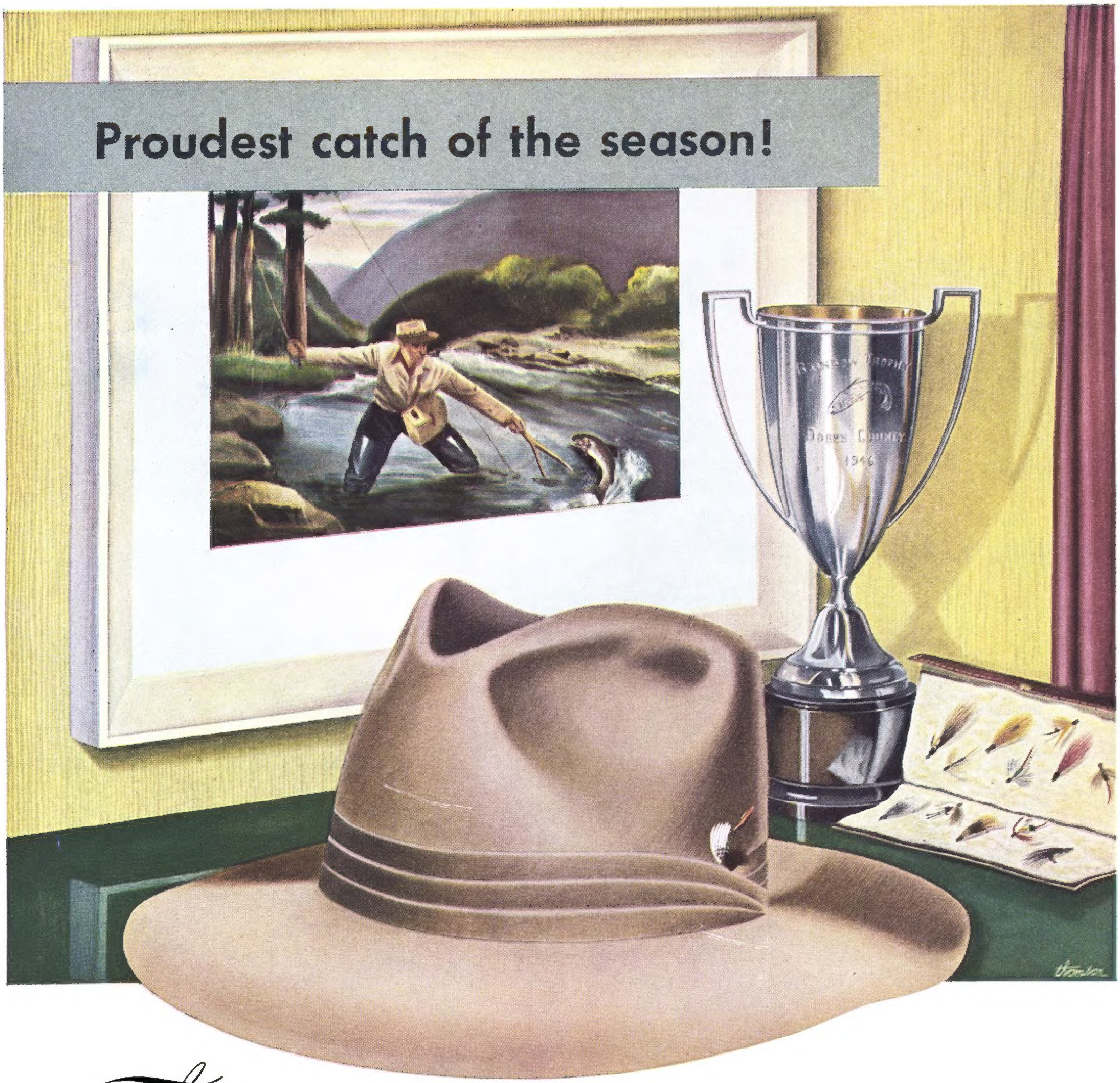

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